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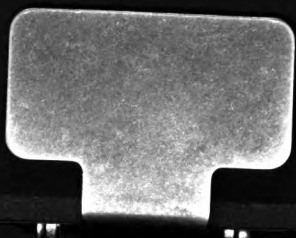
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PICTURE BOOK

252 a. 12.





"OH, READ IT TO ME ALL OVER AGAIN!"

THE KEEPSAKE PICTURE BOOK.

(BEING THE "GOLDEN CHILDHOOD" VOLUME FOR CHRISTMAS, 1878.)

THE LITTLE PEOPLE'S OWN

Pleasure-Book of Delight and Instruction.

FULL OF

USEFUL INFORMATION AND AMUSEMENT

COMPRISED IN

*STORIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, MORAL AND POPULAR TALES,
LIVES OF CHILDREN'S FRIENDS, FACTS ABOUT COMMON OBJECTS,
LITTLE BITS OF NATURAL HISTORY, PRETTY POEMS,
SONGS AND MUSIC FOR CHILDREN, &c. &c.*

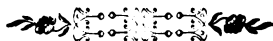
Profusely Illustrated with Beautiful Pictures



LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, AND CO., WARWICK HOUSE,
DORSET BUILDINGS, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.



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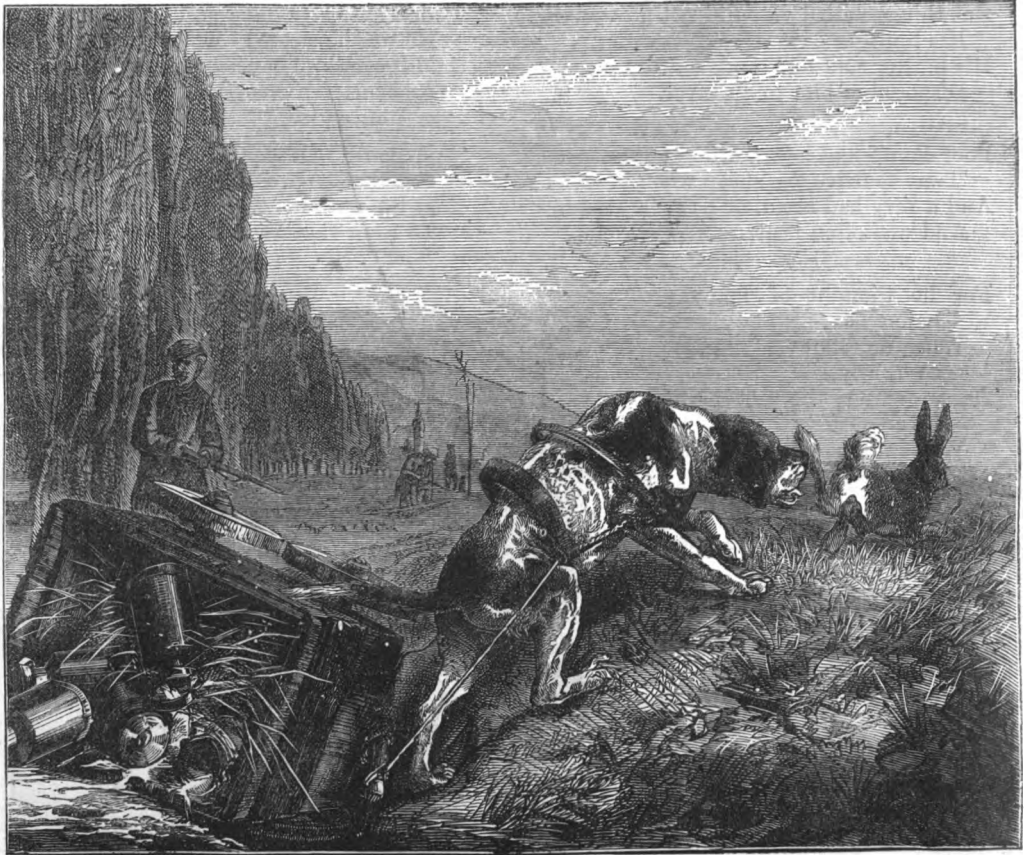
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THE KEEPSAKE PICTURE BOOK.



PONTO'S MISTAKE.

A SAD STORY OF A HEEDLESS DOG.



OW, friends, here's a terrible tale for you
That tells of the force of habit.
The man who told it me warrants it's true,
It's about a dog and a rabbit.

Old Ponto he was a respectable dog
As ever you'd wish to see, friends;
He'd follow the game through bush, brake, and bog—
A capital hunter was he, friends.

From rosy morning to dewy eve
 The chase he'd unweariedly follow,
 For nothing to Ponto such pleasure could give
 As the huntsman's hilarious hallo.

But things with Ponto did not go well—
 His hunting days were soon over ;
 His master sold him, and, sad to tell,
 Disposed of him to a drover.

Poor Ponto had now a different trade—
 'Twas to drive the sheep when bidden ;
 And a very bad hand, or paw, he made,
 And was often beaten and chidden.

For he thought of many a
 happy day,
 When he followed the game
 so lightly,
 As watching the sheep he
 lonely lay,
 While the moon o'er the hill
 rose brightly.

But Ponto's master, the shep-
 herd swain,
 Thought Ponto not worth
 his victual ;
 To teach him, he said, was all
 in vain,
 He minded his work so
 little.

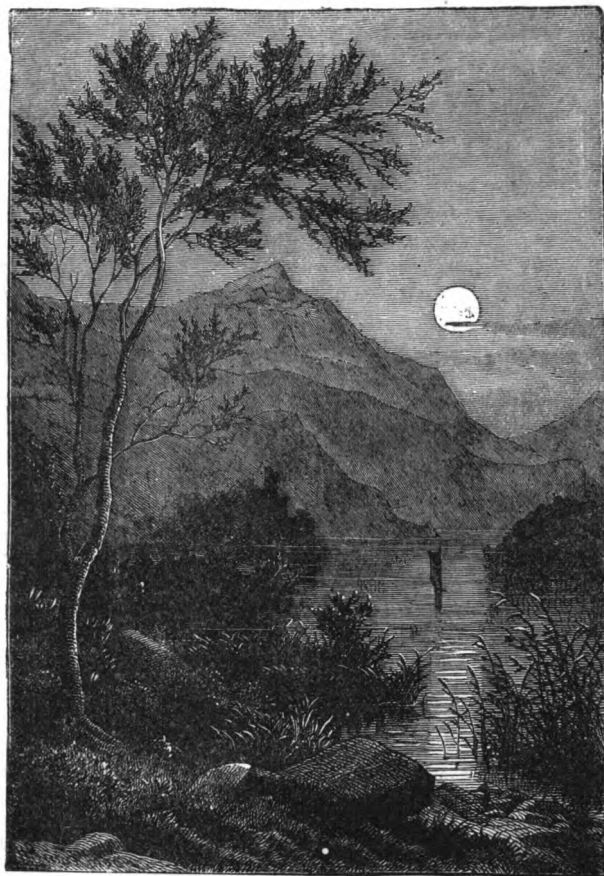
Then Ponto at last had to
 draw a cart,
 And carry round milk for
 selling.
 How the dreary drudgery went
 to his heart
 It's really hard to be
 telling.

Till at last one day, as he
 jogged on the road,
 Up started a bonny rabbit ;
 In a moment Ponto forgot his
 load,
 And remembered his hunt-
 ing habit.

With a mighty tug and a sudden start,
 He went rushing o'er field and furrow,
 And down went the milk and o'er went the cart,
 While bunny ran for his burrow.

Poor Ponto struggled and tugged in vain,
 He was harnessed too firm, to his sorrow,
 And the milkwoman soon came running amain
 And bitterly thought of the morrow.

And Ponto was scolded and chained to a log,
 But that he cared not a bit for,
 And the moral is this : Don't put a dog
 To work that he isn't fit for.



"WHILE THE MOON O'ER THE HILL ROSE BRIGHTLY."

HARRY THE DRUMMER, OR THE BOY SOLDIER.

A STORY OF TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

BY AGNES TREVOR DEANE.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.



T was the first day of the new year, 1812.

On the banks of the river Agueda, not far from the Portuguese frontier, might be seen the camp fires and the white tents of the English army.

In one of these tents, comfortably curled up in a large travelling-rug, was an officer who evidently bore the rank of captain.

Deeply bronzed by exposure to the sun and air, with a half-healed scar on his forehead that told of recent service, he was yet eminently handsome. His keen dark eyes were following with a lazy, affectionate interest the movements of a young soldier who was busily engaged cleaning the captain's arms and accoutrements.

"Do you know, Harry, you look uncommonly well in your new dress? I had no idea you had grown such a fine fellow. How tall are you?"

"Five feet ten inches, sir—just over."

"So tall, and only seventeen! How strange it seems to look back through the past four years!"

"Yes indeed, sir. I feel that I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for your kindness."

"Nonsense, my boy! I owe you a great deal more than you can possibly owe me. I have not forgotten the field of Vimiero, and how it was that saved me from death."

"That was the dog, sir," replied Harry,

with a sunny smile that brightened his whole face. "I should never have been able to make anybody hear. It was the dog that saved you."

"But the dog did not risk his life for mine. I know somebody who did. However, it was certainly a merciful interposition of Providence that brought that wolfhound on the field. I wonder what became of him?"

"No one seemed to know anything about him. None of our men saw him afterwards. He disappeared just before we reached the camp, and we were too anxious about you to make inquiry."

"How the dear old sergeant delights to tell that story! He makes it quite touching. I can scarcely imagine myself one of the characters."

"Nor I, sir. Sometimes I think he puts on a little too much colouring."

"Of which you get the benefit, Master Harry. However, I think the sergeant's story has stood you in good stead. It certainly made it much easier for me to get you out of the band. By the way, how do you like the exchange?"

"More and more every day. You are so good and kind to me that I cannot help being happy in your service."

"Say 'the service,' the service to which we all belong. Between you and me there can hardly be anything but friendship. I have had so many narrow escapes that I scarcely expect to come out of this alive, but should you ever return to dear old England my uncle will prove to you that his gratitude is something more than a name. Help me on with that great-coat, my lad; I am going to have a look at the bridge they are constructing across the Agueda. Throw those things into the box and follow me."

It was bitterly cold, and most of the English soldiers were sitting or lying around the huge camp fires. Here and there groups of officers were discussing the chances of the war. Many glasses were raised in the direction of Ciudad Rodrigo. Bets were given and taken as to the day on which the assault would be made, and eager anticipations of the coming conflict pervaded the whole British army.

As they came in sight of the river Harry recognised a well-known figure. Enveloped

in a grey overcoat and mounted on a small wiry hack was the great commander of whom the English were so proud.

Lord Wellington, whose sense of duty never allowed him to overlook the slightest negligence, was watching the progress of the

Seeing Captain Elton pause just where the bank began to slope towards the river, Harry stood still at the distance of a few paces, but within call.

Presently he saw the commander-in-chief take out his pocket-book, write a few lines,



THE MARCH OF THE FRENCH CUIRASSIERS.

work with ill-concealed impatience. Piles were being driven into the bed of the river to support the planks that were intended to form the bridge. In consequence of the disgracefully bad tools that were supplied by the English army contractors, this was a tedious and difficult operation.

Near the commander-in-chief was an orderly mounted on a powerfully-built charger which looked almost gigantic by the side of Lord Wellington's hack.

and then give the paper to the orderly, pointing towards the spot where Pack's Portuguese were encamped.

The man rode rapidly along the banks of the river. As he reached a point just below the spot where the lad was standing, shots were fired from the opposite bank.

Intensely excited, regardless of possible danger to himself, Harry crept along the rising ground, trying to keep in view the bearer of Lord Wellington's despatch.

On, on, on, pursued by the mischievous crack of the rifles, the rider urged his horse by bit and spur.

On, on, out of their reach?—no! He wavered in the saddle, turned the horse's head. Had they hit him? For no light matter would an English soldier falter.

Harry was now standing upright, watching with strained eyes this struggle between duty and death.

Towards him rode the soldier. His face was white, his lips were set. It was the face of a dying man.

With a strange feeling at his heart Harry ran forward. Scarcely knowing what he did, he caught the bridle of the horse and stayed its progress.

The soldier made an effort to withdraw the despatch from the breast of his jacket, and then with a faint sigh fell forward into Harry's outstretched arms.

Tenderly as a woman the lad laid down the senseless form that a few moments before had been instinct with life and vigour. Then taking the despatch from the soldier's breast, he paused to think.

What should he do?

Already he was at a considerable distance from the bridge. To return for orders seemed to him an unnecessary waste of time, and yet to advance on his own responsibility might bring him into trouble.

A single shot from the enemy warned him that he must decide quickly.

The momentary hesitation passed. With one farewell glance to the English tents, one look back to the spot where he had left Captain Elton, he sprang into the saddle. He saw Lord Wellington's field-glass raised, and, burning to distinguish himself, put spurs to his horse and rode straight across the line of fire in which his fellow-soldier had so lately met his death.

The sharp crack of the rifle was heard from the opposite shore. Regardless of danger Harry set his teeth, and leaned over the horse's neck as he urged the noble animal to its utmost speed.

Neither to the right nor to the left would he look. He held his breath with a strange consciousness of waiting—waiting for that which might arrest him in the fulfilment of what he thought to be his duty—waiting for

a well-aimed shot that might at any moment leave him cold, nerveless, motionless, like that senseless clay which but a few minutes before had been instinct with manly pride and energy and life.

No thought of self was in the lad's heart as he pressed his horse into a mad gallop, the wind rushing in his ears, the shots gradually falling wider and wider of their mark, until, with an inexpressible sensation of relief, he saw the cluster of tents occupied by the Portuguese contingent. His only aim, his only hope, was that he might live to safely deliver the despatch.

In five minutes more he would be there.

He was only just in time. As though overtaxed by the speed with which he had performed the journey, his horse stumbled and showed signs of extreme fatigue.

Noble animal! How bravely he had held on that dangerous course! Upon his courage and endurance had depended the success of Lord Wellington's commission.

Now for the first time Harry seemed to realise the extent of the danger through which he had passed. He turned in his saddle and looked towards the spot where the enemy was still jealously watching him. The firing had ceased, but a thin cloud of smoke hung over the wooded bank behind which the riflemen were sheltered.

He thought of the death of the orderly, and how mercifully his own life had been preserved, and with a hurried expression of thankfulness to Heaven, saw before him the tents of the Portuguese and the flag of the commander to whom the despatch was addressed.

Tired as he was with excitement and hard riding, Harry could not help noticing the dirty, unkempt look of the Portuguese soldiers. So careless was the watch they kept that the sentinels actually allowed him to pass without giving the countersign.

Many of them, half starved and wholly ragged, were lying around the camp fires too apathetic or too indolent even to look up at the sound of his horse's hoofs.

Dismounting at the door of the commander's tent, he consigned his wearied charger to the care of a trooper in attendance who could speak a little English, and

looked much cleaner than the majority of his comrades.

"You have ridden hard, *amigo*. His excellency will see you at once. I will look after the horse."

Having delivered his credentials, Harry was abruptly told that he must remain until the morning. There was no help for it. Much as he wanted to get back, and notwithstanding a misgiving as to the light in which his self-imposed mission might be regarded by Lord Wellington, he was far too tired to feel much annoyance at the enforced delay, and quite hungry enough to accept a hunch of black bread and a draught of sour Spanish wine from the friendly trooper.

A place was found for him at one of the camp fires, and after a vain attempt at conversation he curled himself up in a borrowed rug, and forgetful alike of perils encountered and half-anticipated censure, with a boy's easy conscience and sound digestion was soon fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO THE DOUBLE BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. I z r I.
2. A h i r A.
3. M u a s o N.
4. T h o u s a n D.
5. H a M.
6. E n e m Y.
7. G r i e F.
8. O m e g A.
9. O l i v e T.
10. D e b o r a H.
11. S y c a m o r E.
12. H a g a R.
13. E l i a d A.
14. P e r s e c u t o r R.
15. H a r E.
16. E c h O.
17. R e u b e N.
18. D o v E.

I am the Good Shepherd.—I and my Father are one.

MEYNELLA K. H. WOOD.

THE MEMNON STATUES.



YOU have all heard or read of the land of Egypt and the river Nile. In the Bible we are told about the Egyptians, who are the oldest nation that we know of; for when Abraham came out of Canaan the Egyptians were people who had learnt many things.

In Egypt there is scarcely any rain, and were it not for the overflow of the river Nile every year the corn would not grow. This overflowing of the river covers all the great plain of Thebes, and scarcely anything but water is visible in all that immense extent, except two enormous figures which reach to a tremendous height, and which are known as the Memnon Statues.

These colossal figures were formerly sixty feet high, and intended to represent the king, Amenophis the Third. The Arabs now call them "Tammy" and "Shammy," and look upon them as evil spirits. Both statues are represented as looking towards the east to welcome the rising sun.

But the most curious thing about the statues is that one of them—that to the east—used to cry out with a wailing sound at sunrise. This cry was something like the sound of a harp-string.

Although the ancient Egyptians themselves did not appear to notice this peculiar sound, there is no doubt that the cry has been frequently heard since. Hundreds of people—years and years ago, it is true—came long distances to hear the statue cry, and wrote their names upon the back of the figure at the time. So there can be no mistake about it, particularly as the Emperor Hadrian and his wife Sabina came and heard it, and have recorded the fact.

The wail of this remarkable statue was first mentioned by Strabo, twenty years or so before the birth of Jesus Christ, and for about two hundred years it continued to give out the mysterious sound which puzzled so many travellers in those ancient days.

Some people say that the sound was caused by the priests belonging to the temple at Thebes, to which the great Memnon statue was attached. But that would be impossible, because the priests had all passed away and

the wonderful temple was in ruins before the sound was heard at all!

There was a tremendous earthquake about twenty years before the birth of Christ, and at that time the great Memnon statue was split. After that it began to cry and wail as if it were hurt. But it probably would never have been noticed particularly had it not been for a very old story, or myth, told years after the king's statue was built.

This old Greek story is as follows:—

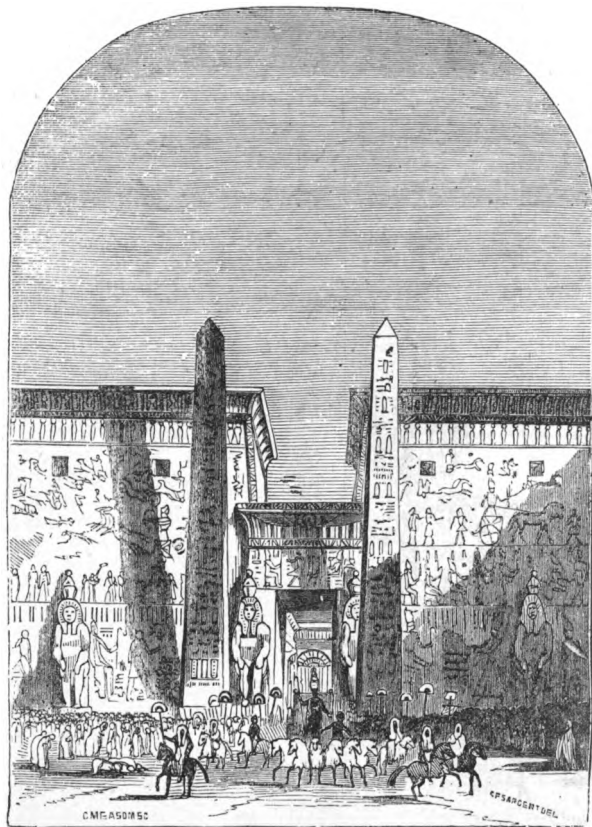
Once upon a time there was a very brave man—a soldier named Memnon—who went to the Trojan war and was killed. His mother's name was *Aurora*, as we now call the dawn of day. Every morning *Aurora*, or *Eös*, would smile upon her son, who greeted his mother with a song.

When the Greeks gave the name of Memnon to the great fighting king Amenophis, people recollected the old story. Here was Memnon seated with his face to the dawn (or *Aurora*), and one day somebody said that the statue had cried out. This fact—for it is a fact—was ascertained by Strabo, and from that time until the figure was repaired by Severus the wailing cry was heard almost daily.

If we look at the picture we see that the statues are turning to the rising moon, which is just rising behind the splendid ruins of the temple. Just let us think how many hundreds of years these great figures have been sitting there in the immense desert!

If they could only speak to us and tell us what they have seen all these years and years! Before Jesus Christ was born they had been sitting there more years than we should like to say. There is the Nile, in which Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter, still flowing up to their feet, and giving a rich crop of corn to Egypt just as it did in the time of Joseph—for we know that Joseph's brethren came to buy corn in Egypt.

Even at that time these great statues may have been keeping guard at the temple of



EGYPTIAN OBELISKS.

Thebes, for we read that Rameses the Second was the king who reigned over Egypt, and who oppressed the Israelites; and he apparently reigned after the monarch who built the colossal figures.

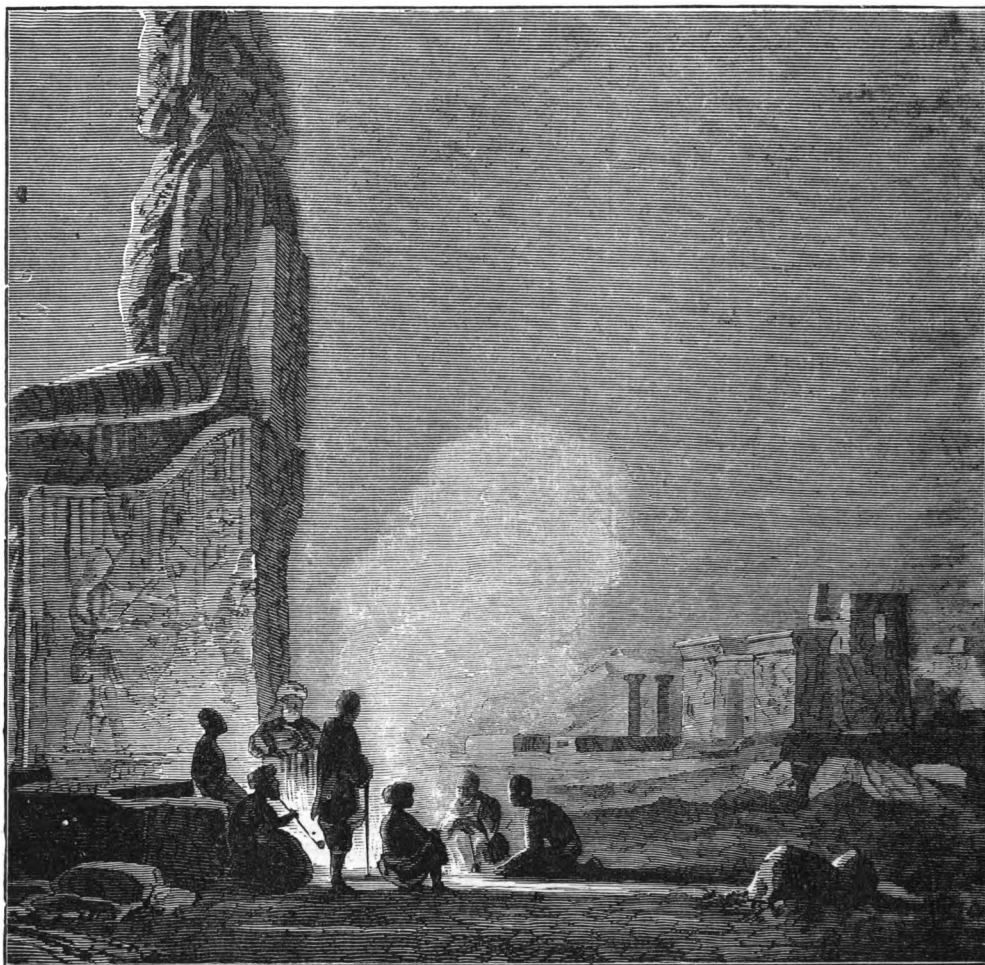
But children very likely will say, "Is it *really* true that the statue cried, or wailed, at sunrise?" We reply, "Yes, it is quite true," and think we can tell you the reason of the sound coming from the stone.

In Egypt very little rain ever falls, but the dew is very heavy at night. Of course the moisture got into the cracks of the stone with which Memnon was built. The earthquake we have referred to split the figure, and it was not until after the statue was cracked that the noise was heard, nor was the noise heard after it was repaired.

Thus we can limit the period during which the figure of Memnon apparently cried out to the sun to the time when there were cracks in the stone.

"Letters from Egypt," speaks of the Memnon Statue. This is what he says:—

"The myth of the vocal statue of Memnon arose late, because the peculiar phenomenon

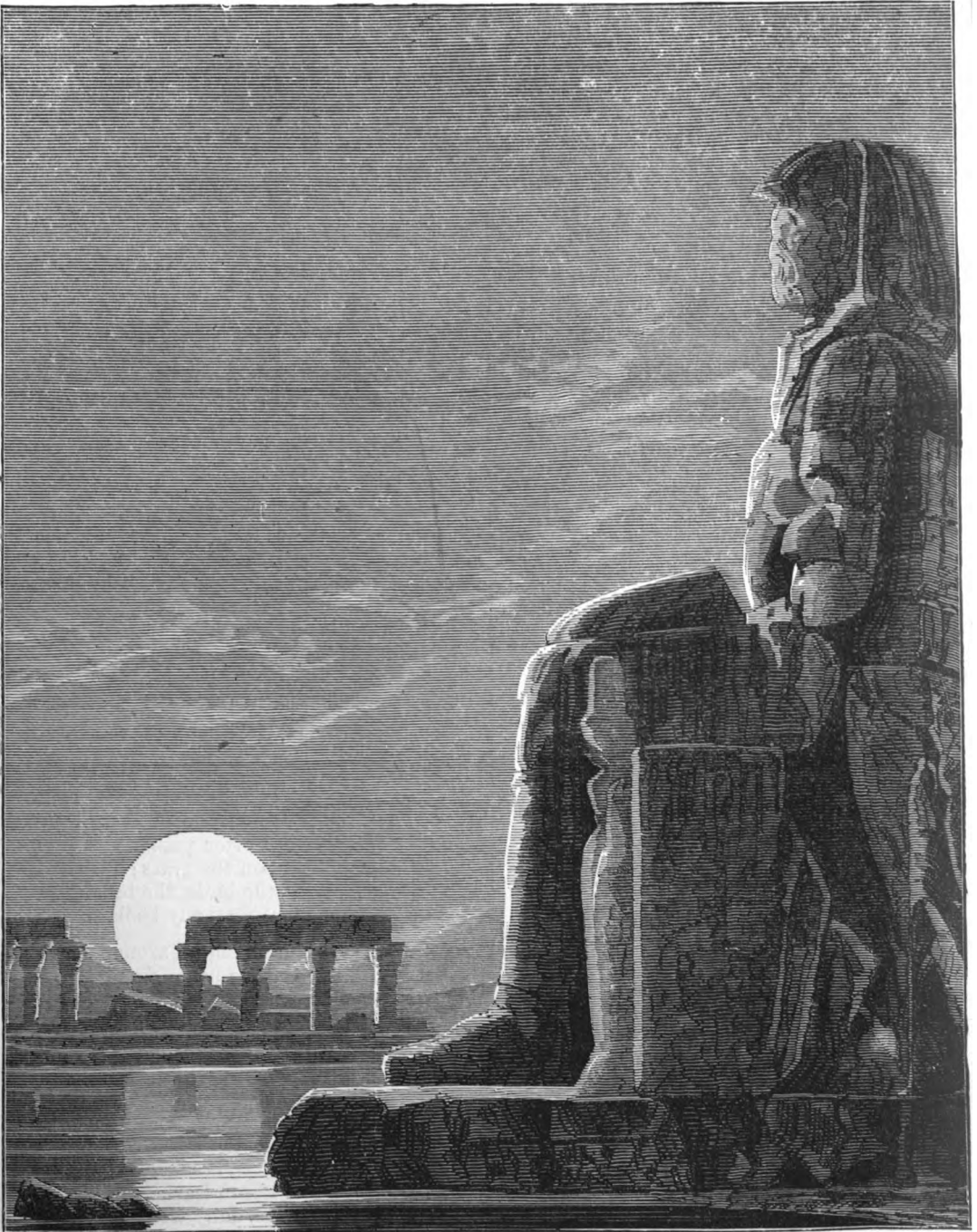


ARABS ENCAMPING NEAR MEMNON'S STATUE.

It is well known that after the very heavy night dews many of the other ancient monuments and remains of monuments in the valley of the Nile crack early in the morning, and give out a sort of ringing sound, which modern travellers have heard. It is a very peculiar sound, and not to be mistaken.

One of many travellers who has mentioned these morning "rings" in his book, called

of the clear trembling sound, *which arose from the breaking off of minute fragments when the stone had been first chilled by the night, and then rapidly heated*, was first distinctly noticed when the statue, already rent with fissures, was broken through by the earthquake. The presence of cracking and sounding stones is not rare in the deserts and vast fields of stones in Egypt, but Nature must have



THE GREAT STATUE OF MEMNON IN EGYPT.

prepared specially for this purpose the hard 'pudding-stone' of which the statue is composed. This is shown by the innumerable large and small cracks in those parts of the statue written of in Greek times. . . . Some of the cracked and loosely-hanging pieces give even now a clear metallic sound when they are struck, while others remain dull and soundless, as they become more or less damp, according to their position."

So this, we see, is the cause of the vocal powers of the wonderful Memnon Statue, which was by the old Greeks supposed to cry out and greet the rising sun.

It is a pretty idea that the sun—the agent of life to the vegetable, and, indeed, to the animal world—should be welcomed by the statue. And if the heathen Grecians of those days, who worshipped gods of their own making and imagination, and who gave us the idea of the statue welcoming the warm and cheering sunlight, were grateful for the sun, how much more should we be grateful for the Gospel Light and the mercies vouchsafed to us on each returning day!

We might all learn a lesson from the stone.

Do we every morning kneel down to thank God for His mercies and for His care during the night?—for His loving-kindness in sparing us to see the sun again after the chill night has passed? Do we break out in hymns to Him for joy at being spared to see the trees, the flowers, the rivers, and to hear the birds singing, and watch all the beauties of Nature?

If not, let us do so now. Though it was but a Grecian fable that brought forth the idea that the Memnon welcomed the rising sun, it was a beautiful and poetical one, and, read by the purer light of these days, may do us good.

For more than three thousand years these statues, beneath whose vast shadows the Arabs seek nightly shelter, have kept watch over the plain of Thebes, and we can truly say with the duke in Shakspeare's comedy, that we may

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."


H. F.



LITTLE MARGUERITE.

A FLOWER AMONG THE FLOWERS.

BY MERCIE SUNSHINE.

"ITTLE Daisy-Marguerite,
Sitting so with naked feet,
Tell me why you linger there,
With that leaf upon your hair?"

"I am plucking oxeyes sweet,"
Said the gentle Marguerite;

"Daisies, grasses, all combine,
Making up a nosegay fine.

"On my head this leaf I lay,
Just to keep the sun away;
Never had I hat or boot,
Nor a stocking on my foot.

"Bunny here—I love him too—
Does whate'er he's told to do;
Dines with me whene'er he can.
I eat bread, he eats his bran.

"Summer days I often pass
Sitting here upon the grass;
Insects, trees, the birds, the brook,
Teach me more than any book.

"Bees come humming all around,
Telling me they've honey found;
Little birds hop up for bread;
Oft a worm pops up its head.

"There's the sun below the trees—
I must leave you, if you please."
So away, on naked feet,
Trips my dainty Marguerite.

Thus from insects, brooks, and ferns,
Marguerite a lesson learns.
Paths of Nature, daily trod,
Lead our hearts to Nature's God!



LITTLE MARGUERITE.



THE TIME OF EXPECTATION; HAULING IN THE NET.

THE SEA: ITS WONDERS AND ITS TEACHINGS.

FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS WHO GO TO THE SEASIDE, AND FOR THOSE WHO STAY AT HOME.

"Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free!
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

"Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?"

B. BARTON.

"**M**ORE than half my boys *never saw the sea*, and never were in London; and it is surprising how the first of these disadvantages interferes with their understanding much of the ancient poetry." So said and wrote Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, one of the noblest and wisest men who ever devoted the best years of a valuable life to the instruction and guidance of youth. And truly it is a great and valuable privilege to behold the mighty ocean, and search for the myriad phases of animal and vegetable

life that present themselves to the observer's eye every time the receding tide leaves bare the margin over which the bounding waves flowed but an hour ago.

"O sea! old sea! who yet knows half
Of thy wonders, or thy pride?"

wrote one who himself had, with no unobservant eye, marked those wonders and rejoiced in that pride. Remarkably true it is what Mr. Gosse, the patient, indefatigable naturalist, tells us in one of his admirable



"WELCOME BACK TO THE SEA."

books: "When once we have begun to look with curiosity upon the strange beings that ordinary people pass over without notice, our wonder is continually excited by the variety of phase, and often by the uncouthness of form, under which some of the meaner creatures are presented to us; and this is

very specially the case with the inhabitants of the sea. We can scarcely poke or pry for an hour among the rocks at low water mark, or walk, with an observant, downcast eye, along the beach after a gale, without finding some oddly-fashioned, suspicious-looking being, unlike any form of life that we have

seen before. The dark, concealed interior of the sea becomes thus invested with a fresh mystery, its vast recesses appear to be stored with all imaginable forms, and we are tempted to believe that there must be multitudes of living creatures whose very figure and structure have never yet been suspected." Yes, truly the sea teems with wonders, and is in itself a marvel of wisdom and might; and we have never been able to understand how so many boys can pass week after week and month after month by its margin, and at last know no more when they return home than when they left. Eating, and drinking, and idling are not the end and aim of a seaside visit, dear boys; there are thousands of things to be learned, and admired, and wondered at; and although we do not by any means expect that all your tastes should point the same way, or that you should all take interest in the same things, we should form a very low estimate of the mental capacity of any child who could pass the holidays at the seaside without doing anything more useful than taking purposeless strolls, and lounging about on parades and terraces. Not every child is born to be a young naturalist; to take interest in the wonders of the beach and of the rocks, and eagerly to collect treasures from the limpid pools left by the receding tide, is not an occupation in which all can take delight; but for those whose tastes are athletic rather than scientific there are other and no less interesting pursuits. To learn to use the muscles and develop the strength by rowing—to sharpen the wits and learn steadiness and quickness by practising the management of a sailing-boat—to practise sea-fishing, or swimming, or pedestrianism—these and a dozen similar occupations there are, from which the young visitors can easily select one to suit them. But our advice to one and all our young friends who go to the seaside is this: have some pursuit, and, whatever it may be, follow it zealously. Be determined to learn something during your holidays, if it be only how to plunge headforemost or how to fish for mackerel. Let "something attempted, something done," each day earn you "a night's repose," as it did to the village blacksmith in Longfellow's poem.

(To be continued.)

"FEED MY LAMBS," OR THE YOUNG OF THE FLOCK.

TEACHINGS FOR CHILDREN FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE.

IV.—DEPENDENCE UPON GOD.



HAVE been asked, dear children, to tell you more about King David, the man after God's own heart—a man who trusted in God and submitted to Him. We hope you will learn from his history the

great necessity—the absolute necessity—there is for dependence upon God, who does everything for us, and who can give us all we ask if we only do so in a proper manner, and *believe* we shall get all we ask if it is good for us.

We first hear of David after the day on which Saul came back from fighting the Amalekites, whom he had not utterly destroyed as God had told him. So the prophet Samuel left Saul, who went and lived in his palace on the hill, and Samuel was very sorry for Saul. But God said to Samuel, "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel? Fill thine horn with oil and go. I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided a king among his sons." But Samuel was afraid lest Saul should hear that he had done so and kill him. Then God mercifully overlooked his want of trust, and told him He would send him a safe way, and to say he was going to sacrifice. So Samuel went and got the sacrifice ready, and when he saw the tall and handsome son of Jesse he thought he was the person; but he was not. Nor were any of Jesse's sons present the proper person. Then Samuel said—

"Have you not another son?"

And Jesse said—

"Yes, there is the youngest, but he is watching the sheep."

So Samuel said—
"Call him, for we cannot sit down to the feast till he comes."

So David came, and then Samuel poured the oil upon David's head and whispered to him that God had chosen him to be king, and that he was to be good, holy, and obe-

Now about this time the Philistines came to fight against the Israelites, and brought a great giant with them named Goliath. This big man used to come and laugh at Saul and his army every day, but the Israelites were afraid to fight him. One day, however, it happened that David, who was quite a young man still,



SAMUEL ANOINTING DAVID AS KING OF ISRAEL.

dient, and if he were his kingdom should last for a long time, and he should beat the Philistines.

Then the favour and power of God left King Saul and went to David, and the king was very ill. But David got his harp and was brought to Saul. He played so beautifully that Saul got quite well, and David had to stay with the king, who of course did not know all that God had done for the lad.

came up to the camp with some presents from home. His brothers were in the army, and so their father had sent them something nice to eat, as good children now get nice things sent them to school.

Little David was very much surprised and very angry to see this great wicked giant laughing at the army of the Israelites, who were God's own people; so he said to the king—



DAVID VICTORIOUS.

"If you will let me go I will fight this wicked giant who defies the army of God."

The king was very much astonished, and then David said that he would go to fight entirely depending on God, and told Saul how a lion and a bear had robbed his flocks and taken a lamb, and how, full of trust in God because he was doing right and doing his duty, he had killed both the lion and the bear and got the lamb back safely. So

David was sure that with God's help he could kill the wicked giant too.

Then Saul the king said—
"Go and fight."

Now the king had promised that whoever should kill the great giant should marry the king's daughter, and he would give her husband money. David heard this, of course, but he told the king he would go and fight the giant, and put on no armour, nor would he even take the sword the king gave him. Everybody was very much surprised indeed to see the young man only take his stick, or shepherd's crook, and go out to fight Goliath.

But David depended upon God to show him what to do and how to do it. So he quickly went down to a little stream near the tents and chose five stones out of the water—smooth pebbles, like what we often see in a stream. He put these round smooth stones in a little bag which he carried at his side, which is called a "scrip," used for carrying letters or scrolls in those days; then he took his sling in his hand and walked quietly on to meet the great big giant.

Just let us think of David's position. Here was he, a slight youth armed only with a shepherd's crook, a sling, and a stone, going

out to fight an immensely strong man who was fully armed with a spear and sword, and had armour to cover his body. A man carrying a great shield walked in front of the giant. You see nobody could get near him. Spears and arrows were no use, for they could be put aside by the man who carried the shield; and besides, the armour would protect the giant. How, then, was David to kill him?

But David trusted in God. He knew God would assist him, and he had no fear. Let us remember this. No fear if God is on our side, never mind how bad things *look*. Could anything be worse than David's position then? Yet he trusted and depended on God, and God helped him.

When Goliath saw David he laughed at

Then, as you may suppose, the giant was very angry indeed, and came down to meet David and kill him, as he thought he would easily do. But he came slowly, as he had to carry his great spear, and he wore such heavy armour too. David also went forward to meet Goliath, and as he advanced he pulled a stone out of his scrip and put it in



DAVID PLAYING THE HARP BEFORE SAUL.

him, and said he would give him to the birds to eat, and asked him if he was a dog, that he came to him with a stick?

David said that the giant was worse than a dog, for he had defied God and His army.

"I will smite thee and take thy head from thee, and I will give the carcasses of the Philistines to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the earth."

the sling, and ran on till he came within a proper distance. Then he let the stone go, and it flew straight and fast at the forehead of the giant. The man with the shield could not stop it; it went over his head, and hit Goliath where he had no armour to protect him. The hand of God guided the stone; it sank into the giant's brain, and he fell down stunned upon his face.

Then the Philistines, when they saw their great man apparently killed, ran away in a fright. The Israelites pursued them for miles and miles, and slew them in thousands, and then the victors returned and plundered the Philistines' tents.

Meantime David went up to the body of the giant and took his great sword from his side and cut off the giant's head with it, so he killed him. Then David took up the giant's head and carried it back into the camp and put it in his tent, which had been set aside for his use. But he dedicated the sword to God at the tabernacle.

Afterwards David killed six hundred more Philistines, and married Michal, the king's daughter. He became king when Saul died.

Thus we see that even in this world it is to our advantage to be dependent on God, and perfectly trustful in Him. If David had not been so full of faith he could never have killed the giant, or the lion, or the bear. Let us all, therefore, make up our minds to do our duty in the state of life to which God calls us, believing that He will give us what we ask; and "in everything with prayer and supplication let us make our requests known unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord," and He will give us what is best for us to have.



A PUZZLE.

Togol de nchi ldho o dth i spu zz lei sen
dan dtol tipr ayyouratt e nti o nle ndi fyo u
rwi tsar esha rpa ndbri gh tyo uwil lrea di
tso o nar i ght.

MEYNELLA K. H. WOOD.



TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

OR

STORIES OF CHILDREN'S TROUBLES AND CHILDREN'S JOYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."

III.—MISTAKEN—PART I.



URLED up in a chair in a large room, airy and cheery, though it is at the top of a London house, is a child some seven or eight years old, sobbing bitterly—oh, so bitterly! There is no better expression which can convey the crying of a child, for in its sorrow there is no medium—it is the height and depth of despair without hope of remedy. With the broken doll in its little arms, or the trumpet which has ceased to blow a blast, or the drum which will drum no more, the child sees what it loved and valued gone for ever. There is no hope, no comfort, no relief in the tears. They do not fall softly, refreshing an overburdened

heart and weary brain; they are full of the bitterness which can find no comfort—which will admit of no consolation. And thus “bitterly” wept Beatrice—or, as she was more commonly called, “Beatie”—Haliford, curled up in the great armchair in the large nursery at the top of Mrs. Haliford’s town house. Alone and so sad! What was the matter? The door opened behind her, but she never moved nor stirred till a hand was laid on her shoulder and a kind, gentle voice said—

“Beatie, I am sent to fetch you down, but you cannot appear like this. Try to stop crying. Bathe your face and come down.”

“No, no!” sobbed the child. “I can’t!—I can’t! Oh dear!—oh dear!”

“My dear little girl,” said the lady, putting her arm round the poor child, “you are surely making a mountain of a molehill. This little misunderstanding is not worth so many tears, little darling. You must not waste them,” she continued, half smiling; “you may want them sorely when you are older.”

And as she spoke the tears filled her own eyes.

Something in the words and tone suddenly struck the child, and she stopped by a great effort her sobs; and looking up in the face of the lady who was addressing her, she said—

“Are you sad about anything?”

“Yes—I am sad at your sadness,” she answered; “and I am sure the very best way to overcome it will be to do as I advise you—try to dismiss it from your thoughts. I am strange to you yet, but when you know me better you will confide in me, I hope, and let me show you how I can put a bright light on all troubles, and make them seem so much less gloomy—so much less hard to bear. Now while you sit sobbing here alone you are thinking over and over again—magnifying it, too, each time—what a cruel unkindness you have received; while if you would try to forget it, and amuse and distract your mind, in a little time you would begin to see it all in a very different light. There is a French saying that explains what I mean—‘making bad blood.’ And that is really what we do when we sit and brood over small vexations. Occupation—active occupation—is the best cure for all mental troubles. Cannot you and I go out somewhere and see something, or, still better, do something for some one

else? It’s such a bright, breezy day, it will blow all clouds away.”

As she talked on, with her arm still round the child, the sobs gradually ceased—the sympathy, the encouragement, were doing their work—and at length she said—

“You don’t know what has made me cry so, do you, Miss Wray?”

“No, my dear—not your view of it. Mamma told me, but I should like *your* story, if you will like to tell me; but not now. You wash your face, and I will go and tell mamma that you are going for a little walk with me, and then you will come and see her with a nice bright face—shall I?”

“Yes, if you like, Miss Wray, but I can’t have a bright face ever any more.”

Miss Wray smiled as she left her, but did not answer her.

Beatrice Haliford was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Haliford—not spoiled as people call spoiled—not over-indulged—though of course every one predicted she would be when two younger sisters dying left her the sole occupant of that large nursery. Mrs. Haliford had none of the weak tenderness



MISS WRAY.

which makes those who have the care of children spoil them. She was a well-bred, highly-educated, elegant woman, having married her husband more for his position than for any great affection, and had but little sympathy for children, or much liking for them. He was a county man—a Member of Parliament—and his beautiful place in one of the Western counties had been owned by the Halifords for centuries. He saw very little of his child, only when, exquisitely dressed, she came down to dessert, or, at rare intervals, he met her in the garden. If she were playing alone he would stay awhile with her, toss her ball, or inquire after the health of "Dolly;" and one day, when a serious accident had befallen the waxen baby, and its beauty was destroyed for ever by coming in sharp contact with the gravel, he had given Beatrice a half-sovereign, and bade her not cry, but go and buy another doll. And all this was said and done with a gentle courtesy that he might have used in addressing a little princess. From this moment Beatrice worshipped him. She had always admired him, thought him so "beautiful," but had stood in great awe of him, for all little naughtinesses which came to mamma's ear received the same threat—

"If your father knew this, Beatrice, he would send you out of the house. He is not fond of *good* children; naughty ones I am sure he would not tolerate."

So this act of sympathy in her trouble, and unexpected kindness, astonished as much as it pleased her, and being a very peculiar, affectionate, and sensitive child, her father became a sort of worship to her. To win a smile from him made her happy for the day; to hear a word of praise was a joy too great for words; and it was her one aim to watch for any opportunity by which these tokens of his interest or approbation could be obtained. He was totally unaware of the devotion of his little daughter. He thought children the mother's care entirely, and did not trouble himself about her at all. Had his child been a boy, he would have thought it his duty to see about his education—to send him to Eton perhaps—but a girl! He understood nothing about her, and while he saw her once or twice a day, well and well dressed, looking as he thought any one belonging to

him should look, he concerned himself no more about her. He little knew how the child he thought so little of worshipped him, how his photograph was placed on the mantelpiece of her bedroom where she could see it the moment she awoke, and how she kissed it "good night" if he himself was not at home to receive the kiss, how in her simple prayers she asked God to bless *dear, dear* papa, and make her good enough for him to love her.

The sorrow, therefore, which had caused such bitter weeping was occasioned by the fact that Beatrice, with her anxious desire to do something for "papa," had, thinking to surprise and please him, gone to the library and—horror of horrors!—tidied his table. Several little "rubbishy" bits of paper, as she thought them, she threw away, washed and refilled the ink-bottle, polished the silver pen, made papers and books to match in neat little piles, and standing for a moment to survey her work, flew from the room to her own, to get ready for her dinner, which she took with her father and mother's luncheon. The gong sounded as she came down, and her little heart beat with pleasure at the idea of the gentle, sweet voice uttering thanks and praise. He was not in the room when she came in, and she had commenced her dinner before he came. Who can express the distress of the child when she saw that the beautiful face was clouded with anger, and that his first words were—

"Who has been venturing to touch my table?—has your new housemaid, Isabella, whom you have forgotten to warn never to interfere with it?"

"No, Harold; the servants never think of touching it. What do you mean?—have you lost anything?" asked his wife in reply.

"Lost anything!—yes, all the valuable notes I had jotted down for the essay I am writing. It is too aggravating. Some one must have touched my table. It is all what is called 'tidy,' and I can find nothing."

Hotter and hotter grew poor little Beatrice's cheeks as her father spoke, and then, summoning all her courage, she said—

"I did it, papa; I thought you would be pleased."

"You, Beatrice! I am astonished! It was high time indeed, mamma, that a gover-

ness should have the care of this little person," he answered. "She needs employment to keep her out of mischief. For the future, young lady, when you want something to do, try to find it elsewhere than in my library. By the way, where is Miss Wray?"

"She is gone out to see some friend. I expect her in every moment," replied Mrs. Haliford. "Beatrice," she continued quietly, "don't make a scene; go to your room if you must cry. Miss Wray will be here presently; I will send her to you. You ought to have known better than to touch papa's table. Come down when you feel a wise child and eat your dinner."

"I can't eat any, thank you," gasped the poor child, and she was out of the room in a moment. And the bitter, wailing cry was heard as she ascended the stairs—heard, but only smiled at by the parents, to whom a child was as some wonderful piece of mechanism of which they were totally ignorant. This ignorance they were themselves aware of, and had therefore settled to dismiss the nurse and engage instead a governess for the child, Mrs. Haliford's maid agreeing to dress and wait on her, the governess to have all other charge of her. Happily for poor little Beatrice, a friend of her mother's had an orphan niece seeking such a situation, and from her recommendation was engaged at once.

She had been one of a large family herself, the eldest too, having the care of the "little ones" whilst herself almost a "little one;" so that when her father died, and it became necessary for her to seek employment, she felt quite qualified to undertake the charge and education of young children; and not only because she had always lived with them, but from her character, which was so thoroughly suited to her vocation. Gentle, patient, cheerful, unexcitable, yet full of intense sympathy which felt *with* and *for* others, fortunate was the mother who could have such a guide and companion for her child. She had only been a few days resident with the Halifords, but was already fully interested in her little pupil. She saw at once the mistake that had been made with her, and hoped that she was not too late to remedy the evil.

"Beatrice," she said, soon returning to the

nursery, "mamma says you may go out with me, and has also given me leave to take you to the Children's Hospital, where I want to leave some toys and dolls I have been collecting for the dear little invalids. And if you are pleased and interested in them, as we return we will go and buy some scraps, and last year's picture almanacs, to make a large scrap-book for them. Shall you not like that?"

"Yes," answered Beatrice, with a heavy sigh, "I dare say I shall." And soon, equipped for their journey, the child and her friend went out together.

There is no prettier nor more touching sight than the wards of those hospitals devoted to the cure and comfort of those poor little ones whose position in life denies them the care and attention their sad cases demand. Gentle sisters move from bed to bed, murmuring words of comfort and encouragement to the little sufferers, or laughing merrily with the convalescent who *can* laugh now again the thoughtless, happy laugh of childhood; or, kneeling beside the cot of those whom the reaper Death is sent to bear away to the Lord who has need of the "flowrets fair," she tells them of the bright home they are going to, where sorrow and sin shall be no more.

(To be continued.)

A WREATH OF HIDDEN FLOWERS.

1. I left my cap in Kate's room.
2. If the chair is broken send it to be mended.
3. This torch is made of firwood.
4. I would take, if I could, Elinor, O, several of these flowers.
5. Ada, is your mamma coming with us this afternoon?
6. Have you seen this Chili lacework?
7. I saw such a pretty jelly shape on your sideboard to-day.
8. In the hat is worn a wing or several small flowers.

MEYNELLA WOOD.



"SADDLE MY HOG, AND BRIDLE MY DOG."

High Diddle Doubt.

A NONSENSE SONG WITH SOME SENSE IN IT.

1. High did - dle doubt, my can - dle's out! My

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It contains the melody for the first line of the song. The bottom two staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature, providing a piano accompaniment. The lyrics '1. High did - dle doubt, my can - dle's out! My' are written below the top staff.

lit - tle dame's not at home;..... So sad - dle my hog, and

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'lit - tle dame's not at home;..... So sad - dle my hog, and' are written below the top staff.

bri - dle my dog, To fetch my lit - tle dame home.

The third system of music concludes the first part of the song. The lyrics 'bri - dle my dog, To fetch my lit - tle dame home.' are written below the top staff.

2.
High diddle doubt!—what is it about?
Why, here's a notable game;
Saddle on dog, and bridle on hog,
Won't help to bring me my dame.

3.
High diddle doubt—come, look about—
For troubles come now and then;
Seek all around, your dame shall be found,
And don't let her go again.



THE PUNISHMENT OF THE NOBLES.

THE STORY OF LANDGRAVE LUDWIG.

A STORY OF OLDEN TIMES.

"LANDGRAVE LUDWIG, BE THOU HARD."



YOU would hardly find a more beautiful country than the district called Thuringia in Germany. There are glorious forests to be found in that part with splendid old trees that have

stood for centuries; and there are bright green meadows in which the fresh grass seems to invite you to rest upon it; and clear streams in which you can see the fishes with their silver scales glancing through the shining waters. Now it is about this country of Thuringia that I am going to tell you a story, which is, moreover, a true one, though it happened a very, very long time ago.

In the old days the prince who governed Thuringia used to be called the landgrave, and once, many hundreds of years ago, there was a landgrave whose name was Louis, or, as it is called in German, Ludwig. Now this Ludwig was an easy, good-natured kind of

man, who passed most of his time in hunting, and did not trouble himself greatly about his country, or how affairs were going there. And this was wrong, for whatever our duty may be, whether it is to govern a country, or to write a copy, or work a sum, we should do it with all our might.

The consequence of this was that the great lords and nobles of Thuringia did whatever was right in their own eyes, as the landgrave did not keep them under any kind of control. They oppressed the poor people and compelled them to pay heavy taxes; they took away their corn and their cattle from them, and compelled them to do all kinds of work without pay, and at last some of them were wicked enough to fasten some poor peasants in front of a plough, and make them draw it across a field as if they had been cattle, And of all this the landgrave knew nothing, because he was occupied in pursuing his own pleasure instead of looking after the welfare of his country and keeping these lawless men in order.

Now it happened one day that Landgrave Ludwig, while hunting, lost his way in the forest. He rode to and fro for a long time, but could not find the way out. Evening

was coming on, and he was very hungry. At length he heard a sound of hammering, and after a time he came to a hut where dwelt a smith. And this smith was forging a bar of iron on his anvil, and singing bravely at his work. The landgrave went up to him and

hammered out his bar of iron. The words were these :—

“Landgrave Ludwig, be thou hard,
Or else thou’lt plague the country;”

and as the smith sang these words over and



LANDGRAVE LUDWIG AND THE SMITH.

asked shelter for the night; and the brave smith, who did not know who his guest was, welcomed him kindly, and put before him the best supper he could give him. Then the landgrave, who was very tired, lay down in a corner of the hut to sleep, while the smith went on with his work, hammering and singing. After a time the prince woke up, and he was surprised to hear what the words were that the smith was singing as he

over again, his guest's curiosity was roused at last, and he asked him what they meant.

Then the smith said—"When our old landgrave, the father of the present prince, was alive, he used to look sharply after the nobles, and see that they did the poor man no wrong. Then we were able to work for ourselves, and so long as we paid what was due no man dared molest us; for our landgrave, who was a stern man, was a just man



PRAY WHAT DO YOU WANT, MISS?

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too, and would have known the reason why. But this Ludwig who rules over us now is a careless man, good-natured enough, I hear, but one who troubles himself not to see that we have justice. So I sing, as many others do, 'Landgrave Ludwig, be thou hard;' for it would be much better for the country if our ruler were a little harder and more strict, more especially with the nobles."

Then the landgrave, still without making himself known, questioned the smith about these nobles and their oppressions. And the good smith told him about the people being yoked to ploughs and carts, and compelled to work like horses and oxen. And the landgrave was very angry, for he had no idea that such oppression could be carried on in his country. He had now heard the truth, and when the next morning he thanked his host for the food and shelter, for which the smith would receive no payment, the landgrave had learnt a lesson; and he determined to watch for an opportunity to show that he could be "hard" if necessary.

Such an opportunity soon occurred. Some great nobles resumed their oppressions of the poor people, and ill-treated some peasants cruelly. Thereupon the landgrave said—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." And he caused some of these nobles themselves to be harnessed to a plough, just as they had harnessed the peasants, and he took the plough, and drove them to and fro in a field till he had ploughed the whole of it, and then only did he let them go.

They were very indignant, and declared they would rise up against Landgrave Ludwig and put some one else in his place; but the peasants and the poor people were delighted that their prince had revenged their wrongs, and they came to the landgrave in such numbers that the nobles could do nothing, and were obliged to bear their disgrace how best they could. And it was not at all a bad thing for those proud men to have their pride taken down, and to be served, just for once, as they had served others. And this is how the landgrave learned "to be hard" for the benefit of his people.



LITTLE LINDA AND THE OYSTER.

LINDA MARSHALL was an only daughter, and, as all her brothers were big enough to go to school, she was almost like an only child, excepting in the holidays, when the boys came home, and made the house noisy and lively with their tricks and jokes, and laughing and squabbling. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall had their little girl with them as much as possible, and were very fond of her, and indulged her in many ways, but tried very hard not to spoil her (as it is called) by giving up to her little fancies too much. At the time of my story Linda was between six and seven years old, and had curly brown hair and grey eyes, rosy cheeks, and nice fat arms and legs—for she was a healthy child, and a great deal in the open air, and liked roast mutton and beef, and milk, and bread and butter—in fact, she was very like other sensibly brought up and healthy little girls.

One morning towards the end of the month of March, when she was sitting as usual at breakfast with her parents, her father began to talk about a supper he was going to give in the next week to some gentlemen. He and several friends of his were in the habit of

meeting during the winter months by turns at each other's houses to play whist, and they each in turn gave a supper to their friends. Now Mr. Marshall's turn to give the supper came at the end of the time they had fixed on for their meetings, for there were to be no more after this until November; and now, at breakfast this morning, he and Mrs. Marshall were talking together about what the dishes should be at the supper. Linda listened, of course, to what was being said, and she did not think that cold roast beef, apple-pies, and macaroni cheese sounded much like a "party" supper.

"Why, mother," she said, "none of those things sound pretty; they are all just what we have for dinner often. Don't people have prettier things at parties than beef, and apple-pie, and cheese?"

"Yes, my dear; at dinner parties and large suppers, where there are ladies, the things are not so plain as these sound to you. But your father and those other gentlemen do not want anything but just plain refreshment after a quiet evening over their game. They wanted to avoid all extravagance, and so they made rules that the suppers after their game of whist should be only composed of the things I have named; but sometimes, if the giver of the supper wishes, he can provide also a dish made of oysters, dressed in any way his cook can manage best."

"Yes, and very sorry I am that it is too late for oysters now," said Mr. Marshall. "Cook does them very well, and I wish we could have managed it."

"Why is it too late for oysters?" asked Linda.

"Well, the season for them is nearly over. They sell them about in the street still, certainly, but they are not as I like them."

Linda knew that there was a season for strawberries and other kinds of fruit, so she could understand that there was one for oysters, although she was rather astonished to hear it.

"When is the season for oysters, then?"—only in the winter?" she asked.

"Yes, when there is an *r* in the month," said her father, smiling, and opening his

newspaper to read it for a few minutes before he went off on his business.

Linda looked rather puzzled, and her mother said—

"When oysters are in season the months of the year happen all to have an *r* in the spelling of them—September, October, November, December, January, February, March, and April—so people say, 'Oysters are good as long as there is an *r* in the month.' Do you understand?"

"Oh yes," said Linda. "But April is not come yet."

"No; but it is very near, and your father does not think oysters nice enough to give his friends just at the end of the season. You can have some jam with this bit of toast that is left if you like, dear, but I cannot stop to see you finish it as I am late this morning, and cook wants to go out to the butcher's, and can't go until I have told her what joint I want."

Linda, left alone with her father, spread the jam slowly, and looked very much as if she would like to have some talk, so her father kindly put down his paper, and looked quite ready to answer any questions. So Linda took the opportunity of asking him a great deal about oysters, not because she was too fond of hearing about things to eat—for she was not at all a greedy child—but because, when once she was interested in a thing, or curious to know all about it, she liked to have it all explained to her at once. Of course she had heard that pearls were found in some oysters, and she wanted to know how they came there, and how they were found, and so on. And after her father had told her a little about this view of the value of an oyster she asked about its value as food—if it was nice, and how it was cooked, and so on. Her father, who had not much time to spare to explain things at great length to her, finished by telling her that an oyster eaten uncooked, with vinegar and pepper, was very good indeed; then he kissed her, put on his hat, and went away to his business.

(To be continued.)





THE OWL AND THE LITTLE BIRDS.



A FOREST IN JUNE.—THE LITTLE BIRD'S BOWER.

THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.
See how slowly the streamlet glides;
Look how the violet roguishly hides;

Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.
Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;
And Pussy sits near, with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.



There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,
But very lazily flieth he;
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy, but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth
near;

And the soft west wind is so light in his play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh! I wish I was yonder cloud
That sails about in its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er
thee.

SCHOOLROOM LYRICS.

ANSWER TO GUESSWORK.

- | | | |
|------------|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Goat. | 13. Lama. | 25. Cod. |
| 2. Pig. | 14. Stoat. | 26. Lion. |
| 3. Toad. | 15. Bear. | 27. Fly. |
| 4. Hare. | 16. Otter. | 28. Heron. |
| 5. Ant. | 17. Wren. | 29. Badger. |
| 6. Ape. | 18. Buffalo. | 30. Raven. |
| 7. Camel. | 19. Wasp. | 31. Horse. |
| 8. Bat. | 20. Finch. | 32. Asp. |
| 9. Dab. | 21. Owl. | 33. Rat. |
| 10. Sloth. | 22. Dove. | 34. Jackal. |
| 11. Frog. | 23. Sole. | 35. Bison. |
| 12. Emu. | 24. Moth. | 36. Chad. |

KATE WOOD.

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE HISTORICAL ACROSTICS.

1. Walnut.
2. Inch.
3. Loire.
4. Lamb.
5. Ithaca.
6. Ararat.
7. Mozart.
8. Tyrol.
9. Hague.
10. Ebro.
11. Cardiff.
12. Ostrich.
13. Nerv.
14. Quatre Bras.
15. Utrecht.
16. Empoli.
17. Russian.
18. Oldenburg.
19. Rubens.

William the Conqueror. The Battle of Hastings.

1. Hainault.
2. Eisenach.
3. Nile.
4. Rochester.
5. Yonne.
6. TheroF.
7. HierO.
8. EmperoR.
9. EveshaM.
10. IdA.
11. Garnet.
12. HoratiI.
13. Tasso.
14. Holbein.

Henry the Eighth. The Reformation.

MEYNELLA K. H. WOOD.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. Lucas.
2. Abdon.
3. Hiel.
4. Abdul.
5. Isaiah.
6. Rephaim.
7. Ophel.
8. Industrious.

Lahai-ro-i.

KATE WOOD.



THE CHILDREN'S POSTBAG.

BRAMPTON ASH RECTORY,
MARKET HARBOUR,
May 6th, 1878.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I was so delighted the other day when I got "GOLDEN CHILDHOOD" to find my bantam story there, which I have been looking very anxiously for! I should like to know if the takers-in of "GOLDEN CHILDHOOD" may send you acrostics and other puzzles for the Magazine if you think them good enough. I send you some that I have made, which I hope you will like. I will now end this letter, and thanking you for receiving my little story so kindly,

I remain,

Yours truly,

FLORENCE D. SMITH.

P.S.—I send the answers to the puzzles as well.

CORTACHY HOUSE,
KIRRIEMUIR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have got two turtledoves and one young one, also three pigeons. I have three dogs; their names are Toby, Frisky, and Fairy, a little white dog. I had two rabbits. One morning they were found lying on the ground dead. A dog had killed them. My bullfinch died. I was so sorry. It was such a pretty bird. I have still two canaries, but one of them is very ill. Mamma says it is asthma. I have answered one of the picture essays in GOLDEN CHILDHOOD. How I wish for a prize! Oh! I have a parrot!

Yours truly,

ELIZA MARY GEEKIE.

LONDON,
June, 1878.

MY DEAR MISS GEEKIE,

I am very sorry to hear that there has been such sad mortality among the pets at home, but, you see, rabbits are like some children that I have known in my time: it is necessary to look after them or they may get into

mischief. With regard to the bullfinch and the canary that died, are you quite sure they were not hung up in a draught? for that sometimes has a very bad effect, and I have known more than one bird killed by it.

I have always found that the great thing with pets is to feed them regularly, and to keep their houses, or cages, or hutches, or whatever the dwellings that they live in may be called, scrupulously clean. If this is done they generally get on well; but, you see, if big strange dogs make acquaintance with rabbits they are apt to disagree. Let us hope that the bad dog who killed your rabbits was very sorry afterwards, and cried about it, and will never do so any more.

Your affectionate friend,

THE EDITOR.

DONAMORE GLEBE,
GOREY,

April, 1878.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Myrtle and Jeanie and I want to know, please, whether poor Sambo got down from the tree, and did the lion wait? I cannot write very well, but I hope to write better the next time. We are very fond of GOLDEN CHILDHOOD.

Yours sincerely,

AUGUSTA STANLEY.

MY DEAR MISS STANLEY,

I really fancy that Sambo must have got safely down at last (though I do not know for certain). You see the lion would only lose a dinner by going away, whereas Sambo by coming down would have lost his life; so I think it reasonable to suppose that the lion got tired *first*. Do not you?

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

55, HIGH STREET,
TILLCOLTRY, N.B.

DEAR SIR,

We began to get the GOLDEN CHILDHOOD in January, and we like it better every month. We all like to see your fine story, "Harry the Drummer Boy," and the rest of the Stories, and the puzzles to give us such a lot of fun trying to find them out. We will see what kind of puzzle you have for July, and I think my sister and I will try it if we can do anything to it.

We remain,

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER STEWART.
BARBARA STEWART.

CHEW STOKE,
Near BRISTOL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have taken in GOLDEN CHILDHOOD since the beginning of the year. I like it very well. I like to read the Postbag because the letters are amusing.

I have two brothers and one sister. We have some pets—one monkey and a large dog. We have got a mare, and whenever she sees me she always neighs.

I have nothing more to say, so, wishing you good-bye,

I remain, &c.



"ONLY A DRAUGHT OF WATER."

"ONLY A DRAUGHT OF WATER,"

OR

WHAT A CHILD MAY DO.

A MORAL TALE FOR CHILDREN.



"**D**ON'T see what such a little boy as I can do to be of much use. I am only seven."

"And I am only five," said Freddy.

It was his brother Robbie who had first spoken.

"I know one thing I can do, though," said

Robbie again. "I can give Rover a drink. See how thirsty he is, poor fellow!"

The kind boy ran to fetch a dish of fresh water, and the grateful dog lapped it up eagerly.

"Here comes pussy now," said Fred. "She looks as though she would like some too."

"Ha! cats like milk best, but when they can't get milk they are glad to have water."

Away ran Freddy this time. He refilled the dish, and pussy began lapping up as eagerly as Rover had done.

"My lads, you are so thoughtful for the dumb animals, you will not grudge a draught of water for a fellow-creature," said a voice close by.

The boys saw a dusty, sun-burned man, who had seated himself by the wayside and was wiping his face and head. He seemed very weary.

Away ran both brothers, and soon returned, Freddy with a glass of sparkling water, and Robbie with a tin can full.

"Ay, there is nothing like it," cried the man when he had drained the glass, and nearly the whole of another. "Bless you, my lads, for it! You would not think the miles I have walked thirsting for want of it. *Only*

a draught of water, but it has put new life into me."

"I know what we will do," cried Robbie when the man had gone on his way. "We will put the old clean pail of fresh water out here every morning, and the little tin can, then every one who is thirsty can get a good drink."

"And the old dish for the doggies," added Freddy.

So they did, and all that hot, dusty summer time many a thirsty wayfarer blessed the boys for the welcome draught.

One day the clergyman of the village, walking with a rich banker from a neighbouring town, passed the cottage where the boys lived. He pointed out the pail of water and the bright little can, and told his friend of the kindly action of the young brothers.

"They are good little fellows," said the other. "They have done what many an older head never thinks of doing. Now I will do my part."

So he sent for the boys, and told them he would pay for a nice marble drinking fountain to be placed on the very spot where the old wooden pail now stood.

"It shall be called 'The Boys' Drinking Fountain,'" said he.

"And a trough for the doggies, please, sir," said Freddy.

"By all means," said their new friend.

So the fountain was made. You may guess with what pleasure the brothers watched its progress.

The clergyman chose a text of Scripture to place upon it. There was quite a holiday in the village the morning it was opened.

Robbie and his brother took the first draught; Rover and puss came in for their share; now and again a bird fluttered down for a hasty sip. There was life, joy, and a general feeling of gratitude stirring all.

When people would speak of the benefit conferred upon the village by the gift of the fountain the rich man would say, "Not to me is the credit due, but to those boys, who, young as they are, first had the idea of rendering such a great service to their fellow-creatures. Indeed, there are none too humble or too small to be of some use in the world."

F. O.



"THE COMBAT DEEPENS—ON YE BRAVE!"

HARRY THE DRUMMER, OR THE BOY SOLDIER.

A STORY OF TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

BY AGNES TREVOR DEANE.

PART II.—CHAPTER II.



HE morning rose clear and frosty. Harry was awake long before any of the soldiers.

Scattered around him, sleeping in groups, were the men of the much-talked-of Portuguese contingent.

Miserably clothed, ill-equipped, undisciplined, they were very unlike the stalwart veterans Harry had been accustomed to see. It might have been a gathering of gipsies or robbers, but his military pride would not allow him to admit that this disreputable-looking band deserved to be called an army.

Yet he could not help pitying them, huddled up as they were around the dead ashes of the camp fires. These fires had been burning the previous evening, but for want of fuel had died out, one by one, during the dark, cold night. The white hoar frost had settled

down upon the ashes, and upon the slumbering men who had gathered around them for warmth, and upon the grass on which the poor fellows were lying.

Harry himself felt chilled and numbed with the cold, but he thought of what it must be to those patient soldiers, who were not half so well clothed as he was.

And then he found himself trying to make out of what colour their ragged coats had originally been, and wondering if an army had ever looked more literally "out at elbows" than this one did.

"Our men are shabby enough," thought the boy; "patched clothes and hard fare do not improve one's personal appearance. Sometimes I declare I can hardly recognise the uniform of my own regiment, but the worst of them are gentlemen compared with these grimy-looking fellows. I wonder whether anything would ever make Portuguese soldiers look clean? Heigh-ho! I wish some one would bring me the despatch for Lord Wellington. He is not one to make much allowance for delay, and I am likely enough already to get into trouble for being absent without leave. However, as nobody seems to be awake I shall go and look after the horse that carried me so bravely."

As Harry approached the spot where it was tethered the intelligent animal greeted him with a neigh of pleasure.

"Hallo, my lad! you want your breakfast, and so do I mine. We shall get little enough if we wait for those lazy fellows yonder, who seem to divide their time between sleeping and smoking. Here is water certainly, but the difficulty will be to find you something to eat."

Harry deliberately walked towards a spot where half-a-dozen buckets of water were standing near an officer's tent. He laid his hand on one of them, when a sentry who was watching him growled out something in Portuguese and lowered his weapon.

With a saucy laugh Harry seized the bucket and marched off with it.

The sentry took a step forward, as though intending to follow him, but after all contented himself with a muttered protest against the impertinent freedom of the English lad, and sundry disparaging remarks as to the honesty of soldiers in general, always except-

ing those of the Portuguese contingent, to which he himself belonged.

"I like his impertinence, talking about the dishonesty of the English," said Harry to himself in an injured tone, while he looked around to see where he could pick up an armful of hay to give his horse a breakfast—"I like his impertinence, talking about the dishonesty of the English. The Portuguese are arrant thieves themselves. I only want some water and a few mouthfuls of food for my horse, and I mean to have it too. There is some hay underneath that tent—perhaps an officer's bed. If so he will have to spare me a bit."

And, stooping down, Harry coolly pulled away at the hay.

"That fellow is tolerably heavy, whoever he may be. I shall not get much at this rate. Anyhow, I can but have another try."

Exerting his full strength, Harry managed to secure a tolerable handful. A sleepy growl from the tent proved to him that he had disturbed the unseen occupant of the hay bed.

"Never mind, you will have to spare me another bit, old fellow. My horse shall not go without his breakfast."

But a second angry exclamation soon reached him.

The owner of the tent was fairly enraged. A sword made its appearance underneath the canvas, and Harry narrowly escaped a thrust.

He had just succeeded in procuring a last handful when an officer rushed out half-dressed and evidently in a violent passion.

"What are you doing there, you rascal?"

Harry touched his cap and looked rather foolish.

"Only getting some food for my horse, sir. I beg your pardon for disturbing you, but I caught sight of some hay, and— The poor brute is so hungry."

"So you propose to give your horse part of my bed for his breakfast. You *must* be an Englishman to take such an unwarrantable liberty."

"Yes, sir," rejoined Harry coolly; "I came from the English camp yesterday afternoon."

"And so you are Lord Wellington's messenger? Well, you had better make good speed. Your chief is not very forgiving, and the reply to the despatch was written last night."

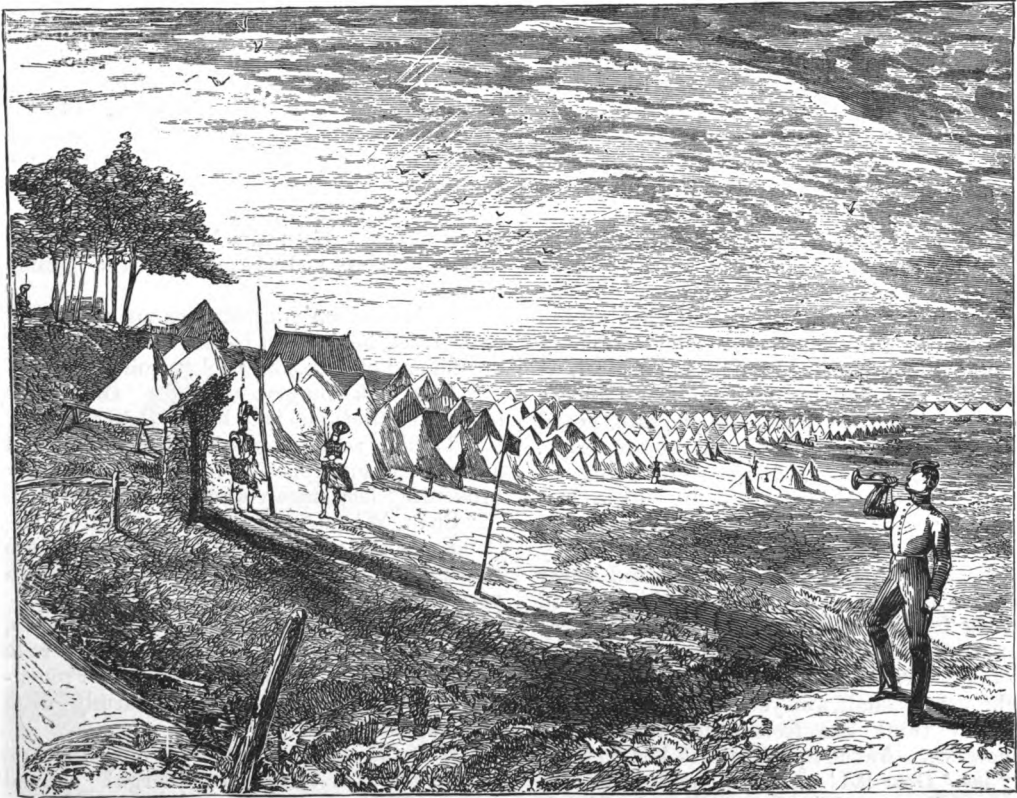
"It was not given to me, sir—indeed, I was told that it would not be ready until the morning."

"Pray did you expect me to bring it to you?" said the officer in an angry tone.

It was quite true. The despatch had been written the preceding evening, but the lazy Portuguese had neglected to send it forward.

fed his horse with the hay which he had taken from the officer's bed, then, while the horse was eating, he washed his face and hands in the water that was left in the bucket.

It was rather cold and comfortless to be compelled to face the bleak wintry morning without anything to eat.



THE CAMP AT MORNING.

The strict rules of military discipline forbade Harry's making any reply to the somewhat irritating question. There was no help for it; he must get back as quickly as possible, or run the risk of Lord Wellington's displeasure.

Grumbling to himself, the officer went into the tent, and presently returned with a sealed letter.

Harry's preparations were soon made. He

"I would give a good deal for another hunch of that black Portuguese bread," thought the boy. "The poorest messenger that came to the English camp would not be sent away without such refreshment as the general had it in his power to offer. How chilly it is! However, I shall ride fast, and the exercise will soon make me warm. Steady, old boy! I must have these girths tighter, or you will be pitching me off before we get

back. It is no use to rub your nose against my shoulder asking for hay; I cannot give you any more till we get home. Mind you carry me as well as you did yesterday; I had rather face a platoon of musketry than get into a scrape. Now, then—steady!”

Light and active, scarcely touching the stirrup, Harry sprang into the saddle, and, giving his horse the rein, rode rapidly towards the English tents.

But even high courage and a strong sense of duty cannot long withstand the attacks of hunger. Before he had accomplished half his journey Harry began to feel faint. He had eaten nothing but a piece of bread since twelve o'clock on the preceding day, and as he came in sight of the flagstaff in front of the tent of the commander-in-chief he could scarcely keep his seat from exhaustion.

“What an idiot I am to be knocked up so easily! I declare I feel as faint as I did the day I ran away from home, and that wretch Tom Smith gave me some food. What a strange life mine has been! I wonder if it will ever be found out who stole my uncle's money? The last time the captain heard from England Squire Elton sent me a message. He said things at Hillside were going on much the same, but that my uncle had grown quite grey. He does not seem to feel one bit more kindly towards me, gets angry whenever my name is mentioned, and never calls me anything but a thief. A thief! God knows I never did anything to deserve the name. Is it possible that reproach will ever be taken away? Patty has many a battle to fight on my behalf, and yet, poor old woman! I scarcely think she feels quite sure of my innocence. As the squire puts it, her constant cry is—‘Dear lad! Even if he did take the money it was his first offence.’ Simple honesty seems to be so rare a thing that hardly any one believes in it. Heigh-ho! I am not certain that it was quite right of me to feed my horse with part of that disagreeable officer's bed, but I could not see the poor beast starve.”

At that moment his reverie was interrupted by the challenge of an English sentry:—

“Who goes there?”

“A friend.”

“Stop, friend, and give the countersign.”

“I know no countersign,” said Harry with

a laugh as he dismounted from his horse. “I am the bearer of a despatch from Lord Wellington.”

The sentry looked at him for a moment rather suspiciously, and then conducted him to the picket. It was only a few paces.

“Hallo, comrade! you are just in time for some breakfast. Here, Dermot, make room for him.” And the speaker, a good-humoured Irishman, gave a push to a young soldier who was taking up rather more than his share of the small camp fire, over which the men were trying to boil their coffee.

“That's all very well, O'Brien, but you need not knock a fellow over. Sure if it were the fire of the Frenchmen you would think I could not be having too much of it.”

A pair of saucy brown eyes looked up into Harry's face. Both the boys (for they were little more) laughed at each other and became friends.

The lad whom his companions addressed as Dermot held out a hunch of bread stuck on the end of a broken pocket-knife.

“You look hungry, comrade. Our coffee is not over-hot, but it is better than none.”

“Thank you,” replied Harry. “I can answer for my appetite, for I have scarcely broken my fast since yesterday at noon.”

“So? Whence come you?”

“From the commander of the Portuguese contingent, to whom I carried a despatch yesterday afternoon.”

“What!” exclaimed a grey-headed veteran, “are you the fellow that voluntarily rode across the open when those rascally Frenchmen were popping away so warmly from behind the bushes?”

“Some of our men were sent out to have a shot or two at them—eh, George?” chimed in one of the youngsters.

“Yes,” said the man addressed, with a growl, as he looked ruefully at his bandaged hand, “and I will answer for it that *my* last shot did not miss its billet.”

“That was a plucky thing you did, my lad,” said the first speaker thoughtfully, turning to Harry. “All the camp was full of it. I happened to be with the Bridge party at the time, and saw Lord Wellington watching you.”

“Did he—did Lord Wellington say anything? Do you think he was pleased?”

asked Harry, colouring with a boyish pride to hear himself praised by one so much his senior.

"That would be a difficult question to answer. Our chief loves courage, but he loves military discipline as well. You must take your chance. My advice to you is, be quick over your breakfast, and do not let five minutes pass before you present your despatch."

"Thank you. I will not delay a moment." And having finished his cup of coffee, Harry, under the guidance of one of the soldiers, at once proceeded to execute his mission.

(To be continued.)



GOOD WISHES.

OUR DEAR CHILD'S BIRTHDAY BALLAD.

THOU art plucking spring roses, Genie,
And a little red rose art thou;
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,
Another bright leaf, I trow;
But the roses will live and die, Genie,
Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie—
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie,
But, oh! do not wish their wing!
That would only tempt thee away, Genie;
Stay thou on earth and sing.
Stay in the mother's nest, Genie,
Be not soon thence beguiled;
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Genie,
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles, Genie,
Pile them up brave and high,
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
As he wand'reth singing by;
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep, for thou must learn, Genie,
How soon life's schemes are crossed.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Genie,
And he calls thee his sweet wee wife,
But let not thy little heart think, Genie,
Childhood the prophet of life;
It may be life's minstrel, Genie,
And sing sweet songs and clear,
But minstrel and prophet now, Genie,
Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Genie?
Alas! Shall I live to see?
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Genie,
And I am a moss-grown tree!
I am shedding life's leaves fast, Genie,
Thou art in blossom sweet:
But think of heaven betimes, Genie,
Where the young and the old oft meet.

MISS JEWSBURY.

BENEFITS OF READING.

TO read with profit and advantage we should read slowly and carefully, and endeavour to fix the truths we read in our memory. Without attention in reading it is impossible to remember, and unless we remember it is time and labour lost to read.

Bishop Sanderson, a very good man, who had a great deal of useful knowledge, was once asked how he attained it, the inquirer supposing he must have read a great number of books. The bishop answered that he had read but very few, but that those authors he had read were well chosen—that he had made them his study, and had never let a single sentence pass without thoroughly making himself master of the author's meaning. We advise our readers to imitate the good bishop, and always to ask for an explanation of what they do not understand.



"THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS HAD LOST THEIR MITTENS."

The Three Little Kittens.

Time well marked.

1. There were three little kittens had lost their mittens, There were
2. You have lost your mittens, you naugh-ty kittens! Then

The first system of music features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

three little kittens had lost their mittens, There were three little kittens had
you shall have no pie, pie, pie; You have lost your mittens, you

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

lost their mittens, And they be-gan to cry: Oh, mother dear, we
naughty kittens! Then you shall have no pie; Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

very much fear That we have lost our mittens, our mittens, Oh,
- ow, mee - ow! No; you shall have no pie, pie, pie! Mee-

mother dear, we very much fear That we have lost our mittens.
- ow, mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow! No; you shall have no pie!

3. The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry, cry, cry :
Oh, mother dear, see here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens!
Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,
And you may have some pie, pie, pie;
Oh, let us have some pie, pie, pie!
Purr-urr, purr-urr, purr-urr!
4. Then the three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie, pie, pie;
Oh, mother dear, we greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.
What! soiled your mittens!—you naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh, sigh, sigh.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!
Oh, we have soiled our mittens!
5. Then the three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And they hung them out to dry, dry, dry;
Oh, mother dear, do you not hear
That we have washed our mittens?
You've washed your mittens—then you're good kittens!
I smell a rat close by, by, by,
I smell a rat close by, by, by,
Go catch him let us try.



THE SEA IN THE FAR NORTH.

**THE SEA: ITS WONDERS AND ITS TEACHINGS.**

FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS WHO GO TO THE SEASIDE,
AND FOR THOSE WHO STAY AT HOME.

(Continued.)



AMONG seaside pursuits fishing is a very important one, and a fishing-boat brings up, in every haul of the dredge-net, hundreds of interesting objects that will well reward attention and study. Thousands upon thousands of industrious people seek their bread upon the deep waters year after year, and at least a hundred and fifty thousand persons on the British coast are dependent on fishing for their livelihood.

It used to be said of the great city of Amsterdam that "it was built on herring-bones," so great had been the prosperity that accrued to the Hollanders from the herring fishery. A very interesting account has been given of the herring fishery at Wick, on the coast of Caithness, in Scotland, a place that depends solely and entirely on its fisheries. "The number of boats fishing from the conjoined harbour of Wick and Pulteney Town," says the writer, "has during the last few years averaged one thousand. It is at this place, therefore, that the process of curing herrings can be seen and studied to the greatest advantage. The quays in the early morning are literally swarming with fishermen, curers, buyers, potters, and others, arranging or studying the morning's take. In the case of a stranger arriving by steamboat, the first glimpse of the harbour and quays shows him the one industrial feature of the place in full operation. . . . The boats

usually start for the fishing ground an hour or two before sunset, and are generally manned by four men and a boy, in addition to the owner or skipper. The nets, which have been carried inland early in the morning in order that they might be thoroughly dried, have been brought to the

matter in a crowded harbour, where the boats are elbowing each other for room—we contrive, with some labour, to work our way out of the narrow-necked harbour into the bay, along with the nine hundred and ninety-nine boats which accompany us in our night's avocation. The heights of Pulteney Town which com-



MACKEREL-FISHING WITH HOOK AND LINE.

boat on a cart or waggon. On board there are a keg of water and a bag of bread or hard biscuit; and in addition to these simple necessities our boat contains a bottle of whiskey, which we have presented by way of paying our footing. The name of our skipper is Francis Sinclair, and a very gallant-looking fellow he is; and as to his dress, why, his boots alone would make the success of a pictorial sailor, and not the greatest of hair-dressers could imitate his beard and whiskers. Having got safely on board—a rather difficult

mand the quays are crowded with spectators admiring the pour out of the herring fleet, and wishing with all their hearts 'God speed' to the venturers; old salts, who have long retired from active seamanship, are counting their 'takes' over again, and the curer is mentally reckoning up the morrow's catch. Janet and Jamie are smiling a kind of good-bye to 'faither,' and hoping for the safe return of Donald or Murdoch; and crowds of people are scattered on the heights, all taking various kinds of degrees of interest in

the scene, which is strikingly picturesque to the eye of the tourist, and suggestive to the thoughtful observer."

The kind of net to be used in the herring fishery is regulated by an Act of Parliament, any net with meshes less than an inch square being illegal. A good herring smack, with

it is calculated 400,000,000 are caught every year. The pilchard, which is caught in such numbers off the coast of Cornwall, is a kind of herring of a smaller growth.

Mackerel visit the Channel in very large numbers during the autumn, and are frequently caught near the Isle of Wight, and



A CALM EVENING BY THE SEASIDE.

its complement of sails, ropes, and nets, costs £160. The number of fish taken will depend a good deal on chance. In a fleet of boats fishing near one another some will draw up their nets heavy with fish, while their neighbours will draw in length after length as blank as their faces, though there are certain signs and tokens by which astute old skippers claim to know the whereabouts of the herring. Yarmouth, in Norfolk, may be considered the head-quarters of the herring fisheries in England. Off the coast of Norway

on the Dorsetshire and Devonshire coasts. Amateurs often fish for them with hooks and lines, baited with bits of meat or fish, or even pieces of dead mackerel; for these shining, beautiful fish are sad cannibals, and will feed on one another without the least compunction. Even a piece of white cloth they will bite at, and fishing for them early in the morning and at sundown is very good sport. They are caught thus from boats a little distance from the shore.

Bass, flounders, and even codlings may be

caught with a rod and line, and with shrimps or prawns for bait; but a line and lead with wires at the end will at all times be found preferable. Squids or cuttlefish, cut up into pieces, will also sometimes tempt salt-water fish; and one of the best points about this sport is, that it can be very successfully pursued in July and August, just at the time when fresh-water fish can hardly be induced to nibble at the most tempting bait the angler has to offer.

Flat fish, such as turbot, plaice, soles, and others, are usually caught in trawl nets. They are very strange-looking fellows, with both their eyes placed, as it were, on one side of the head, and always swimming with their dark side upwards. In the large salt-water aquarium at Brighton they may be watched to great advantage. A rich harvest for the aquarium is very frequently brought up in the trawl net, and it is very advisable sometimes to make interest with a fisherman, and induce him to bring on shore a basketful of the sweepings of the trawl. There can scarcely fail to be two or three prizes in the heterogeneous collection.

It is well worth while to accompany a fisherman (if he can be persuaded to take you) on a trawling expedition. The boats creep very quietly along, dragging the trawl nets after them over the smooth sand. Of course they cannot be used where there are rocks and flint beds at the bottom, for these would quickly destroy the nets. An expedition in a fishing smack has another use. If you can once get accustomed to the slow, heaving motion of the boat, as it is borne gently on over the waves, you will not have much to fear in future from the insidious attacks of sea-sickness.

We trust our young friends will improve their knowledge, as they may easily do, by personal observation, and by inquiry among the hardy fishermen who are to be found at all our seaside resorts, and are always ready and willing to gratify the curiosity that springs from a praiseworthy desire to gain knowledge.

The usefulness of these finny denizens of the waters, and their importance as regards the well-being and even the existence of some parts of the human family, can hardly be over-estimated. Many tribes of the human

family, such as the Esquimaux and Polyne- sians, almost live upon fish; and even in Great Britain, in fishing districts, it forms a great part of the food of the inhabitants, and their capture gives employment to thousands.

Fish inhabit all kinds of water, the sea, rivers, and ponds; and many which live habitually in the sea come into rivers at certain seasons; and with respect to those which dwell always in the sea, some inhabit certain tracts only, and confine themselves to them, just as quadrupeds do to certain localities on the land. It has been a matter of wonder how the fish get into ponds formed by the drainage of lands; but most ponds are supplied by springs which run underground from adjacent lakes or rivers, or by rills running on the surface; these bring the ova or eggs, which in favourable situations become hatched.

Fish are exceedingly prolific. The eggs in the roe of a codfish were estimated by Lewenhoeck to be upwards of 9,000,000, but not one in a thousand comes to maturity; there are enemies on all sides to devour them before they are hatched, and others to attack them afterwards. Some of the rivers of France have lately been artificially stocked with fish by causing the fecundated spawn to be preserved till they are of a bulk and strength to protect themselves. This was effected by confining them in tanks floating in the water and perforated with holes, and afterwards placing them in a part of the river inclosed both above and below by means of nets, so as to keep away their enemies, the larger fish.

And thus we leave our young friends with the hope that they may not only amuse, but also instruct themselves at the seaside. The end of all investigation into the nature and habits of living creatures is the same—an uncontrollable wonder and admiration at the wisdom which has adapted the structure of everything that breathes to its wants and necessities; and a recognition of the goodness of the Creator, on whom "the eyes of all wait," and who, with never-failing bounty, "giveth them their meat in due season."

(To be continued.)



"THERE IS MERCY IN EVERY PLACE."

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.



YOU have all heard about Robinson Crusoe, my young friends, I am sure, and most of you have no doubt read about him—how he lived

on his island with his cat and his dog and his poll-parrot, and made himself as happy as he could; and how he built a raft, on which he carried ashore many useful things, such as guns and gunpowder, and chests of clothes, from a ship that was wrecked near the shore; and you remember how lonely he felt, and how sad, because he had no one to live with him and keep him company till

he met with his man Friday. These things you must have heard spoken of many times, for there is hardly an English child that does not know them.

Now you must know that although Robinson Crusoe is a fiction—that is to say, a story told out of the writer's own head—there was really a Robinson Crusoe—that is to say, a man who lived for years and years all alone by himself on an island. His name was Alexander Selkirk, and I am going to tell you about him.

Alexander Selkirk was born about two hundred years ago in the village of Largo, in Scotland. His father was a shoemaker, a good and pious man. Alexander was the youngest of seven sons, and he appears to have been spoiled by his mother, and to have given a great deal of trouble, as spoiled children almost always do. Now Largo is on

the seashore, and many of the people gain their living by fishing; and Alexander Selkirk, though at first he followed his father's trade of shoemaking, was always longing to get away to sea, and at length, after getting into a scrape at home, he ran away and became a sailor. He came home after staying away for six years, but his temper had not improved, and he again got into trouble for a disgraceful fight with one of his elder brothers, which his father tried in vain to prevent. For this he was obliged publicly to ask pardon in church, and was rebuked before all the congregation. Probably he felt heartily ashamed of himself. Let us hope he did. At any rate, he did not like to remain at home, for a short time after he quitted Scotland once more, and this time he joined a very brave but lawless man named William Dampier, who commanded one of two vessels fitted out to fight the Spaniards and the French, with whom the English were at that time at war. These vessels were fitted out by merchants, and did not belong to the Government, like ordinary ships of war; therefore they were called private ships, or privateers. And what they hoped to do was to sail to South America, where the Spaniards possessed many towns and valuable silver mines, and they hoped to capture some Spanish ships laden with silver. And so, to obtain this money which they had not earned, the merchants risked their ships, and the captains and crews risked their lives.

The two ships soon parted company, but another was found to take the place of the second. It was commanded by a Captain Stradling, and Selkirk was sailing-master. They were too late to capture the ships laden with silver, so they sailed round South America into the great Pacific Ocean. They took several ships belonging to the Spaniards, and shared a great amount of plunder. Now the crews of the ships were very quarrelsome, as wild, lawless men usually are, and especially Selkirk and his captain, Stradling, were always at strife with each other; and at last Selkirk began to think that any kind of life would be better than being thus cooped up in a ship with a captain whom he hated. So, when the ship touched at the beautiful green island of Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific Ocean, Selkirk thought what a fine thing it

would be to have all the island for his own, and to live there at his ease. So he asked the captain to let him stay; and Stradling, who declared he should be glad to get rid of so troublesome a fellow, let him have his way. So Alexander Selkirk's sea-chest and the few things he possessed were put in a boat, and some of the sailors rowed him ashore. They put his goods ashore, and shook hands with him, bidding him a hearty good-bye. But when they rowed off poor Selkirk's courage gave way. He rushed after the boat into the sea, begging them to come back and take him on board; but they would not. They rowed back to the ship, which sailed away; and Selkirk remained on the shore gazing after her till she was out of sight.

For many days the poor solitary sailor continued to watch for the return of the ship, which he hoped would come to take him off; but in vain. At last he gave up all hope of leaving the island, and made up his mind to pass his life there as best he might. He was certainly in no danger of starving for want of food, as the following description of the island, written in 1703, will show. The writer says—

"Near the rocks there are very good fish of several sorts, particularly large crawfish under the rocks, easy to be caught; also cavalloes, gropers, and other good fish, in so great plenty anywhere near the shore, that I never saw the like but at the best fishing season in Newfoundland. Pimento is the best timber, and most plentiful on this side of the island, but very apt to split, till a little dried. The cabbage-trees abound about three miles into the woods, and the cabbage is very good; most of them are on the top of the nearest and lowest mountains. The soil in these hills is of a loose black earth; the rocks are very rotten, so that, without great care, it is dangerous to climb the hills for cabbages; besides, there are abundance of holes dug in several places by a sort of fowls called puffins, which cause the earth to fall in at once, and endanger the breaking of a man's leg. Our summer months are winter here. In July snow and ice are sometimes seen; but the spring, which is in September, October, and November, is very pleasant. There is then abundance of good herbs, as parsley, purslain, &c."

In his solitude Alexander Selkirk was not entirely without needful stores. He had clothes and bedding, a gun and a little gunpowder, a flint and steel for making a fire, a knife, a kettle, a few books, and, greatest treasure of all to the solitary man, a Bible. In a short time he set about building a hut, and soon after built a second, so that he had two places of abode during his residence on the island. The larger of these two huts, we are told, was situated near a spacious wood; he made this his sleeping-room, spreading the bed-clothes he had brought with him upon a frame of his own construction; and as these wore out, or were used for other purposes, he supplied their places with goat-skins. The smaller hut, which he had erected at some distance from the other, was used by him as a kitchen, in which he dressed his victuals. The furniture was very scanty, but consisted of every convenience his island could afford. His most valuable article was the pot or kettle he had brought from the ship to boil his meat in; the spit was his own handiwork, made of such wood as grew upon the island; the rest was suitable to his rudely-constructed habitation. The pimento wood, which burns very bright and clear, served him both for fuel and candle. It gives out an agreeable perfume when burning. He obtained fire, after the Indian method, by rubbing two pieces of pimento wood together until they ignited. This he did, as he was ill able to spare any of his linen for tinder, time being of no value to him, and the labour rather an amusement.

There were a great number of rats on the island, and for a time these troubled him not a little, especially by running over him

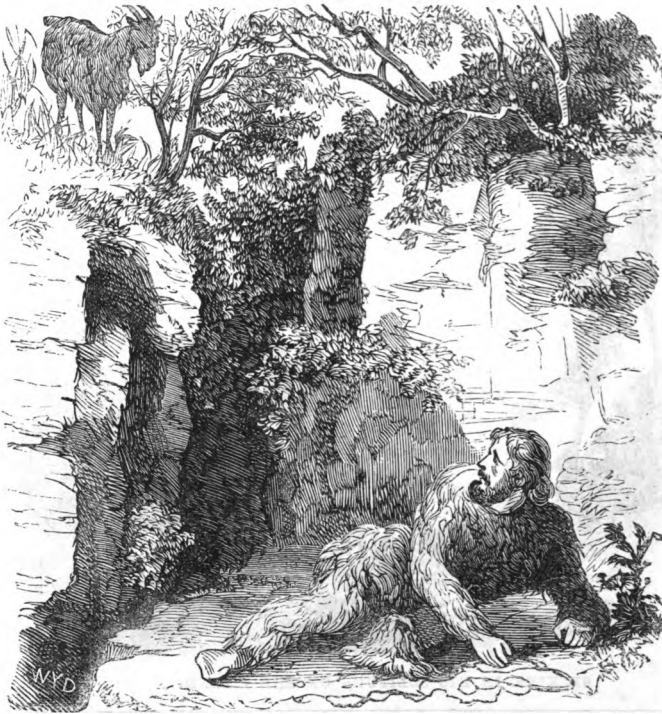


SELKIRK IN HIS SOLITUDE ON THE ISLAND.

at night, and spoiling his night's rest. Fortunately, however, there were some cats on the island also; and some of these Selkirk trained not only to catch his enemies the rats, but to dance and to play different kinds of tricks; and they became very useful and pleasant companions to him. It is quite a mistake to suppose that pussy is a stupid animal. Only take pains with her and treat her kindly, and you will find the case to be very different. Few animals better repay trouble spent upon them than the cat.

After a time he became convinced that even here he might be happy. The influence of religion awakened in his mind. He became regular in his devotions, and in his study of the Scriptures, and realised the blessed and comforting fact that "there is mercy in every place."

Selkirk's little stock of gunpowder was soon spent, and then his gun was of no further use to him. But by the healthy nature of his life he became so quick and active that he could run down the wild goats



SELKIRE'S ACCIDENT WITH THE GOAT.

three days. Then, however, he was well again.

In spite of all the activity of Selkirk—and he was a wise man to keep to *hard work* to drive away sorrowful thoughts—he must sometimes have felt very melancholy when he reflected how day after day and year after year went by, and his friends and relations at home would think him dead, if, indeed, they had not forgotten him. The good and gentle poet William Cowper long afterwards wrote a poem in which he described what the poor exile must have felt when he thought of home. The verses are so beautiful that I have given the whole poem here, and I advise all my readers to learn it by heart. Selkirk is supposed to be speaking to himself and describing his situation. He says:—

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to
dispute;

From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the
brute.

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!

with ease, and capture them when he liked. He tamed a number of kids, and accustomed them to feed round his hut, that he might have them at hand for food in case he should be ill.

Once a very serious accident befell him. In chasing a wild goat he fell down a rock to the depth of some eighteen or twenty feet, and was so much bruised that it was a long time before he could get up. Fortunately no bones were broken; for his would have been a sad case if he had been obliged to lie in the pit with a broken leg, and no one to help him home, or even to give him a draught of water.

The fall was severe enough to deprive him of his senses for a long time. He thought he must have lain at the foot of the rock for a whole day and night, but at last he managed to crawl home to his hut, and there he had to lie in bed in much pain for

My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-wingèd arrows of light!
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But, alas, recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

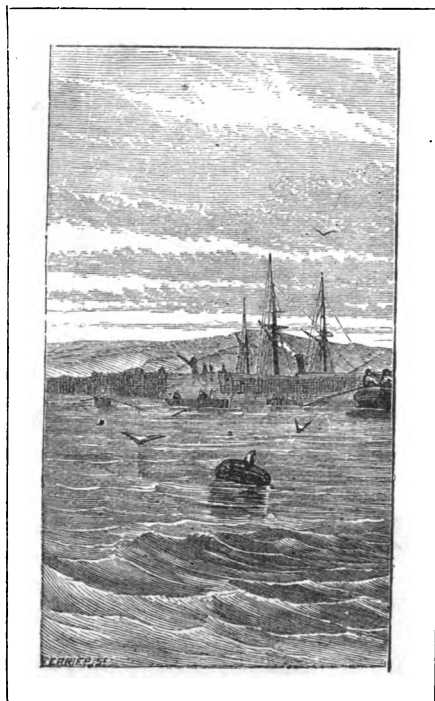
But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place:
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

When Selkirk had been more than four years on his island the time of his deliverance came at last. Two ships approached the island, one of them commanded by a captain named Rogers, and, strangely enough, Dampier, Selkirk's old commander, who had greatly fallen in the world since his former voyage, which had resulted in utter failure, was on board as pilot. Captain Rogers

relates how he sent a boat on shore for provisions and water, and how "the boat returned from the shore and brought abundance of crawfish, with a man clothed in goatskins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them." This wild-looking man was Selkirk, who was overjoyed to meet his countrymen, and had made a great feast of goat's-flesh for the crew on board. After all, he must have been attached to his beautiful island, for at first it was with difficulty he made up his mind to leave it, and sail away with his friends.

"At his first coming on board us," says Captain Rogers, "he had so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarcely understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drunk nothing but water since he came on the island; and it was some time before he could relish our victuals."

(To be continued.)





JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN TO STAND STILL.

**"FEED MY LAMBS," OR THE YOUNG OF THE FLOCK.**

TEACHINGS FOR CHILDREN FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE.

V.—JOSHUA, THE FEARLESS LEADER.

JOSHUA, or Jesus—for the meaning of both names is the same—is mentioned always in the sacred writings as a soldier. He was the "captain of the host of the Lord, with a sword in his hand." The very first mention of Joshua is in connection with the battle at Rephidim against the Amalekites, and his subsequent career as commander of the Hebrews is that of a brave general. In this he differed from Moses. The great lawgiver was a



THE ARK CARRIED DOWN THE WALLS OF JERICO.

statesman, though a great leader of the people; Joshua was above all things a soldier and leader of the army—a fearless general.

He was the intimate friend and companion of Moses, and when Moses went up to Mount Sinai to receive the two tables of the law, Joshua, the son of Nun, accompanied him part of the way. But he comes more prominently into the sacred history afterwards, when he was chosen with eleven others to go as spies to search out the land of Canaan. We are told by the Jewish historian that the most eminent men were chosen for this duty,

which occupied them forty days. They brought back fruit from the promised land, and told the people what a rich, beautiful country Canaan was. But at the same time they said that the rivers were very difficult to cross, that the mountains were high, the cities very strong, with high walls, and that there were giants living in some parts of the country.

Some of the spies frightened the people by telling them all these things, but Joshua and Caleb told the Hebrews to remember that God, who had brought them out of the land of Egypt, was quite as able to bring them



"THEY BROUGHT BACK FRUIT FROM THE PROMISED LAND."

into the land of Canaan—that God had promised to do so, and therefore no rivers, nor mountains, nor giants even, could possibly stop them if God fought for them.

But this doubt on the part of the people was the cause of their wandering in the wilderness for forty years—just the same number of years as the spies had been days in Canaan—and it was not till the end of that time that Joshua was appointed leader of the people by Moses on the day of his (Moses's) disappearance.

Joshua received instructions specially from Moses, and then the three greatest men, perhaps, that ever lived together—Moses, Joshua, and Eleazar—went up to a mountain called Abarim, or Pisgah, near Jericho, and there Moses died, and was buried by God, but no one knows his resting-place. Then Joshua returned to the camp and at once took command of the people.

And now began the victorious and most successful advance of the Israelites under Joshua, the most able and fearless general the world has ever seen. He went straight on in the path of duty and of conquest. He turned not aside to the right hand nor to the left; strong in the power of the Lord, and fully conscious of his great responsibility, he went direct into the enemy's country.

We see from the opening verses of the first chapter of the book of Joshua the great promises of God to the Jewish leader:—"There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." "Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayst observe to do according to the law which Moses, my servant, commanded thee."

That, we see, is the only condition—obedience to the law of God. This do, and "then thou shalt have good success." Let us try to remember this. It is quite as much in our power to do God's will as it was in the power of Joshua. We are not called upon to fight battles with men as he did, but we have bad tempers, evil thoughts, words, and works, and other temptations to sin constantly assailing us. Let us, therefore, trust in God, keep His commandments, and He will make our way prosperous, and we "shall have good success."

Joshua first advanced to Jericho, and, having marched round the city, with the ark

of God going before them, the walls of Jericho fell down at the sound of the trumpets.

Here we see that the great faith Joshua possessed made him dare everything. Not only he did not hesitate to move the Hebrews to the Jordan river, without in the least knowing how he should bring the people across, but he marched straight upon Jericho, one of the strongest cities of Canaan.

The swollen river ceased to flow, and the hosts passed over on the dry land. Jericho's walls fell down, and the city succumbed to the fearless leader of the Israelites. Then they slew all the inhabitants, and set the town on fire. Thus did Jericho perish. From the destruction of Jericho Joshua led the victorious armies of Israel to Ai, to Gibeon, and Beth-horon, &c. It was on the occasion of the great slaughter at Gibeon that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still and the moon to stay till he had ceased to kill his enemies.

From that time forward the Israelites pursued an uninterrupted course of victory. At length they had conquered the whole of Canaan, all the kings, and even the giants—the sons of Anak—and their descendants. Thus the promises of God to Joshua were fulfilled, and their enemies were utterly destroyed.

Then, when everything was peaceful, and all fear of attack from the Canaanites was over, Joshua called all the elders of Israel, and told them that his time was come, and he must die. He warned them not to depart from doing good, and, when he had lived one hundred and ten years, this wonderful man—who equally with Moses was called “the servant of Jehovah”—died, and was buried in his own city in Mount Ephraim.

So, after a most active, useful, and religious life, Joshua, the commander-in-chief of the Israelites, passed away, leaving behind him a character for firmness of purpose and unshaken fidelity, unselfishness and self-denial, which we all may possibly act up to, but cannot ever hope to surpass.



TO THE FLOWER, FORGET-ME-NOT.

“I muse on the works of Thy hands.”—PSALM cxliii. 5.

THOU sweet little flower with the
bright blue eye,
That peepst from the bank so
modestly,
Thou art come from a source in-
visible,
And thou hast some important words
to tell.

Thou art come like the “still small voice” of
Him

Who whispers His truth in the evening dim;
Who shines in the stars in the azure sky,
And gems the dark world with piety.

Thou art come as a warning to wandering
souls,

Who are careless of time as it swiftly rolls,
And forgetful of God, who upholds their lot,
But who whispers in thee—forget me not.

Thou art come as a gift from a Friend sincere,
Whose dwelling is fixed in the heavenly sphere,
But whose spirit is with us in every spot,
And the voice of whose works is—forget me
not.

Thou art come to repeat an assurance of love
From that changeless Friend in the mansions
above:

To the soul that loves Christ in sincerity,
His goodness declares—I will not forget thee.



MERRIE ENGLAND: A PICTURE FROM THE OLDEN TIME.



TRIAL AND TRIUMPH, OR

STORIES OF CHILDREN'S TROUBLES AND CHILDREN'S JOYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."

IV.—MISTAKEN—PART II.



BEATRICE had never yet been brought face to face with poverty. The poor on her father's estate were well cared for, and Mr. Haliford gave liberally to the charities in the parish where his town house was situated; but she had never been into any cottage save the bright, clean one where her nurse's mother lived, in the country, and only knew from her mother's teaching that beggary was shame, that poor homes were dirty and

unfit for her to enter, but that she must put a little money always in the bag at church, for the clergyman would then give it to those who needed and deserved it. With earnest face, and eyes fixed on Sister Dorothea, who was showing the wards, Beatrice listened to the little stories she told, as she paused before the cots, of the lives of those poor little sufferers—of the homes from which they had been brought, and the destitution which too many of them had endured. In the arms of one sleeping child was a wigless, legless, battered doll. The sister pointed to it with a kind smile as she said—

"Poor little Janey! She was badly burnt while her mother was out at work, but she clung in all her suffering to the poor old doll, and it is never out of her arms. Ladies have brought new ones for her; she kisses and admires them, but gives them away to the other children, and keeps "poor Bessie," as she calls her, treasured in her arms. Ah!"

continued the sister, turning to Miss Wray, "there is a wonderful study of child life here, I assure you, and it would be well for some who have the care of children to come here for lessons."

Miss Wray involuntarily put her arm round Beatrice as she answered—

"It is certainly well to realise the great responsibility those undertake who have the care of children. I am afraid, as a rule, we scarcely estimate its gravity."

"You are right," answered the sister. "It is a charge—an order—from Him who loved them to bring them to Him, and one we too often neglect."

"We must help those little children," said Beatrice in a grave, old-fashioned manner, as she and her governess walked home together. "Let us buy the pictures and begin our scrap-book at once."

And so they did. Giving up all play, Beatrice devoted herself to the work, and in about a fortnight after her visit the scrap-book was completed, and she took it to the hospital herself, and presented it to the little burnt child on whom her interest had particularly centered.

Mrs. Haliford was delighted at the success

of the governess. Beatrice was looking happier and brighter, and seemed always busy and happy; but still, with the strong impressions of a child of her nature, she had never forgotten the cruel disappointment of that day when she received rebuke instead of praise, when her effort to please had been so cruelly mistaken; and with great sorrow Miss Wray noticed that the child shrank from both her parents, preferred always being with her, and when they were alone she was bright and merry as a child should be, but in their presence she changed completely, and she would scarcely have recognised her little pupil.

It was summer time. London was ablaze with sunlight, and full to overflowing. Beatrice was pining for trees and flowers, and sweet scents and sounds, and rambles in the shady lanes and fragrant meadows; and so Mrs. Haliford proposed that Miss Wray should go down with her to Greenhills, and she and her husband would follow as soon as the season was over. Beatrice was delighted. To show her darling Miss Wray her pretty bower was an intense delight, and after the explanation of every nook and corner it was a great pleasure to sit beneath the grand old cedars on the lawn and talk and work—work for the poor little children, which Miss Wray had taught her to do, Sister Dorothea telling her that the little ones were so proud of new nice clothing to go home in; so Beatrice's little fingers made pinafores and frocks in those bright summer days, Miss Wray helping her and whiling away the time with tales of her own childhood, which never wearied Beatrice to listen to.

One day they had been silent for a little time, and suddenly Beatrice said—

"Do little children have trials, Miss Wray?"

"Yes, love, certainly—of course they do. Does not God love them?"

"And is that how He shows love—by making them sorry?" asked the child.

"Indeed it is, dear. 'Whom He loveth He chasteneth.' That means that in the bright home He has prepared for those who love Him He will have only such as show their love by their obedience, and so He sends them trials of their love and faith; and His little ones, too, He tries in like manner, because He loves them so much."

"Yes," said Beatrice thoughtfully; "but big people are so sorry for one another in their trials, but they never seem sorry for little children, however sad they are—only laugh at or scold them."

Miss Wray put her hand on the head of the little child seated at her feet very tenderly as she said—

"Well, my darling, older people's trials are so much heavier than those of the childish sorrows they can remember that they feel it silly to weep for a dead kitten, a broken doll, or even an *unjust word*, Beatrice dear, when their hearts are breaking under some great load of grief which they have to bear. But I own, love, that we, worn with life's many sorrows, are too prone to laugh at the childish ones, which are so soon over, so soon forgotten, but which, I am sure, are quite as bad for the little ones to bear, and under which they need as much sympathy and consolation to help them bear it. I never laugh at childish griefs."

"No, because you are sweet and kind, and like an angel. Sometimes," said the child, taking Miss Wray's hand and laying her cheek down on it fondly, "I think God has sent you to me, and that you are really one of His angels, sent to help me and guide me, like that one who went with Tobit in that pretty story you told me on Sunday."

"My little darling," said Miss Wray, kissing the dear little face of the child she had grown to love as if she had been one of her own, "I wish I deserved the good opinion your affection has made you form of me, but I do believe that God has sent me to you, because He gives us all our work on earth; and mine may be, I hope," she said more gaily, "to make a little girl I know less morbidly sensitive to little slights and sorrows, to strengthen her for the time when she may have heavier griefs than these. Now if you love me as you say, and as I believe you do, will you do something for me?"

"Yes, of course I will," answered Beatrice eagerly.

"Papa and mamma are coming to-morrow, are they not?"

"Yes," sadly said Beatrice.

"Then I want you, for my sake, to receive them brightly and pleasantly," answered Miss Wray, "to forget all past misunderstandings,

and begin, as it were, fresh. There is no sadder thing in this life, Beatie dear, than to imagine ourselves mistaken or unappreciated in our own homes, and if we once begin to encourage this idea it will become so established in our minds that we shall never be able to dismiss it. Try to begin by thinking you are a good little girl, and that you intend to be so. Do not suppose that your father and mother will not believe in you, and you will soon find that your confidence in them will make them return it. Your parents are, and ought to be, your best friends; make and keep them so by love for them and faith in them. Will you try, darling?"

"Yes, I will, dear, dear Miss Wray," said the child earnestly.

The morning came, bright and beautiful, and Miss Wray and Beatrice busied themselves in arranging the rooms and making all pretty for the travellers.

As the sun was setting the carriage wheels were heard in the drive, and calling her to come and meet them, Miss Wray led the little girl up to the broad flight of steps to await their arrival.

"Here we are, safe and sound! How well she's looking, Miss Wray!" was the pleasant greeting.

Beatrice's little face brightened, and she held it up to receive her father's and mother's kiss. Miss Wray had taught her a little piece to play to her father, and, choosing a good opportunity, she requested her to do so. Beatrice went to the piano at once, and how was she rewarded when, at its conclusion, her father came to her and kissed her, saying—

"How delightful it will be to have a musical genius in the family!—and to play so well at your age I think you must be one."

Thus, guided by Miss Wray, and exerting herself manfully too, the little girl bore and finally overcame her troubles. "To bear is to conquer our fate." This she learnt, and when, years after, Mr. Haliford's love for his daughter became a proverb in the county, she recalled the gentle, wise teaching of her governess in heartfelt gratitude, shown, not in words only, but in the pretty home provided for her old age close to the park gates, where, after she was wife and mother, Beatrice was often found seeking counsel of her who had been her best earthly friend.

LITTLE LINDA AND THE OYSTER.

PART II.



ABOUT three weeks after

this conversation Mr. and Mrs. Marshall went to spend a day and sleep at the house of a friend. As they were not going to be absent very long—only for part of a day and one night—Linda said good-bye cheerfully enough, and as the cook and

housemaid were girls that could well be trusted, Mrs. Marshall did not feel much anxiety about leaving her child for so short a time. Mr. Marshall tossed his little girl a new shilling as he got into the cab, and Linda, when her parents had driven away, began telling Ellen, the housemaid, how she should spend it, and that as soon as dinner was over she must be taken out to look at the shops.

Mr. Marshall's house was in the neighbourhood of London, and was the corner house of a very quiet street, but in the high road close by there were plenty of shops, and carriages, omnibuses, carts, and cabs were continually passing along it. So after dinner Linda and Ellen, the housemaid, went for a walk in this road to look at the shops and buy the things that Linda said she wanted. Good-natured, industrious Ellen, always up first in the morning, was very fond of our Linda. These two were very good friends, and were always ready to oblige each other, Linda standing very patiently while Ellen looked at the dresses and mantles set out in the linendrapers' windows, and Ellen being quite willing to look at dolls and toys, and very ready with her admiration, while Linda went

into raptures and flattened her nose and bumped her forehead against the plate glass of the toy-shop. By-and-by Ellen met Mrs. Mynde, a friend of hers, and the two women were soon in eager talk about a good service-

and all the different-coloured plaits and curls hung on hooks among the brushes and combs and pots of pomade. But a hairdresser's shop is not very amusing, and Linda soon grew tired of the things she saw there.



"INDUSTRIOUS ELLEN, ALWAYS UP FIRST IN THE MORNING."

able dress they saw in a window. Linda was soon tired of looking at the plain brown stuff Ellen had taken a fancy to, and asked if she might go and look at the hairdresser's window, which was next to the linendraper's, and, receiving leave to do so, went and gazed at the wax head (dummy, as it is called) with its hair dressed with pearls and flowers,

She began looking about her in search of some other amusement, and wished many times that Mrs. Mynde would go away and leave Ellen at liberty to continue her walk. Soon her attention was attracted by the sight of a long truck on wheels, drawn up not far from where she stood, and two men with fur caps on their heads were standing by it, calling

out "Oysters!" and some more words that she could not make out, in very hoarse voices. She looked eagerly at the things on the truck. Those, then, were oysters. How large they looked! And they could not be so very dear as her father had said they were, as quite poor-looking people went up to the truck and looked at them. She *supposed* they bought some sometimes, although she could not actually see them give money, for she was not quite near enough for that. Just as she was thinking how much she should like to taste one, Ellen came to her and said that she was going into the linendraper's to buy the stuff she had been looking at.

"And will you please come in too, miss?" said Ellen. "I won't keep you long, miss, I promise."

"Oh, Ellen, can't I stay close here by the door till you come out? It is so hot in the shop, and I do so dislike shopping," said Linda. "I'd much rather stay here and look at the things going on in the street; it will amuse me more."

Ellen yielded to the coaxing voice, and after making Linda promise not to move from the door unless she wanted to go into the shop, she left her.

Now Linda's great fault was, that she thought herself so clever there was no need to ask for any one's advice when she was going to do anything she had set her heart on doing, and this fault, as you will see, cost her more dearly than she liked. Ellen had not been a minute in the shop when Linda saw one of the oyster men quite close to her, talking to a friend (so she supposed) in the same sort of hoarse voice he had been calling out with, and after a little hesitation she said, looking up in his face as she spoke—

"Oh! oyster man, please, I want to speak to you."

"What is it, miss?" said the man, moving away from his friend, who strolled off.

"I want to know if your oysters are dear?" said Linda.

"Not dearer than any one else's, miss," said the man. "What are you in the 'abit of giving, if I may make so bold as to hask?"

He was making fun of her, but Linda did not know it.

"I never bought any," she said, "but I've only got one shilling, and I want to know the price of one oyster."

"If one shilling is all you've got, miss, I must let you have one oyster for it, but it's a deal cheaper than I usually sell them; but to oblige a little lady like you I don't mind losing sixpence or so."

So away he went to fetch the oyster. Now Linda had no idea that the man was cheating her, as of course he was, for a shilling for one oyster is an absurd price, as any one but a child would know; but directly the man's back was turned she began to think it was wrong to spend so much money on a thing to eat, especially as it seemed too small to be shared with any one else. She made up her mind that she would tell the man when he came back that she would not have the oyster, but when he stood before her she had not the courage to do so.

"'Ere you are, miss," said the man, holding a large, ugly, dirty-looking shell towards her. "I did not open 'im, because I thought you'd carry him more handy closed up. Now let's have the money."

He spoke so roughly and quickly that Linda had not the courage to refuse to take the ugly shell with one hand, while she timidly held out the shilling with the other. The man snatched it from her, and was soon wheeling his truck farther off, his hoarse voice dying away in the distance.

Linda stood looking at the oyster in her hand. She felt ashamed of herself, and was sure that Ellen and cook would laugh at her for buying the creature. What was to be done? She felt tempted to throw it away, and looked up to see if she could do so without being noticed by any one; but there were, of course, many people passing and standing about in the street, and she had no chance of getting rid of it without being seen by some of them, and getting laughed at for throwing away such an expensive thing. And if she just quietly dropped it as she walked along with Ellen, some one might see her and bring her the oyster, and expect to be rewarded for finding it and returning it to its owner! That she could not bear, because of course Ellen would know all about it then, and would have to pay the reward! "And then of course mother must

know of it, because Ellen would have to be paid again what the reward cost, as I have no money. And then mother would tell father, and he would laugh at me, and mother would say it served me right for being so extravagant, and doing things without advice. After all I had better keep it, and eat it to-night with pepper and vinegar, as father said. I've got some in my doll's cruets." And, thinking thoughts like these, Linda decided to put the oyster in her pocket, and eat it in the play-room before bedtime.

Ellen was much surprised when Linda proposed to go home without visiting the toy-shop.

"Why, what has made you change your mind, Miss Linda?" she asked; "why are you not going to buy anything?"

"I have a very good reason," said Linda in rather a dignified manner. "My money is my own, and no one interferes with what I do with it."

"Oh no, miss—of course not," said Ellen. She thought that Linda had given her shilling to a beggar, or had thought of something else to do with it perhaps, and asked no more questions.

Linda went into the play-room as soon as she had taken off her hat and jacket, and spent half an hour until tea-time trying to open her oyster. She held it firmly with one hand while she pulled at it vigorously with the other, but it would not move; she poked between the two shells with the points of her old scissors, but with no result, excepting that she chipped off a bit of the edge of the shell, and it went into her eye, and hurt her rather badly until she managed to get it out. Then she hunted in her brother's old tool-box for something not so sharp as scissors, and just as she thought she had found something Ellen called her to tea. Now Ellen was fond of the sound of her own voice, so while she waited upon Linda at tea she read a fairy tale aloud out of one of Linda's books; but Linda did not listen much to the story, her thoughts being busy with her oyster, which she had left upstairs in the kitchen of the doll's house. She politely waited until Ellen had finished the story, and then went up again to the play-room in hopes of being able to try the effect

of the screwdriver out of the tool-box upon the oyster, but she could not get it between the shells, and sat down once more to consider what was best to be done, with her eyes fixed upon the oyster, which now lay, looking very uninviting, upon one of the doll's tea-trays. She was interrupted by the sound of Ellen's voice calling her, and she thought to herself—"Shall I tell Ellen all about it, and ask her to open it for me? It will be much better. No; she would laugh at me, and make fun of me to cook for spending a shilling on an oyster. I'm sure it was too much now I come to think of it."

(To be continued.)

A STORY OF A FOX.



FEMALE fox, having a cub, was pursued near Chelmsford by a pack of hounds for a considerable distance. The poor animal, at the moment of their approach, felt for the safety of her young one, and snatching it up in her mouth, fled before her pursuers for several miles, panting under the weight of her burden, but resolved to preserve it at the hazard of her own life. At length, exhausted by fatigue and fear, she was attacked by a mastiff in a farmer's yard, and, unable to support her offspring any longer, she dropped it at the farmer's feet, who kindly saved it from destruction, while the mother happily saved her own life from the multiplied dangers by which she was surrounded.

ANSWERS TO A WREATH OF HIDDEN FLOWERS.

- | | | |
|-----------|------------|-----------|
| 1. Pink. | 3. Orchis. | 5. Daisy. |
| 2. Iris. | 4. Rose. | 6. Lilac. |
| 7. Peony. | | |
| 8. Gorse. | | |

MEYNELLA WOOD.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE.

To GOLDEN CHILDHOOD this puzzle I send,
And to it I pray your attention lend.
If your wits are sharp and bright,
You will read it soon aright.

MEYNELLA K. H. WOOD.

HIDDEN TEXT.

[In each of the following texts is contained one word of an excellent Gospel precept.]

1. But thou, O man of God, flee these things.—1 Timothy vi. 11.
2. Thou shalt not steal.—Matthew xix. 18.
3. In this was manifested the love of God toward us.—1 John iv. 9.
4. Thy faith hath saved thee.—Luke vii. 50.
5. He that sweareth unto his neighbour and disappointeth him not.—Psalm xv. 5.
6. For we shall see Him as He is.—1 John iii. 2.
7. Go humble thyself.—Proverbs vi. 3.

FLORENCE D. SMITH.
(Aged 15.)

BURIED PRECIOUS STONES.

1. Well, Rosamond, I am on dear old England's merry shores again.
2. If you go to this shop, Alfred, you will get what you want.
3. Our nag ate the piece of bread you gave him.
4. Hold your horse up, Earl Rivers.
5. If you rub your ring well it will become bright.
6. That name thy stepmother detests.

FLORENCE D. SMITH.

BURIED RIVERS.

1. She came to me with the same useless tale as before.
2. He always takes a one-sided view of the matter.
3. The damsel, beautiful as she was, did not appear vain.
4. "Oh!" cried the girl, looking spiteful—"oh! I remember that now."
5. He rode round the field on a bay horse.
6. I have got a present for the little boy.
7. We serve our country and our king.
8. How we shall miss our island home!
9. Oh! I object to that very much.

10. We will go and hide, and you shall find us.

11. The man was playing the organ, gesticulating, and begging for a small sum of money.

12. I got the man to pull out weeds in our garden.

FLORENCE D. SMITH.

DOUBLE GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A town in Scotland.
2. A town in Italy.
3. A mountain in Palestine.
4. An English county.
5. A river in Germany.
6. A Swiss canton.
7. A town in France.
8. A town in Germany.
9. A range of hills in Russia.
10. A town in France.
11. A river in America.
12. An English city.
13. A river in Spain.
14. A river in Italy.
15. A town in Flanders.

The initials and finals express a wish to which I am sure our readers will heartily respond.

KATE WOOD.

A BASKET OF HIDDEN FRUIT.

1. Put on your cap; run, Edith, after them.
2. How could any man utter such nonsense?
3. I shall wear my new ruff I got from France.
4. I hope a church will be built instead of a school.
5. I think, madam, so nice a day would do for your journey.
6. We must have a columbine and a harlequin certainly for our pantomime.
7. I give you this rope, a really good one.
8. We rode to Carmel on donkeys.

MEYNELLA WOOD.



THE CHILDREN'S POSTBAG.

NORTH HALL,
PRESTON CANDOVER,
BASINGSTOKE.

July, 1878.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

My sister Geraldine has been rearing some silkworms, and she had fifty. They were kept in our schoolroom, and the evening before they disappeared were as well as possible when we last looked at them. The next morning, to our great surprise, they were all gone except six. We looked all about the room, thinking they might have strayed about to look for mulberry-leaves perhaps, as we have only lettuce-leaves to give them; but not one was to be seen anywhere. The schoolroom is an old-fashioned room, with a high wainscoting all round it, and sometimes we do hear the mice having fine games behind it. Well, in searching we found a hole between the wainscot and the paper, and about the hole streaks of green from the lettuce-leaves; so we suppose the mice must have carried them off in the night. Have any of your young readers ever heard of such a thing happening before?

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

LAURA PUREFOY FITZ GERALD.

NEW FAIRLEE,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

We are taking in your Magazine, GOLDEN CHILDHOOD, this year, and we all like it very much. I like the story of "The Rose-Window" very much, because we have a small box of Kindergarten toys with which we amuse ourselves sometimes. We have a white goat with such beautiful horns, but it does not butt at us as some goats do. We have also a dog. It is called Tiny, because when we first had him he was so very small; but now he has so grown I think we ought to change it to Toby.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

FANNY MEW.

2, CLARENDON VILLAS,
GILLINGHAM,

April 5th, 1878.

DEAR EDITOR,

This is the first time I have ever written to you. I like the GOLDEN CHILDHOOD very much indeed, and the serial story, "Harry the Drummer." We have marks at our school. They are added up every Friday. Sometimes I get over four hundred and fifty marks. I am first boy in my class this week, and very often am. I cannot spare any more time now.

I am, your ever affectionate friend,

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL CARR.

To the Editor of GOLDEN CHILDHOOD.

MAX COTTAGE,

NEW HOLLAND,

Near HULL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I am nine years old. We like pets very much. We have a dog which belongs to my little brother, and a rabbit, and a kitten called Tiger, belonging to my other brother. This is the second year I have taken GOLDEN CHILDHOOD. We all like it very much. I like "Harry the Drummer" very much. I am very sorry to say that I cannot guess any of the riddles.

I remain,

Your loving friend,

ADA LUCY KING.

HYDE PARK,

June, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The last time I wrote I told you about the Isle of Wight; now I will tell you about my grandpapa's dog Rollo. He was a Newfoundland. He was very handsome, but he had but one ear. I will tell you how he lost it. Once, when he was a puppy, he lost himself in a wood. He felt very hungry, and after hunting about for a long time he saw a little rabbit lying in the grass. He was just going to get it when—click!—he was caught in a trap by his ear! He, like many other people, was very impatient, and could not wait for any one to come to his rescue, but determined to free himself. He did, but, alas! he forfeited his ear. Of course every one seeing the dog was very eager to know how he lost it, till at last grandpapa got so tired of telling about it that he determined to have the other ear off also. So one day he started out for his usual walk with Rollo, but, to Rollo's astonishment, he stopped before the butcher's and told him that he wished his dog's ear cut off (for Rollo had one left). So the crafty butcher gave Rollo the most delicious of bones, and just as the poor dog was discovering what a beautiful bone it was the butcher took his knife and cut it off. Rollo never forgot it. His master tried, and tried, and tried, yet he never could get his dog by that butcher's shop; but he would go the longest way round, and wait for his master at the top of the street. Good-bye.

I am, your little reader,


PEARL RICHARDS.

P.S.—Do you let children send original riddles, &c.? I am ten.



PUSSY AND I.—(See next page.)

"PUSSY AND I."

OME see the cat that has beauty and wit—
My bright little, nice little, dear little kit;

Come listen to us, and I'll tell you why—
We're great observers, Pussy and I.

There are selfish children we've sometimes known,

Who care for nothing but what's their own,
And others' pleasure to spoil they try—
We say, "How ill-natured!" Pussy and I.

And others we've met who, late and soon,
Would bawl for the sun, the stars, and the moon.

Poor fretful children, they pout and cry—
We say, "How foolish!" Pussy and I.

There are some who think they do all things best,

And are always wiser than all the rest;
They are always right, though they can't tell why—

We say, "Don't believe them," Pussy and I.

We've met with others whose whole delight
Is to strive and quarrel, and brawl and fight,
But if you "stick up" to them, then they fly—
We say, "Don't play with them," Pussy and I.

We've noticed some who improve and mend,
Who fail at first, and succeed in the end,
Because that again and again they try—
We say, "Good luck to you!" Pussy and I.

And so, as Pussy and I go on,
We notice many a thing that's done;
But now it is time to bid you good-bye,
So we say good day to you, Pussy and I.




HARRY THE DRUMMER, OR THE BOY SOLDIER.

A STORY OF TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

BY AGNES TREVOR DEANE.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.



UST as they approached the flag-staff, Lord Wellington himself came to the tent door. He was listening with his usual grave, earnest manner to some report that had been brought to him by a general

officer. The officer at once caught sight of Harry.

"See, my lord! There is the youngster who carried your letter so cleverly."

"Yes, and gave a nice example of insubordination to the whole army," rejoined the great commander, as Harry, unabashed by the unexpected appearance of his chief, quietly advanced and tendered the despatch.

As he broke the seal Wellington glanced at the youthful messenger with a grim but not unkindly smile.

"So, 'linesman,' what brings you here? Where are your spurs?—for you appear to have provided yourself with a horse."

Harry's colour rose, but his heart was full of the praise of his comrades, and he answered firmly but respectfully—

"My lord, I only did what seemed to be my duty."

"Then, sir," replied Wellington with stern brevity, "you have yet to learn that the first duty of a soldier is obedience. Report yourself at your quarters, and consider yourself under arrest."

Poor Harry! These words fell upon him like a thunderbolt. It was hard to meet with censure where he had expected commendation—harder still to feel that his first and involuntary offence against military discipline should have drawn upon him a reproof from

one whose slightest word of approbation he would have died to win.

A friendly soldier, perhaps as guard,

himself too brave not to honour you for courage, but he is a very tyrant in matters of discipline, and under his very eyes you acted



CAMP LIFE.—THE SOLDIER'S TOILET.

perhaps as escort—Harry was far too miserable to inquire—guided him to Captain Elton's quarters.

"Don't get down-hearted, my lad; the storm will soon blow over. Wellington is

without waiting to ask for orders. Besides, I do believe he would as soon see a marine on horseback as a linesman, so you see your offence is twofold. For my part, I confess that I would rather face the fire of the whole

French army than run the risk of his displeasure. However, I daresay in a day or two he will be pleased to forget all about it. Besides, if I am not very much mistaken we shall have some sharp work before long, and you may find an opportunity of distinguishing yourself in a way that will insure you praise instead of blame."

"Well, Harry," exclaimed Arthur Elton with a laugh, when our hero made his appearance, "if there is any mischief going you are sure to be in the thick of it! So you have managed to get yourself a nice little lecture from the commander-in-chief? How did you feel under the infliction? There's not a man in the army would have stood in your shoes. Upon my word you *were* tolerably cool to lead that horse straight up to Lord Wellington's tent. It was rather a neat remark of his about the spurs. Ha! ha! Poor old boy! don't look so crestfallen."

"But, sir, I am under arrest."

"That is certainly awkward. Well, you had better report yourself to your sergeant. Keep up your spirits; it may not be for long."

Later in the morning, while Harry was sitting in a corner of the sergeant's tent, McAllister himself came in.

Putting on a serious look, but with a merry twinkle in his eyes which belied the assumed severity, he asked Harry for his jacket.

Bitterly mortified, with an inward conviction that he was going to be sent back to the band, Harry took it off, and without a word handed it to the sergeant, who in his turn handed it to a soldier that stood at the door of the tent.

If Harry had looked up he would have seen that the sergeant was laughing, but the poor lad was too unhappy to notice anything.

He sat motionless, his face buried in his hands, feeling keenly the humiliation to which he imagined himself exposed; but at the same time he was too true and loyal to question the justice of his sentence.

He did not see what was going on outside. The regimental tailor was busily sewing a corporal's stripes on the sleeve of Harry's well-worn jacket.

"There, Winter. See, there is Lord Wellington's comment on your exploit of yesterday," said McAllister.

Harry sprang to his feet with a flushed face, and, scarcely knowing what he was doing, found himself shaking hands with the sergeant, while his heart was too full to allow him to speak.

At that moment Captain Elton passed the tent.

"I congratulate you, corporal," said he. "You have won yourself a character, and you are not the fellow to lose it."

The night before the 15th of January, 1812, was bitterly cold.

Poor Harry had not been able to sleep. Notwithstanding his recent promotion, he felt ill and depressed. Arthur Elton had been sent to the front, and the temporary loss of his only friend tended to sadden him still more.

A portion of the English troops had already crossed the Agueda and taken up their position facing the French. Harry was very much disappointed that his turn had not yet come. How long was this wearisome inactivity to continue? From time to time rumours of slight encounters with the enemy had reached the camp, but very disproportionate did these engagements seem when compared with what might have been done. So, at least, thought the soldiers.

During the whole of the evening they had heard the sound of a distant cannonade, and many were the eager questions asked—"Whose men were engaged?" "Was the attack made by the English or the French?"

No wonder the poor fellows were anxious for some change. Many of them were out of health, quite broken down by exposure to the weather and the unavoidable hardships of camp life. Bread was so scarce that a loaf was valued at three shillings, and frequently it could not be purchased even for that large sum.

The men were growing dispirited. Their faces were pale and downcast, their horses, for whom suitable fodder could no longer be procured, were dying of starvation.

"It will be our turn next," said Harry as he looked angrily in the direction of the little town of Ciudad Rodrigo, which the year before the French had snatched from the Spaniards, and now held with such pertinacity.

It had been raining at intervals since the beginning of the year. The rain that fell

during the day was frozen at night. The troops were weakened by fever and ague, and at the time of which we are writing there was no Red Cross Society to bring assistance and comfort to the sufferers.

"It will be our turn next. The beasts are dying first. They have had to endure hard times and cruel exposure without the sense of honour and duty which has hitherto supported us. How sorely are we disgraced by these long hours of idleness—waiting, waiting, waiting, for I know not what! Lord Wellington thinks we are too few to attack the French, but sickness is thinning our numbers day by day, while I suppose the Frenchmen are safely lodged within those comfortable-looking walls. Well, what news from the front?" he asked of a peasant who was driving an empty ammunition-cart.

"One of my mules is dead."

"Have you no greater news than that?" said Harry rather hastily.

"It is the second. It died on the road—yonder—near the spot where my boy fell. I have only this one left now, and it cannot live long. It will be our turn next."

Harry started. The peasant had spoken his own thoughts.

"Do you know anything of the men who left us on the 8th? They were of the 52nd, I believe, under Colonel Colbourne."

"Have you not heard? They have taken a redoubt."

"Yes; but if the attack has begun why are we not wanted?"

"Better for you that you should not be. The troops to whom I took the ammunition yesterday are living in trenches more than knee-deep in water."

Young Winter turned sadly away. Had he come out after all only to die before Ciudad Rodrigo? He would willingly have sacrificed his life fighting for his country in any cause that was good, but it was hard to perish from hunger, cold, and exposure, while waiting, doing nothing, idly watching the enemy.

He sat down among his sleeping comrades and began to clean his "dear old" rifle. About an hour before daybreak Harry rose to his feet. He had been suffering much from rheumatism, and sitting still made him feel stiff.

He was surprised to see the camp in motion. No bugle had summoned the men, but a silent, methodical activity was everywhere apparent. What could it mean?

While he was questioning with himself an officer, as he thought (for it was almost impossible to distinguish in the darkness), approached him.

"Corporal!"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, giving the salute.

"Rouse those men—quietly. The order to advance may be given at any moment."

"Yes, sir."

"There must be perfect silence."

Can sleeping men hear? It would seem so, for already, like watchful hounds, the soldiers were awakened and eager.

It was no time for preparing breakfast. A cup of cold water, a piece of coarse biscuit, was enough. Who would complain? Had not the order for the advance at last been given?—to advance upon, to wrestle with, and to drive the enemy from the shelter he had held too long?

"Hurrah for Lord Wellington!" exclaimed Harry. "England's honour is safe in his hands."

"It will be only another disappointment—we have had many such—the saying 'Advance' to men who are dying while they wait, and then mocking their hope with further heart-breaking delay!" cried one.

Poor fellow! he was almost prostrated with ague.

"No, no!" replied Harry. "The very secrecy with which this movement is being carried out assures me that it is meant to be in earnest."

Just then ammunition was distributed, and when Harry found himself supplied also with two days' provisions his heart was full of hope.





AN UNINTENDED JOKE.

SHOWING HOW APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.



SOME young people are fond of playing off what they call "practical jokes" upon others, and I may tell you at once that there are few things that show greater ill-nature, or a more decided want of good feeling and consideration. These practical jokes generally consist in some trick to make the person practised upon look foolish, or to frighten or annoy him in some way; and no really good child would indulge in them if a thought were given to their nature. But now I am going to tell you of a quite unintentional joke that

frightened a poor Indian not a little, and as it was unintentional no one could be blamed for it.

The Monitor was a dashing ironclad Federal vessel that played havoc with the ships of war opposed to her in the civil war between the North and South in the United States, but she was at last beaten by an enemy's ship called the Merrimac, and at last went down in a gale off Cape Hatteras, with the whole of her ill-fated crew on board. Now this Monitor was found soon after she was launched to be covered with a coating of barnacles and other hangers-on, animal and vegetable, which took two or three knots per hour off her speed. She was accordingly anchored in one of the creeks that enter the American coast, and divers

were employed to remove everything that was sticking to her below the water-line.

As she lay at anchor, an Indian, who had forsaken the wigwam and hunting-grounds of his fathers for a more civilised mode of life among white men, adhering, nevertheless, to the Indian fashion as far as paint and scanty apparel were concerned, was in the habit of going to the vessel daily in a canoe with a cargo of melons and other fruit on board. He was gliding along smoothly enough under her bows when one of the divers found it needful, for some reason or other, to get his head above water, and suddenly popped up, with his strange headgear on, close to the Indian's canoe. The Redskin, alarmed at his unexpected and hideous appearance, lost all command of himself, sprang to his feet, dropped his paddle, and gave vent to a volley of "Ughs!" and "Waghs!" that in Indian talk comprise the Redskin's stock of exclamations of surprise. What he could have taken the diver for I cannot venture to say, perhaps some angry water-deity of strange shape and build, furious at the presence of the Monitor and his canoe within the limits of his especial domain. Seeing how matters stood the diver moved towards the canoe, and, having selected one of the finest melons in the cargo, slowly disappeared below the rippled surface of the water. The Indian recovered his paddle, and, as may be supposed, made for the shore in hot haste, more frightened than hurt, but vowing mentally that he would take good care how he placed himself a second time in mortal peril at the hands of outraged river-gods with glaring eyes and flexile pendent horns by trading with the crew of the Monitor. But afterwards he was shown the headgear without the diver, and was paid for his melon, and then he understood the whole matter.

HOME.

IF I were to ask any boy at school what thing in life gave him the greatest pleasure, he would assuredly answer, "Going home for the holidays." And when boys grow to be men the feeling continues, and among the greatest pleasures of their lives is the prospect of

returning home. The sailor, travelling across the sea from one country to another, has the same feeling working within him. Many a night, as he sits at the masthead, or leans over the side of the ship, he thinks of his home, and of those who love him and wait there for his return; and just as the school-boy longs for his holidays, so the grown man longs for the time to come when he may return home. When our brave soldiers went away to meet the enemy all the letters they sent home were full of the hope and wish that they might soon return home, and when, after they had nobly fought for us, the time at length came, what a welcome was given to them on their return! This love for home is not confined entirely to men. Even the domestic animals know where their homes are, and are glad to return to them.

It is a great happiness to have a home here on earth, with friends to love us and to be glad when we return to them. But there are some poor people who can scarcely be said to have a home. They live quite alone, perhaps in a foreign land; and others once had a home which has been made desolate. The friends they loved and who loved them have died, and they are alone in the world. But for even these there is a home—the heavenly home and the rest promised by our Lord Jesus Christ to those that love Him. When He was about to quit this world, and to go to God His Father, He said to His disciples, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also."





A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER MORNING.

A Song of a Summer Morning.

Not too quickly.

1. How beauteous, how love - ly Is ev' - ry-thing here! The

dolce.

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are '1. How beauteous, how love - ly Is ev' - ry-thing here! The'. The piano part is marked 'dolce.'.

sun on the hill - side, The shade on the weir! Where

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'sun on the hill - side, The shade on the weir! Where'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture.

through the bright crys - tal The fish - es are seen; Where

cres. *f*

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'through the bright crys - tal The fish - es are seen; Where'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'f' (forte).

A SONG OF A SUMMER MORNING.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'wave o'er the wa - ter The al - der trees green.' and ends with a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with a 'dolce.' marking at the end.

wave o'er the wa - ter The al - der trees green.

dolce.

2.

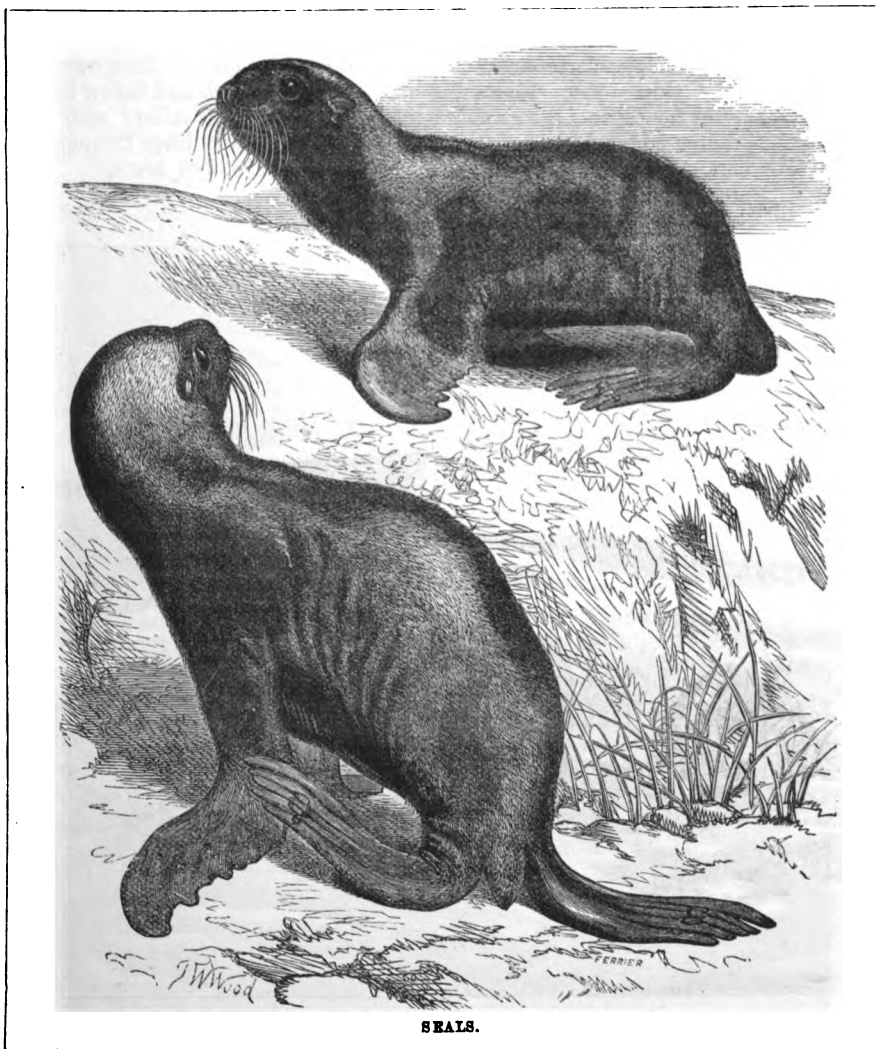
How glow the bright meadows
With young verdure new ;
How fresh bloom the flow'rets,
Bespangled with dew !
The berry already
Is blushing in red ;
The wheat-field is smiling
With promise of bread.

3.

The slender birch waves
In the whispering grove ;
The blackberry twineth
The rockstone above ;
The honey-bee hums
As he swiftly speeds on ;
The frog's croak is drowned
In the lark's loudcst tone.

4.

How beauteous, how lovely
Do all things appear ;
The waterfall's murmur,
The shade on the weir—
On all sides around us,
Pure joys are unfurled,
To light, with their radiance,
Our path through the world.



SEALS.

LITTLE BITS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SOMETHING ABOUT SEALS.

IDARESAY you have seen the sea lions at Brighton. I will now tell you something about the seal family.

The seal tribe is found in all the great seas, but the larger kinds are confined to the

cold regions near the poles. In the tropics we can meet only with little sea dogs; we must go to the regions of perpetual ice and snow if we wish to see the huge sea elephant and sea lion. The form of these creatures, and the shape and position of their paws

show that they are intended by nature for a life in the water. To the Greenland Esquimaux the seal is a great treasure. He eats the flesh and the fat; he makes his tent, his boat, and clothes of the skin. The sinews furnish him with a thread for sewing, a string for his bow, and twine for his fishing-nets; and with the larger bones he strengthens his

quickly over the ground; so here the Esquimaux employs stratagem, and sometimes dresses himself in sealskin, so that phocæ may take him for one of their own kind, and allow him to approach and throw his unerring harpoon. The hardy sailors who chase the Greenland whale also have frequent combats with the larger kinds of seals.



SEALS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

frail boat, while the smaller ones do duty as nails and needles. Consequently the hunting of the phocæ is the one art in which the Esquimaux excels. He pursues his prey with untiring patience and industry, watching in his boat for hours till a seal appears, and then piercing it with a spear or harpoon. To chase the creature over blocks of ice, or on* the frozen shore, is a harder task; for, clumsily as the seal shuffles along, it gets

The common seal, or sea calf, abounds in the northern parts of Europe and America, and may frequently be seen in great numbers on the north and west coasts of Scotland and Ireland, where seal-hunting is a most exciting sport. The young are taken in nets, which are laid across the mouths of the caves which are the dwelling-place of the seals, while the older ones are knocked down with clubs as they rush in headlong haste towards the open

sea. They are easily killed by a blow on the nose.

The seal when taken young can be tamed. A gentleman in Fifeshire, in Scotland, had one which had all the sagacity of a dog. It lived in his house, and ate from his hands. It followed him in his fishing excursions, when it afforded much amusement. If thrown into the sea it would follow the track of the boat for miles, and though thrust back by the oars it still continued its attempts to enter the boat. It would also bring fish out of the water, and give it to its master. We have heard of another of these animals who was so much attached to its master that, though frequently taken great distances and cast into the sea, it would constantly return to his house. The last time it had been taken farther away from its home than it had ever been before, but not many days after it was found stiff and dead at its master's door.

The walrus, or morse, or sea-horse, resembles the seal, but is much more clumsy. It is a very large animal, attaining the length of fourteen feet. It is covered with short yellowish hair. Its head, which is small when compared with its body, often deceives people with regard to its size. From the upper jaw two enormous tusks project; these are frequently two feet long, as white and as hard as ivory. They are much used by dentists in making artificial teeth. The tusks are of great use to the animal in assisting it to get on the ice, and in warding off the attacks of the Polar bears and other animals. It is valuable on account of its oil and its skin, which is used for making coach-traces. They are to be seen in herds of hundreds on the ice, huddled together like so many swine, rolling and sporting about, and making the air resound with their bellowing, which is very like that of the bull. One of their number is always on the watch, and at the slightest sign of danger it gives the alarm, when they all tumble into the water in the greatest confusion. It is not easy to kill them, and they have been known to stave in and sink a boat. The mothers carry their young ones between their forearms or on their backs, and are much attached to them. The flesh of the walrus is much esteemed.

THE MARVELS OF THE WORLD.

LITTLE LECTURES ON WONDERFUL THINGS,
AND ON CREATION'S BEAUTIES.

SNOWFIELDS AND GLACIERS—(continued).



MY dear children, This time we will talk of some more glaciers and icefields, and I may perhaps find other things to tell you about the wonderful and

beautiful substance we call ice.

The largest glaciers in the world are those of the desolate regions that lie round the North and South Poles.

Look in the map of North America. See where Greenland stretches to the south, terminating in Cape Farewell. The northern portion of this great country is buried under one huge glacier.

Long tongues of ice (we might almost call them feet, since, like some monster of whom we read in fairy tales, the weight of the great icefield rests upon them) come pushing, gliding, creeping down the valleys until they reach the shore. Then, as the ice-streams advance into the water, huge pieces break off and float far out to sea. These are called icebergs, or mountains of ice.

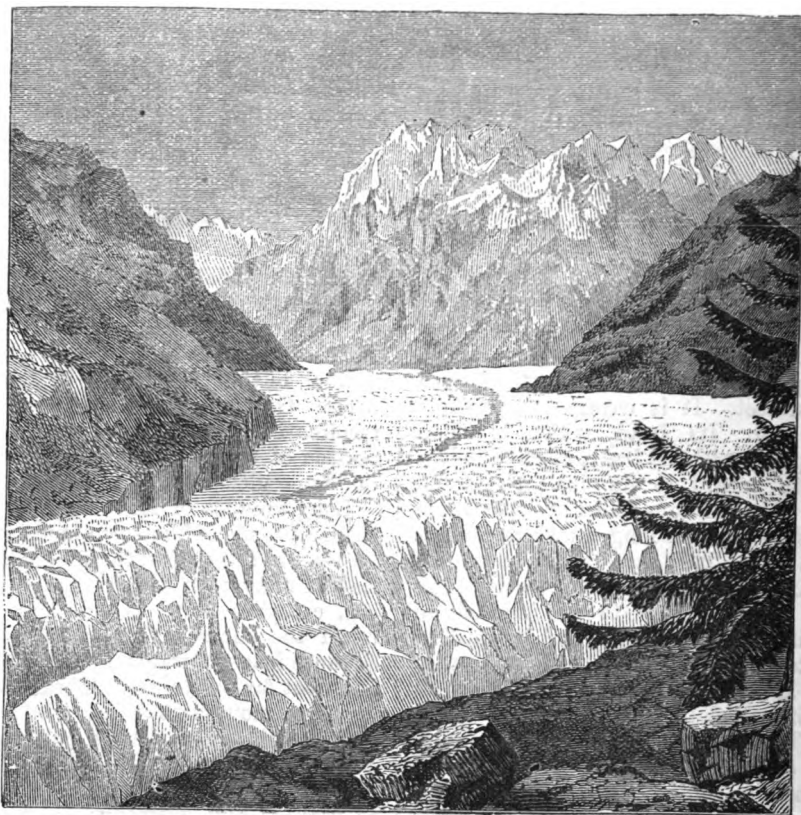
The icebergs are very curiously shaped. Some look like pyramids, others like beautiful marble palaces; but more frequently they are so strange and grotesque in form that we cannot compare them with anything else.

I once saw the picture of an iceberg that looked exactly like the ruined castle of a race of giants. How grandly beautiful, and yet how terrible, these mimic castles and palaces must seem to the sailors who watch them under the cold light of the Northern sky!

Icebergs are frequently so large that they are but slightly affected by the wind. When a gale blows the whalers sometimes take shelter behind one of these floating mountains.

But this refuge is not without danger. Sometimes the mass of ice dissolves at its base and suddenly capsizes. Any ship which happened to be near it would be crushed by its overwhelming weight. And yet our sailors are occasionally compelled to lie alongside an iceberg when they are in want of a supply of

The great white Polar bear has been found an unwilling passenger on one of these moving masses of ice. Perhaps he had been on the ice when it first broke off from the glacier, or possibly, driven by hunger, he had swum to the iceberg in the search for food. Fancy what an unpleasant surprise it would be to



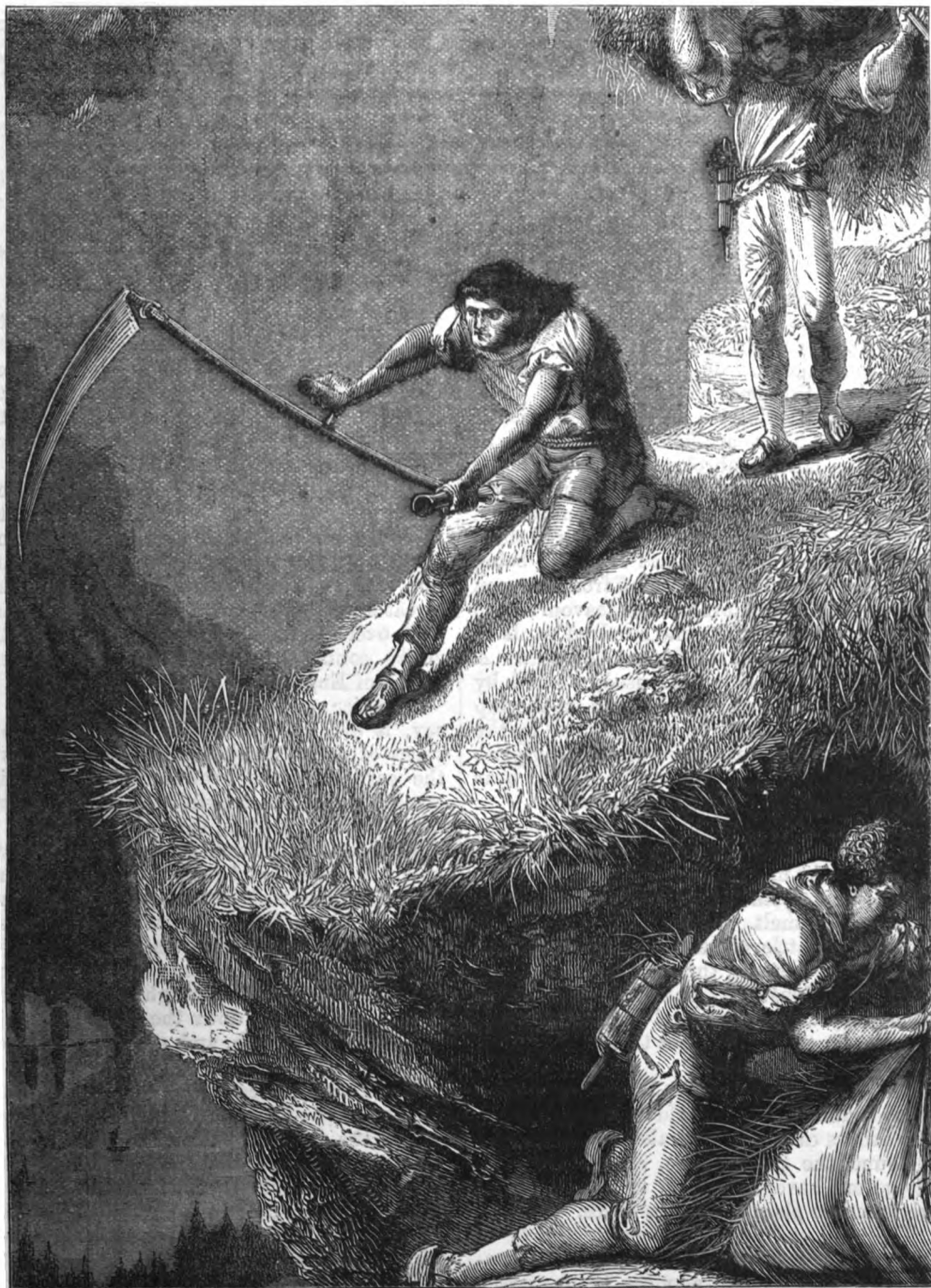
GLACIER AMONG THE ALPS.

fresh water. The men take their hatchets and chop off a sufficient number of pieces of ice. They then carry these pieces to the ship and melt them on board.

When the sun has made pools of water on the summit of the iceberg the venturesome sailors take advantage of them to fill their barrels.

the sailors who were looking for water to encounter one of these savage animals—though I am not sure that the bear would feel a bit more comfortable than the sailors.

Berg, my dear children, is the Swedish for a mountain, and truly many of the icebergs are like mountains of ice floating on the ocean.



MOUNTAIN REGION IN SWITZERLAND.

Can you imagine one so large that it would measure a mile in circumference, and so high that it would be higher than the tallest church steeple? But you can form some idea how enormous they *really* are when I tell you that, large as is the portion that appears above the water, there is sometimes as much underneath, deeply sunk in the sea.

Let me try to explain this to you.

If you were to put a lump of ice into a basin of water you would see that not more than one-eighth part of it would rise above the surface; so that if an iceberg appear to us to be of the size of a church it must in reality be eight times as large.

The term floating ice does not always mean an iceberg. There are fields of ice at sea as well as on land—unbroken plains which are sometimes nearly a hundred miles in length, with a breadth of more than forty miles.

Strange things happen to voyagers in these regions of ice. I have heard of a ship being entirely surrounded and shut off from the open water which the sailors were endeavouring to reach by a frozen wall some hundred yards in breadth. This had to be cut through. A saw twenty feet long was used, worked by means of a cord and pulley fixed on the top of a triangle formed by poles, much in the same way as you may have seen the gipsies hang their kettles. You will be glad to hear that the good ship got safely through.

Icefields are frequently formed on the surface of the sea at a great distance from the land. At first the ice appears under the form of tiny crystals like snow, which the cold water cannot melt. The sailors call it sludge. Then these little crystals unite together to form larger kernels, three or four inches in diameter. Constantly dashing against each other, they unite again, and soon present the appearance of plates a foot thick and several yards in circumference.

These plates of ice are known by such a funny name! You would never guess it. The sailors call them pancakes.

Round the South Pole, as far south as navigators have been able to proceed, there are immense plains of blocks of ice.

These blocks assume a great variety of forms, and they are heaped up in wild confusion, almost as you may see them on the surface of a great river when a sudden thaw

has taken place. Generally they do not exceed fifteen or sixteen feet in height, but here and there on the frozen plains rise blocks of far greater size, fully one hundred to one hundred and thirty feet high. Travellers tell us that these huge masses appear like the colossal buildings of a city of white marble.

The most profound silence prevails in these desolate regions. Life is represented only by a few petrels, whose flight is noiseless, and by whales, who seem to be the undisputed monarchs of the sea.

I must not forget to tell you that from time to time the whale makes a hoarse, melancholy moan, and so oppressive is the silence which reigns around that the sailors say even this mournful sound is a relief.

The whole west coast of Scotland was very much like the coast of Norway, only still more icy, resembling the coast of Greenland. Each of the long arms of the sea indenting our western shore was filled with solid ice. Great sheets of ice spread themselves far and wide over the mountains and lowlands of the entire country, reaching even to the very centre of England.

This ice was not stationary—that is to say, it did not remain in one place like a sheet of snow, which in winter spreads over the surface of the ground. Constantly increased by fresh snowfalls, it moved down, sliding little by little, from the highlands to the sea, and as it went onwards and downwards it rubbed and rounded off the surface of the hardest rock in the same manner as I have told you they are marked and broken by the glaciers in Switzerland.

Now a glacier is not only busy in grinding out a bed for itself through the mountains, it bears on its back down the valley quantities of fallen rock, earth, and stones which have tumbled from the cliffs on either side.

In this way pieces of rock as big as a house may be carried for many miles, and dropped where the ice melts. This is why in many parts of England there lie blocks of stone which, if you look at them with some attention, you will find to be unlike any other rocks either of the hills or valleys among which they lie.

In Switzerland, where similar blocks occur, the Swiss call them "foundlings," because

they are like little children found by the roadside whose parents are not known.

Sometimes these travelled stones are found in very different places, perched on the edge of a narrow pass between mountains, lying in the bottom of a valley, or resting on

"foundling stones," though we may sometimes make a fair guess as to the part of the country from which they originally came. But even you, my children, may recognise in them another evidence of the wonder-working power of the great Creator—of Him who, as



GUIDES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

the top of a high hill, looking curiously unlike the other natural objects which surround them.

In olden days, when men were more superstitious and fanciful than they are now, very funny stories were told about these "boulders." Fairies were said to have carried them to the summit of the hills, giants to have hurled them at each other in quarrels which threatened the destruction of the land in which we dwell. Wicked spirits were said to have played at quoits, or at the Highland game of "putting the stone," with them, and in some wild districts of Scotland the country people still point to the big boulders as the implements which the evil spirits employed in their games. These are "foundlings" dropped by the glacier streams of the great ice age as they pressed down to the sea.

We cannot tell the parentage of the

the sacred writers tell us, "holds the earth and its inhabitants in the hollow of His hand."

Your affectionate friend,

AGNES TREVOR DEANE.



ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

- | | | |
|-----------|-------------|---------------|
| 1. Thou. | 3. Love. | 5. Neighbour. |
| 2. Shalt. | 4. Thy. | 6. As. |
| | 7. Thyself. | |

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

FLORENCE D. SMITH.

(Aged 15.)

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

OR

STORIES OF CHILDREN'S TROUBLES AND
CHILDREN'S JOYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."

V.—POOR PEGGY, OR EARLY TRIALS.

PART I.



O U
little
l a z y
minx!

Go and take the
child out, do.
You aint worth
your keep—
that you aint!
If you don't do
better to-mor-
row I'll send
you home to
your mother—
that I will!"

All this in a
very high, harsh
tone to a small child
with a thin, wan face
and large, sad eyes—so
large they seemed as
though she must have
borrowed them of some
one else; they never
could surely have match-
ed the small face and
the other pinched fea-
tures. Still, perhaps
they were her own right-
ful eyes, for if you
looked well at her you
would see a gravity and
tenderness about the
mouth which seemed to
assert its relationship
with the sad eyes, and

they would all tell you that most piteous of
stories, an unhappy, unloved child-life.

She made no answer to the harsh words—
poor little girl, she was so used to them!—
but she gave a weary sigh as she raised the
baby in her arms and prepared to go out

again with him, according to command. He
was a passionate, impatient child, with a large
head and small legs, and an old, cunning
face, and though barely a twelvemonth old,
seemed to have a fiendish delight in fatiguing
and worrying his poor little nurse.

Out into the narrow, dirty street the child
carried her burden. There was little tempta-
tion to walk in the crowded thoroughfare with
ragged boys fighting and scrambling for pence
—nothing to amuse her in the shops on either
side, for they consisted chiefly of rag and
bone establishments, varied with boot and
shoe shops, where "repairs were neatly exe-
cuted;" picture-framers', where there seemed
only the skeletons of handsomely-framed
pictures, for the paintings were not there—
only the white, ungilded frames, looking like
dry, dead bones—bones of round and oval
faces, from which the healthy, rose-tinted
flesh had departed. Then there was a shop
for fried fish and winkles, a second-hand
furniture shop, with its goods intruding on
the pavement—chests of drawers with china
and glass vases displayed on them, and some-
times a rare bit of old china, chipped and
riveted, yet standing there amongst the
rubbish with an air of dignity which pro-
claimed its high birth and its superiority
over the pink and blue glasses with red and
green flowers on them which stood beside it.
Little Peggy knew all these shops by heart,
and found no amusement in any of them, but
she was not allowed to leave the street with the
child, and she never went out at all without
him, for there was plenty of drudgery work for
her inside the house. The mother of the
baby, and the hard mistress of poor Peggy
Hartup, kept a cook-shop and dining-house,
and therefore, being always fully occupied,
she was compelled to have some one to look
after her son and heir, Master Nathaniel
Draper; and as the wages she offered for
this pleasing duty were remarkably small, no
one of larger dimensions or older years could
be found, so that when the little wan, white
face appeared behind a joint of hot boiled
beef which Mrs. Draper had just deposited
on the counter, and a small weak voice mur-
mured, "Please, m'm, I'm come after the
place," Mrs. Draper closed with her at once,
and so the poor little girl, a child herself
only, came to take charge of this other child,

and to clean and scrub at intervals, to sleep in a close attic on a miserable bed, to rise early and go to bed late, to be always cold in winter, with chapped hands and chilblains; always hot and weary in summer, always thirsty, always hungry, never at play, never breathing any air but the close street in which she lived. Alas! alas! too many such

and then struggled to get down; but as his walking powers were of a most tottering kind, Peggy feared to indulge him in his wish; but being rewarded for her care by a dig in the face from his little sharp nails, accompanied by violent kicks, she was fain at last to put him down, the walk ending always in a sprawl on the pavement and violent screams



"WITH RAGGED BOYS FIGHTING AND SCRAMBLING FOR PENCE."

lives are passed in our crowded city—too many, whose childhood should have been "golden," thus marred and blotted out and withered, where never bloomed fair blossoms of hope and joy and love to serve for sweet memories in after years! Poor children! Little ones, loved and tended so carefully, think of such as these, and in your innocent prayers commend them to Him who loved them.

Well, Peggy strolled on along the street, carrying her heavy burden, who every now

and cries, which, attracting the attention of the passers-by, elicited a sharp rebuke to poor Peggy for not minding more carefully her interesting charge.

Knowing this result only too well, Peggy this afternoon tried hard to keep Master Nat up in her poor tired arms; but in vain. His strength daily increased as poor Peggy's decreased, and Master Nat slid down to the ground, and, staggering along, was off the kerb into the road before Peggy could stay

him. A Hansom cab, with a fiery horse, turned the corner, and came at a frantic pace down the street. Peggy saw the child in the road, and the cab coming so fast towards it—she saw that, heard shrieks, felt some heavy blows on her head, but saw and remembered no more till her sad eyes opened in a long, large room with rows of beds, in which lay children of all ages and sizes, some playing with toys, others lying with closed eyes and little patient, wan hands clasped outside the coverlets; gentle women, with dark blue dresses and pretty white caps, moving gently about; pictures on the walls and over each small bed. Where was she? What had happened, and where was baby? Her curiosity was soon satisfied. Seeing her eyes open, one of the women came to her, and with a sweet, tender smile, said—

"I am so glad to see you looking better, dear! I hope now we shall soon have you out in the garden."

Peggy tried to sit up and answer the "lady," but when she tried to do that all the room began to dance round, and everything to grow dim and odd, so she fell back again on her pillow and shut her eyes. Then a gentle, cool hand was laid on her forehead, and the same kindly voice said—

"Poor little girl! you are weak, you know, but you will soon get stronger now. Try a little of this nice stuff." And she held to her lips some liquid, which Peggy did not think nice stuff; but she took it as she was bidden, and in a few moments felt much better, and was able to open her eyes again.

It was port wine, but poor little Peggy had never tasted it before, and it seemed to her hot bitter stuff, more like physic than nice drink. The nurse smiled and said—

"Little girls seldom like wine, but you shall have something you will like much better presently—a tumbler of new milk, because we are to give you everything that is good to make you strong again."

"But how did I get here, and what has happened to me? Oh! I know—baby in the road and the cab. He wasn't killed—was he?"

"No; you were a brave little girl, and saved him. But the cab-horse kicked you and made you very bad," said the nurse, sitting down beside the cot; "but you have

had kind and clever doctors and nursing, and good food, and now we hope you are going to get quite well."

Peggy paused a moment before she answered, and then she said—

"Am I to stay here always?"

"Oh no! you shall go home directly you're well enough."

"To Mrs. Draper's or to mother's?"

"Your mother's, dear. I expect Mrs. Draper will have been obliged to get another little nurse, for you have been here some time."

Two large tears filled Peggy's eyes as she said in a piteous voice—

"Oh dear! I don't want to go home to mother."

"Don't you? She came to see you yesterday, and seemed so sorry about you," answered the nurse.

"Did she? She's many a time wished I were dead, and 'it me about shameful. Oh, don't let me go to her!" And the poor child began to tremble so that the nurse rose and raised her gently in her arms, and assured her she would not leave there till she was quite strong and able to run about.

"But," she continued, "now you must not talk and excite yourself any more, or the doctors will scold me. I will read you a pretty story, and you try to go to sleep."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO BURIED PRECIOUS STONES.

- | | | |
|-------------|-----------|--------------|
| 1. Diamond. | 3. Agate. | 5. Ruby. |
| 2. Opal. | 4. Pearl. | 6. Amethyst. |
- FLORENCE D. SMITH.
(Aged 15.)

ANSWERS TO BURIED RIVERS.

- | | | |
|-----------|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Meuse. | 5. Oder. | 9. Ohio. |
| 2. Saone. | 6. Forth. | 10. Indus. |
| 3. Elbe. | 7. Weser. | 11. Ganges. |
| 4. Loire. | 8. Missouri. | 12. Tweed. |
- FLORENCE D. SMITH.



ILL TIDINGS BROUGHT TO JOB.

"FEED MY LAMBS," OR THE YOUNG OF THE FLOCK.

TEACHINGS FOR CHILDREN FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE.

VI.—PATIENCE.—THE STORY OF JOB.



ONCE upon a time there lived in the land of Uz—an extensive tract of country in the eastern part of Arabia, near Euphrates—a rich man

called Job. This name means "One persecuted." The exact place of his residence, his nationality, and even the date of his writings, are involved in mystery, but that he *did* live cannot be doubted.

Job is described to us as a man who was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed (or avoided) evil. His family consisted of his wife and children—seven sons and three daughters—besides an immense number of servants. That these

were necessary may be imagined, for we read that he possessed many thousands of sheep and camels and other cattle, and of course the flocks and herds required attention and care. We may therefore conclude that Job was indeed "the greatest of all the men of the East."

This patriarch was a very good man, although he could only have derived his religion from external things and his own conscience, which told him that there must be a great and good God. There can, we think, be little doubt that he lived before Moses, and was at any rate ignorant of the promises made by God to Abraham, for in the whole book of Job we do not find any mention of law or of prophets, or of any Divine revelation. He may have thought that to do his best would bring him riches and prosperity, and his success in life and his great riches must have confirmed this view year after year. He took care of his children, who all seemed happy together, and he required them to come to sacrifice and worship with him.

So far we see everything had gone well with this upright and honest man, but his faith in God was about to be put to a great trial, and we are distinctly told in the Bible how Job's troubles came about. They came by God's permission through Satan—"The Adversary." Satan is always ready to do us harm, and he said unto the Lord, "Does Job fear God for nought?" And he also said that if God deprived the patriarch of his riches he would curse his Creator. Thus we see that Satan could not deny that Job was good, but he says his goodness is all on the surface, and only because God was kind to him. And the Lord gave Satan permission to afflict Job, which "The Adversary" did as far as he could.

So it fell out that one day, as all the brothers and sisters had gone to the house of the eldest brother to eat and drink, there came a messenger to Job, who had remained at home, and told him that the Sabeans (probably a robber tribe in the neighbourhood) had fallen upon the oxen and the asses, and having killed all the attendants except one, who came to tell the news, the robbers had driven the cattle away. This was bad news indeed, but still Job had a great deal

left, and may have consoled himself by thinking so. But it was only for a moment. Even while the messenger was speaking another man rushed in to say that the flocks of sheep and all the shepherds, except himself, had been killed by lightning—"by the fire of the Lord from heaven," as the Bible says; but it is not incompatible with the text to suppose that the sheep were killed by the flashes of "ground lightning" from the earth, which often leap up to unite with the electricity from the clouds and kill sheep in our own pastures even now.

Job's distress must have been terrible. Seven thousand sheep, the most necessary of all domestic animals, killed at once! He had not time to recover from this shock when he heard of the loss of all his camels and their drivers, in consequence of an incursion of the Chaldeans.

Job was now deprived of flocks, herds, and servants. Still he was himself alive, and his wife also; his sons and their children were strong and healthy, and with their assistance he could, no doubt, in time replenish his store. At any rate, they were still a united family, and he could look forward to their devotion and affection to help him. But no; it was not to be. Even as the last bearer of ill news was telling the mournful tale another servant rushed in with the most terrible intelligence that a father could receive. He came and said—

"Behold thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking in their eldest brother's house, and there came a wind from the wilderness and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men and they are dead!"

Then the bereaved patriarch was completely crushed, yet, far from repining sinfully, or rushing about in anger and using wicked words, as many in his position would have done, Job kneeled down and worshipped God, saying, "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

What an example we have here of patience and submission when it pleases God to afflict or to try us! Picture to yourselves, my dear little friends, the very sad condition to which this poor man was now reduced! No home, no means of living, his sons and daughters

all dead, not a friend near him, nobody to advise him except his wife—and she only advised him to "Curse God and die!" Think what dreadful trouble had all at once come upon Job!

Now many of you children, I dare say, get very angry and cry if you break your dolls,

of the promises of God as you have. All he knew was that he had done his best, had been honest and good and true, had always trusted in God, and now God had, for no apparent reason, cut off everything, as he subsequently afflicted him with terrible boils all over his body. He had no doctor, no



JOB VISITED BY HIS FRIENDS.

or if your house of bricks falls down, or if your toys are lost, and no doubt it is very trying to your temper sometimes; but you must try to be patient under these little troubles, for what can happen to you in comparison to what happened to Job? Besides, you know that a most merciful and gracious Saviour is always pleading for you, and that you can go to Him in your troubles in prayer, and speak to God through Him. But Job had no intercessor. He had no idea

ointment, no one to attend on him then; there he lay, and when his friends came they only found fault with him.

Once or twice Job *did* complain to God, and "God answered him out of the whirlwind." Indeed it would have been almost impossible for human nature to sustain more than Job did and live. Yet Job lived on and believed in God still, and at last God saw fit to deliver him out of Satan's hands. God restored him to health; and friends came

about him again. His flocks and herds and servants were doubled in number, he had children sent him, and riches and comfort surrounded him to the close of his life. He died at the age of one hundred and forty years, beloved and respected.

Now besides the lesson of patience and trust in God which we gather from this story of Job's trials, there is yet another which we may all of us—young and old, rich and poor—learn from it, and that is that Satan cannot *make* us do wrong, or compel us to sin. He may tempt us sorely, he may trouble us till we feel inclined to despair and think that there is no good God to help us, he may be permitted to afflict us by illness, or "accident," so called, or we may lose our money, and he may tempt us to do dishonest actions to get more; still he cannot make us do wrong if we turn to God, and if we determine to go on in faith in God's promises through Jesus Christ. Job got his reward in this world, so may we be delivered from trouble and brought nearer to God, or we may carry our affliction to the grave. But whatever our "cross" be let us learn to bear it patiently, and whenever in our health and strength we feel inclined to murmur at a little disappointment let us think of Job, and endeavour to imitate him, that we may find strength to thank God, and submissively reply, "Thy will be done."



THE TRANSFIGURATION.—JESUS taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves; and he was transfigured before them, and his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow.—ST. MARK ix.



THE PRINTER'S BOY—A CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

A PRETTY THING.

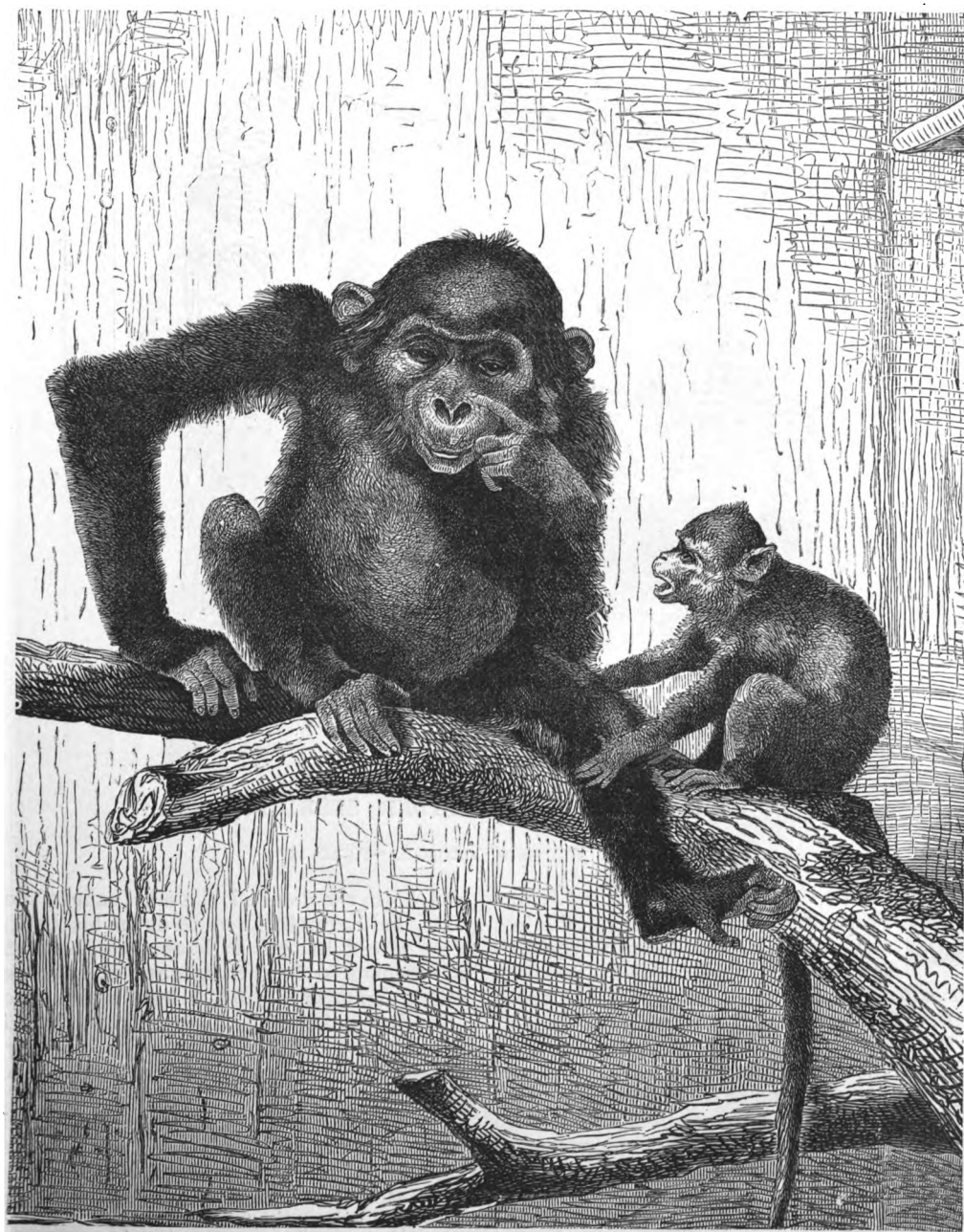
WHO am I that shine so bright,
With my pretty yellow light,
Peeping through your curtains grey?
Tell me, little child, I pray.

When the sun is gone I rise
In the very silent skies,
And a cloud or two doth skim
Round about my silver rim.

All the little stars do seem
Hidden by my brighter beam,
And among them I do ride,
Like a queen in all her pride.

Then the reaper goes along,
Singing forth a merry song,
While I light the shaking leaves
And the yellow harvest sheaves.

Little child, consider well
Who this simple tale doth tell,
And I think you'll guess it soon,
For I only am the Moon.



YOUTH AND EXPERIENCE.—OLD JOCKO AND YOUNG JOCKO.



SELKIRK ANNOYED BY THE RATS.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

THE REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.—PART II.

THE two vessels remained at Juan Fernandez for a fortnight to take in water and provisions, and to benefit some sick people on board. Selkirk was called in sport by them "the governor." He was of much use to them from his knowledge of the island. He astonished the sailors not a little by his wonderful strength and swiftness. Captain Rogers says "he caught the goats by speed of foot; for his way of living, and continual exercise of walking and running, made him so active that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods, and up the rocks and hills. We had a bulldog, which we sent with several of our nimblest runners to help him in catching goats, but he distanced and

tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back. Being forced to shift without shoes, his feet had become so hard that he ran everywhere without annoyance, and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for, not being used to any for so long, his feet swelled when he came first to use them again."

The two ships were called the Duke and Duchess. War was still going on between England and Spain, and these ships had been fitted out like Dampier's and Stradling's vessels, to act against the enemy. Selkirk, who was a very skilful sailor, was soon put forward into a position of trust. It is said

that "he proved himself, by his steadiness, decent manners, and religious turn of mind,

1709 that Selkirk was taken away from his solitary island. In 1711, after he had been



a most useful member of the corps commanded by Rogers, and was accordingly much valued by his superiors. It was in the year

away from his home for eight years, he once more landed in England. The ships had been very successful, and had taken many

prizes; and as Selkirk had been in a position of great trust, his share was a large one. He came back to Scotland with a little fortune of eight hundred pounds.

Great was the rejoicing of Selkirk's family when he suddenly appeared among them again after his long absence. It was on a Sunday morning that he returned to his old father's dwelling. All the family were at church, and thither Alexander Selkirk went. Several curious eyes were quickly fixed upon the sunburnt stranger in the handsome clothes; but it was his mother who first recognised the returned wanderer.

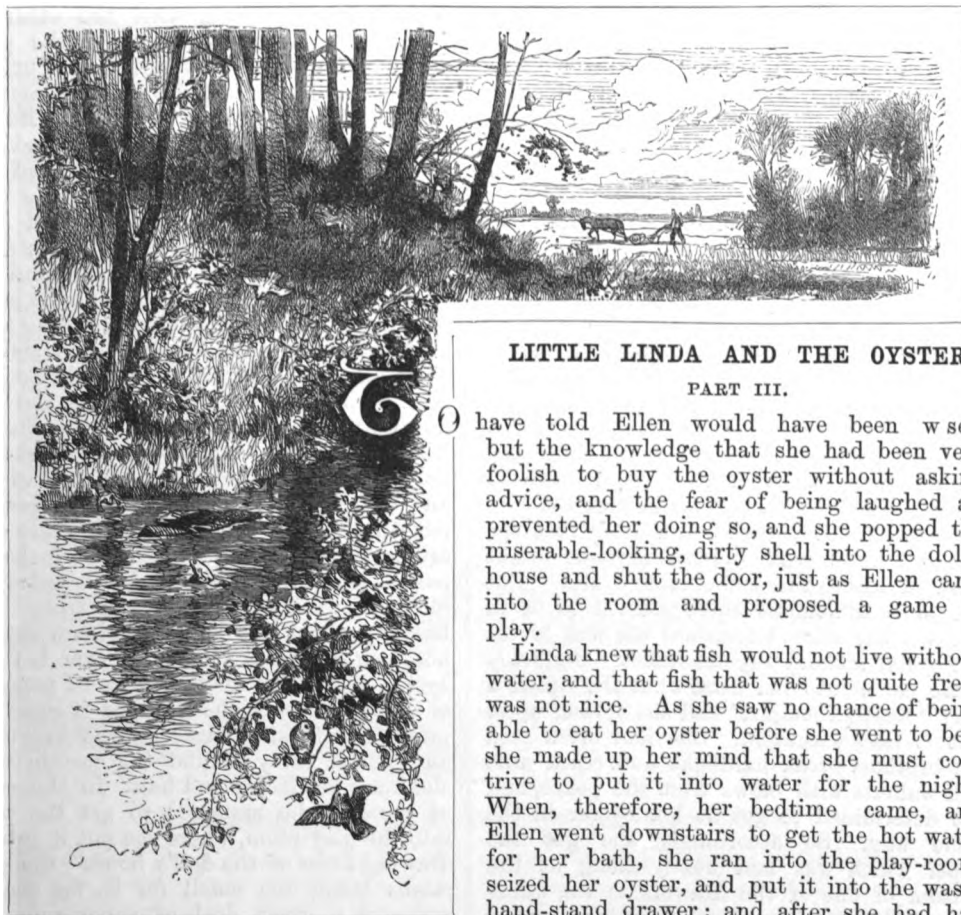
We are told that for a few days Selkirk was happy in the company of his parents and friends; but, from long habit, he soon felt averse to mixing in society, and was most happy when alone. For days his relations never saw his face from the dawn until late in the evening, when he returned to bed. It was his custom to go out in the morning, carrying with him provisions for the day; then would he wander and meditate alone through the secluded and solitary valley of Kell's Den. The romantic beauties of the place, and, above all, the stillness that reigned there, reminded him of his beloved island, which he never thought of but with regret for having left it. When evening forced him to return to the haunts of men he appeared to do so with reluctance, for he immediately retired to his room upstairs in his brother's house, where he resided. Here he was accustomed to amuse himself with two cats that belonged to his brother, which he taught, in imitation of a part of his occupations on his solitary island, to dance and perform many little feats. They were extremely fond of him, and used to watch his return. He often said to his friends, no doubt thinking of himself in his youth, that "were children as docile and obedient, parents would all be happy in them." But poor Selkirk himself was now far from being happy, for his relations often found him in tears. Attached to his father's house was a piece of ground, occupied as a garden, which rose in a considerable acclivity backwards; here, on the top of the eminence, soon after his arrival in Largo, he constructed a sort of cave, commanding an extensive and delightful view of the Forth and its shores. In fits of musing

meditation he was wont to sit here in bad weather and even at other times, and to bewail his ever having left his island. This recluse and unnatural propensity, as it appeared to them, was cause of great grief to his parents, who often remonstrated with him and endeavoured to raise his spirits. But their efforts were made in vain; and he sometimes broke out before them in a passion of grief, and exclaimed, "Oh my beloved island! I wish I had never left thee! I never before was the man I was on thee, I have not been such since I left thee, and I fear never can be again!" Having plenty of money, he purchased a boat for himself, and often, when the weather would permit, he made little excursions, but always alone; and day after day he spent in fishing in the beautiful Bay of Largo, or at Kingscraig Point, where he would loiter till evening among the romantic cliffs catching lobsters—his favourite amusement, as they reminded him of the crawfish of Juan Fernandez. The rock to which he moored his boat is still shown.

At length Selkirk became so weary of his life at Largo that he determined to leave Scotland altogether. He did so, and repaired to London, and again took to a seaman's life. His skill and seamanship again pointed him out for promotion. He made more voyages, and died as Lieutenant Selkirk, on board His Majesty's ship *Weymouth*, in the year 1723.

And here you have the true story of Robinson Crusoe; for it was on Selkirk's life that the great author Daniel Defoe founded the story that has been the delight of boys and girls for more than a century and a half.





LITTLE LINDA AND THE OYSTER.

PART III.

have told Ellen would have been wiser, but the knowledge that she had been very foolish to buy the oyster without asking advice, and the fear of being laughed at, prevented her doing so, and she popped the miserable-looking, dirty shell into the doll's house and shut the door, just as Ellen came into the room and proposed a game of play.

Linda knew that fish would not live without water, and that fish that was not quite fresh was not nice. As she saw no chance of being able to eat her oyster before she went to bed, she made up her mind that she must contrive to put it into water for the night. When, therefore, her bedtime came, and Ellen went downstairs to get the hot water for her bath, she ran into the play-room, seized her oyster, and put it into the wash-hand-stand drawer; and after she had had her bath, said her prayers, and the blinds had been drawn down, and Ellen had said good night and left her, she jumped out of her little bed (for it was still quite light), opened the drawer, and popped the ugly, dirty oyster into the little sponge basin, poured water on it, put the cover on the basin, and her sponge on the top as usual, and went to bed, where she soon fell asleep.

The next morning she awoke about six o'clock, as she usually did, and the first thing she thought of was that very expensive and troublesome oyster. She *must* open it and eat it before breakfast, or Ellen would certainly find it. She put on her dressing-

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. A famous Roman naturalist.
2. The poor queen whom Odo and Dunstan ill-treated so cruelly.
3. An Athenian general.
4. A French poet in the seventeenth century.
5. The tutor of Alexander the Great.
6. The first Duke of Normandy.
7. An Egyptian queen.
8. The surname of the man who first used an umbrella.

The initials will form the name of a celebrated Italian poet.

FLORENCE D. SMITH (aged 15).

gown and slippers, opened her door very softly, and stole into the play-room (which was just opposite hers), and carried from there to her own room the little cruets with the pepper and vinegar, a small plate, a tiny doll's spoon, and the screwdriver; and, sitting down on the floor, she had another twenty minutes' struggle to get the oyster open. The oyster's shell was of course very wet, and Linda had to hold it in a towel doubled twice to prevent her dressing-gown getting wetted by it, and the towel helped her to get a firm hold of the oyster; but this did not do her any good, for work as she would she made no impression on the shells, excepting to chip off bits of the edge every now and then. She sighed, and got very hot and then very impatient over her work, and when at last she heard Ellen and cook moving about in their room overhead she felt quite despairing, for in less than an hour she would be called, and after that she did not know what opportunity she might have of eating the unfortunate oyster. But the more difficulties there seemed to be in the way the more determined she was to eat the oyster without any assistance. Suddenly there came into her head what she called a very "happy thought," and she sprang up to put it into execution. She had often seen her brothers break hardbake and crack nuts and walnuts with blows from the poker, and she determined to get at her oyster in the same way. So accordingly she got the paper which was laid neatly along at the bottom of one of the drawers in the wardrobe, folded the oyster carefully in it, put it down on the hearthrug, and gave it a blow with the poker. But the blow, owing to Linda's eagerness, only came down on the edge of the paper, and she made a great effort to hit steadily next time.

"I'll do as the men did when they put down the paving-stones in the mews," said Linda to herself.

So she pushed back her hair, put her feet close up to the parcel of oyster and paper, took the poker with both her hands, and sent it down with all her force upon the oyster, as she thought, but it unfortunately turned out that it was upon the great toe of her left foot. Linda nearly screamed out, but checked herself in time, and jumped

about on one leg, holding her injured foot in her left hand, while with the other she supported herself by means of the poker, which did duty as a walking-stick, uttering faint groans and "Oh dears!" and crying a little, until the pain grew better. But she still determined to have her oyster, and when she had lamented enough over the red great toe she set to work again in the same manner, but keeping her feet well back. She bent well forward, held her poker firmly with both hands, took steady aim, and—the point of the poker came down in the middle of the parcel with a kind of squashy sound that somehow made Linda's heart sink, for she began to be afraid she had hit too hard. And so, indeed, she had! When she knelt down and opened the wrappings she had folded round her expensive treasure she saw only a very uninviting mass of bits of shell and oyster's flesh and scraps of paper, and felt that it was quite impossible she could attempt to eat anything that looked so nasty. She felt dreadfully disappointed and inclined to cry again, but hearing Ellen bustling about the house, she knew she had not time to lament very much over her poor oyster, so, getting another piece of paper out of another drawer, she wrapped it round the unpleasant-looking mass on the hearthrug, and put it away behind the curtain where she hung her jacket and hat. In the course of the day she managed to get the parcel into the play-room, where she put it into the drawing-room of the doll's house—the other rooms being too small for it, for she had wrapped a great deal of paper round the unlucky shilling'sworth, and had thus made the parcel very large—where it remained for two days, for Linda did not know how to get rid of it without being seen.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO A BASKET OF HIDDEN FRUIT.

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------|------------|
| 1. Prune. | 3. Fig. | 5. Damson. |
| 2. Nut. | 4. Peach. | 6. Quince. |
| 7. Pear. | 8. Melon. | |

MEYNELLA WOOD.



OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.—TILTING AT THE RING.

IN the old times, many hundred years ago, people knew much less than they know now. Many things that even children can now do easily were beyond the power of the cleverest men, and, except clergymen, there were very few who could read or write, or had any learning. Indeed, in those old days learned people were looked down upon rather than otherwise, and it was thought far more useful to be able to manage a horse well, and to fight ably with sword and lance, than to be able to read a book. Every one who was not born a slave (for in those days there were many slaves, and the peasants who tilled the ground were bondsmen, and might not quit the fields where they toiled without their master's leave), every one who was a freeman, aspired to be a soldier, and tried to make himself as expert

as possible in all warlike games and exercises. One of the most favourite games of those times was called tilting at the ring. The picture will show you how this tilting was performed. A ring was fixed at the end of a pole, or on a cross-piece some nine or ten feet above the ground. The esquires, or men-at-arms, who took part in the tilting, used to ride at full speed at this ring, and each tried to pass the point of his lance through the ring so as to carry it away, and all who failed to do this were laughed at by their more expert companions as clumsy fellows who did not know their exercise properly. Among our horse-soldiers at the present time there is a game that somewhat resembles tilting at the ring. It is called tent-pegging, and consists in pricking a peg out of the ground while riding by at full speed.

A COUPLE OF CHARADES.

I.



OLD Bluejacket now lives
at home at his ease;
He has passed half his
lifetime in scouring the
seas,
And a course of adventure and peril has
passed,
But he feels that old age
now is creeping on fast.
So to Margate he hies, for
where'er he may be
He thinks he must dwell
near his old friend the
sea,
Whose changeable face he
has studied so long
That without it he knows
he should be in the
wrong.

So he builds a snug house—a neat garden
around,
Which is graced by my *whole* in its loftiest
ground.
Each morn to his window old Bluejacket
goes
To observe on my *first* and see how the wind
blows,
For my *next* loudly warns him the night
watch is done,
And he sees in the east the first rays of the
sun.
“There’s no fowl of the air with my *next*
can compare
For piping up hands,” the old salt doth
declare.
Then he sallies out, eager my *first* to descry
By studying the clouds and the look of the
sky,
When, behold! in amazement he sees that
my *whole*
Is pointing due north, as if bound for the
Pole,
While the trees and the wind on his withered
old cheek
Would shout out “The wind’s in the *east*!”
could they speak.
So he holds out his kerchief (a piebald old rag

That once on a time represented a flag).
It indicates clearly that breeze from the
east
That’s alike detrimental to man and to
beast.
“Bless my heart!” says old B., “why, my
whole must be wrong,
Which is more than I’ve known it the last
winter long!”
Then by tedious proceeding he swarms up the
mast,
To discover with ire that my *whole* is fixed
fast!
Some mischievous urchin last night climbed
the pole,
And, to tease old Bluejacket, thus fettered my
whole.

II.

My *first* is a sweet little damsel,
Her mouth is a casket of pearls,
While the merry wind always is sporting
With her tangled gold network of curls;
Her eyes keep the tender reflection
Of the sky, whence she lately came down,
And her bud of a mouth has a sweetness
Of expression that’s purely her own.

She has very strong loves and dislikings,
She can shriek, and can stamp in a pet,
But repents with a kiss, and entreats you
With sweet eager lips to forget.
When she puts on my *second* I ponder
On the old fairy legend, and pray
(Half in earnest) no wolf may be lurking,
My darling to scare on her way.

’Tis the bright age of gold, that brief season
We possess when we enter my *whole*;
Skies are bluest and blossoms are sweetest,
And streams in pure merriment roll.
So enjoy it, my darling; my *second*
Ne’er sheltered a prettier *first*.
Years hence you’ll recall with sad pleasure
How fondly my *whole* was once nursed.



WHAT OUR DOG DANDIE SAYS.

DANDIE DANDIE is my name,
 And Scotland is my nation,
 And I have earned no little fame
 On account of my education.
 Botheration !

I've learnt to beg and to sit upright,
 I've learnt to deliver a letter ;
 But so much learning's a burden quite,
 And without it I'd feel much better.
 Oh, this letter !

HARRY THE DRUMMER, OR THE BOY SOLDIER.

A STORY OF TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

BY AGNES TREVOR DEANE.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.



THEY were really to march, then!

"Any news from the front?" he asked of the men who were serving out the cartridges.

"It is rumoured that Marmont is approaching, but I

have heard that Santa Cruz is taken, and San Francisco's Convent has been attacked—I cannot say if successfully. I hope so, for the enemy were very strong there, and caused us a great deal of trouble."

"At last!—at last!—at last we are to move!"

Harry could not help repeating it to himself again and again; the news seemed too good to be true.

Poor fellow! it was time some change should be made; the rheumatism in his arm caused him so much pain that he could hardly bear the weight of his rifle.

At that moment the boy thought of his father. He, too, might be suffering equally, for the soldier's life is often a hard one. Was he still alive? Would Harry ever see him again?

* * * *

A fog hung over the banks of the river.

Into that fog, in the darkness of the early morning, through the frost-covered grassy plain, there was that which looked like a huge serpent winding its course. Out of that fog, upon the opposite bank, came that which looked like a swarm of black flies.

How the twilight deceives us! It is the crossing of the Agueda by the last of the English forces.

As they came up in straggling parties after fording the river the men were mustered into position.

Wrapped up as they were in their heavy great-coats, the morning still felt damp and chilly, but no word of complaint was heard from any one of those many men. Orders were quietly given and promptly obeyed.

Before the hour for sunrise the passage had been completed, and the men were ready for the journey which was before them. There was no sunrise that day. The elements seemed to be working with Lord Wellington, throwing a veil of fog over the attack in which he desired that secrecy should play so prominent a part.

Harry had had a short rest, the last he was to be allowed for many hours. Presently the orders for the advance were given.

"Form columns of companies! Fours right! Left wheel! Forward! March!"

* * * *

In the evening, as Harry and the other men came up to take their places in the trenches, he noticed an old sergeant who, apparently tired of firing, had laid down his rifle and was coolly regaling himself with a pipe of tobacco.

"Smoking under difficulties," said Winter with a laugh.

"Rather, my lad; but when you have seen as much of this sort of life as I have you will be content to take your pleasures when you can get them," replied the sergeant as he turned a bronzed good-humoured face towards the new-comer. "But it is not half so bad, comrade, as you might think. For the last half-hour the French have been popping away at Mike Hennegan's boots."

"At what?"

"At Mike Hennegan's boots. Look there!"

And with a grim smile the old man pointed to a rifle which leant against the bank, the bayonet of which was thrust through the soles of an old pair of boots.

The boots just showed above the entrenchment, and to the French would present the appearance of a soldier's shako.

"That is just it," chimed in a musical voice with a rich brogue that at once proved the speaker to be a native of Ireland—"that is just it. The boots have been hurting my feet for the last ten days, and they would not keep out one drop of cold water—bad luck to them! Sure it's me that will shortly be after going into the town to get a new pair."

"I do not know so much about that," remarked the sergeant. "Did you hear what the Governor said when Lord Wellington summoned him to surrender?"

"No. What was it?"

"That the fortress had been entrusted to him by the Emperor, and that, if it were

Rodrigo, or the City of Roderick, from the count who restored it."

"What do you think Lord Wellington will do?"

"That, my lad, is difficult to say. Probably keep all quiet till the last moment, and then order a general assault."



MARCHING TO THE ASSAULT.

necessary, he and his soldiers must bury themselves in the ruins."

"A brave answer, and worthy of a soldier," said Harry thoughtfully. "What is the Governor's name?"

"Barrić. He is a gallant gentleman, although he has the misfortune to be a Frenchman."

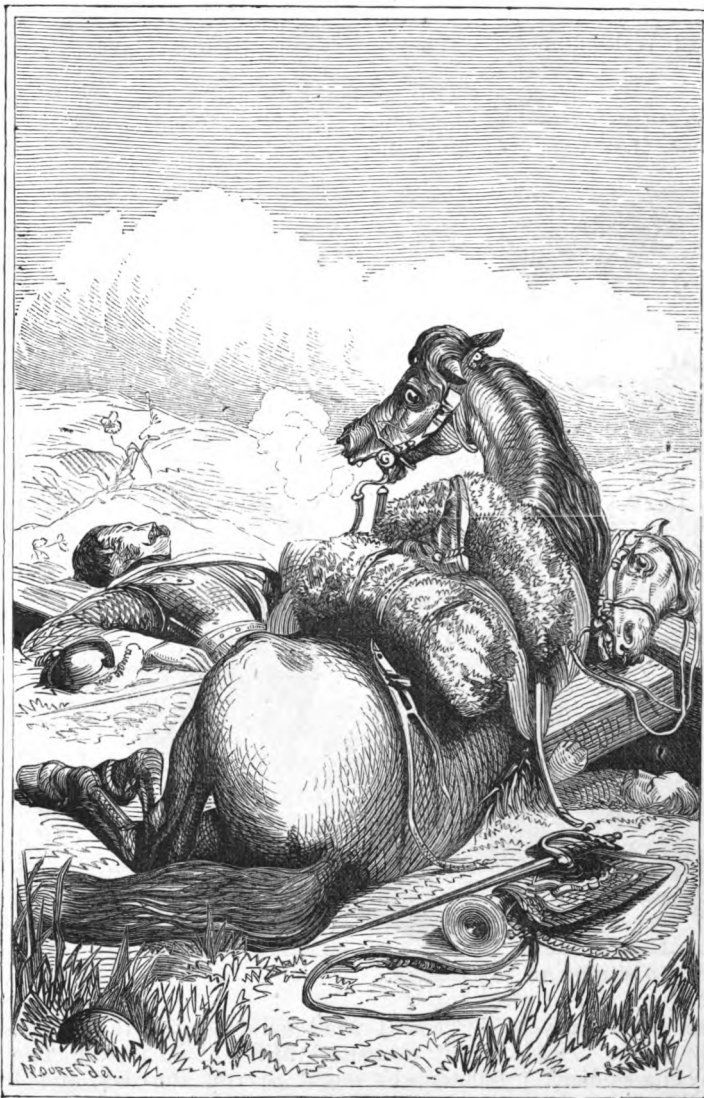
"I had no idea the town was so old as it looks," observed Harry.

"It was built, or rebuilt (for I believe there was a town there before), nearly eight hundred years ago. It is called Ciudad

"Then I shall volunteer for the forlorn hope," exclaimed Mike. "It is the free fellows who ought to run the risk, and I have not a relative who loves me in the whole wide world."

"Nor I," said Harry—"that is"—correcting himself—"my father was a soldier, and may possibly be living still, but I have not heard of him for years. I may as well join you, comrade, if I have the opportunity."

"H'm!" grumbled the old sergeant, "you will have had enough of fighting before your beard grows, my lad."



Harry said nothing, but his heart beat high with a burning wish to distinguish himself. What if he could really do something to merit the approbation of the great English commander? What if he could be one of the foremost in the breach? Ciudad Rodrigo had to be taken from the French; Harry was one of those to whom the task of taking it was entrusted. Surely that was

enough for him to remember!

On the 19th of January Major Sturgeon declared that the walls of the town had been sufficiently broken by the fire of the artillery to allow the English soldiers to force their way through.

"Ciudad Rodrigo must be stormed this evening," was the brief, stern sentence with which Lord Wellington terminated his orders for the assault.

That afternoon the men were busy preparing for the work they had before them. Rifles had to be looked to, the necessary supplies had to be distributed, and then all who could were glad to snatch a few hours of rest,

The evening was calm and tranquil, and immediately after sunset columns to attack were formed.

A ditch fourteen feet deep had to be crossed by the men before they could enter the breach which had been made in the walls of the town. To enable them to do this they carried with them sacks of hay, which they threw into the bottom of the ditch until it was sufficiently shallow to enable them to cross it.

Harry threw in the two sacks which he carried, and then jumped in after them. At that moment he heard a tremendous explosion, and was half blinded with smoke and falling sparks.

Scrambling over the uncertain foothold as best he could, he was among the foremost of the men to clamber up the opposite side.

When he reached the level ground he

found himself faced by what looked like the mouth of an enormous furnace.

The French had piled up great quantities of combustibles—gunpowder, shells, and other explosives; tar, barrels of oil—anything that could delay the advance of the English. It was fortunate for our hero that he had not crossed one moment sooner. When the explosion took place he was sheltered under cover of the high walls of the ditch. Many of his companions were killed on the spot, among others poor Mike. Had the French been less hasty, had they waited until the attacking party was close to the breach, the English dead would have been counted by hundreds.

Flames still barred the path, but mechanically Harry did as the others did, and fired at the retreating enemy the shot he had reserved in his rifle; then, lowering his bayonet to the charge, he dashed gallantly forward.

A hand to hand deadly struggle, shouts and cries ringing in his ears, the continuous rattle of musketry, were all he could afterwards remember of the confusion of that combat fought in the obscurity of the night, when it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe.

"Hallo, Winter!" exclaimed Captain Elton as they met face to face after the fight was over. "Not hurt? Thank Heaven for that!"

"And you, sir?" inquired Harry anxiously. "Your arm is bleeding."

"It is nothing, my boy—a mere scratch. Stay. Take this handkerchief; you may bind it up for me. Do look at those fellows!"

Several of the men belonging to the different regiments were swaggering about the streets carrying loaves of bread on the ends of their bayonets.

"It is lucky for us that a guard has been placed over the spirit-stores."

"Have you seen Lord Wellington, sir?"

"No, my boy; yours is the first familiar face I have met among the living. Poor Captain Hardyman is dead. General Mackinnon, too, my father's friend, has been killed by an explosion of powder."

"That must have been one of the explosions I heard," said Harry.

"Yes. The general had just called out to Ensign Beresford, 'Come, Beresford, you are

a fine lad; we will go together,' when at that moment both were blown into the air by a mine which exploded almost at their feet. Beresford does not appear to be seriously hurt, but the dear old general is dead. Wellington will be grieved to hear of it, for Mackinnon was every inch a soldier. Such, Harry, is the fortune of war. Are you not almost tired of it? I confess I am. Look at the misery around us. What is there in glory to compensate for all these horrors?"

"I wish the nations would give up fighting altogether," said Harry sadly. "Why cannot they settle their differences by arbitration?"

"Go to law about them, eh, Winter? That might do admirably; but then who is to be the judge?"



CHARADE.



*Y first is a fellow, my whole is oft so,
Yet through my second both surely
can go.*

*My first with my whole you can
anywhere meet,*

*While my second's obliged to run out of the
street.*

*Contain'd in the Army and Navy, the fate
Of my whole's to be linked to a bishop in state.
Now, reader, come guess, leave me not in
"the lurch,"*

*You're my first and my whole if you are in
the Church.*

*Put this aside, and then my second down
The volume will be, and you naught but a
clown.*



OUR LITTLE SUNBEAM.

BY E. CLIFFORD.

QNLY a lock of golden hair!—but what a host of memories rush upon me as it twines round my fingers! A long vista of years opens up, and far away there in the dim past a bright, gladsome figure starts up, sunny and glorious as the morning, full of exquisite grace and

beauty. Ah! those broken toys, and those worn shoes—what history do they tell to aching hearts and weeping eyes? Can I retrace the gloomy path that has seemed so weary since that heaven-sent sunbeam flashed across it and then vanished? Let me try.

Well do I remember our darling, with all her lovable little ways. I have called her "our little sunbeam" because she was the cheering presence everywhere, driving away sadness and care from older brows. Life opened up to her little wistful eyes with rosy tints, for she was blessed with the tenderest of mothers and the gentlest of fathers, and thus her prospects seemed the fairest that any little one could desire or hope for. How beautiful it was to watch the budding out of this little blossom into fullness of life as the years rolled on! Five, six summers had flown, and she grew every day in those qualities that make little ones creep into our hearts, and hold there through all trial and sorrow. Alas! we little recked what was stored for us in the future. She was the light of our eyes, the sweet brightness of every dull bit that was woven in the loom of our lives. Was there a trouble that sat heavy on any brow? Her fairy touch and the music of her voice chased it away. Was there a social festival to be kept? Her tender little presence gave it a holy joy, and seemed like the guardian presence of an angel. And yet our sunbeam was not by any means without her little tempers, nor did she fail to show them very strongly at times. But judicious, careful training and gentle admonitions brought out her better qualities, and if she did wrong, or was unkind or disobedient, our darling was not slow to "wish to be forgiven." Early had she learnt to whisper her little prayer to the Almighty Father at evening, and with touching simplicity did she often tell us that Jesus heard her prayers "away there amongst the stars."

It was a true joy to us all to see how fond this little creature was of dumb animals. Every living thing seemed to have some claim upon her, and her home pets were very numerous. Never shall I forget how attached she became to a lame sparrow that happened to have been hurt, and was brought in to save its life. Unceasing was her care for this little feathered outcast, and I believe it was more precious to her by reason of its ailment than any other bird would have been from its beauty or song. Many other traits of our little sunbeam come back to me now, as I hold the little lock and ponder away on the

past—traits that have the sweet fragrance and welcome of early spring. Sweet touches of innocence and purity come back as I picture the fairy form, the light footstep, the laugh of music, and the gambolling of her we shall see no more on earth!

But why do I linger thus? Is there not a sequel to the memories I have awakened? Yes, reader, there is; and when I think how pure and unstained was this bright spirit God lent us awhile I bless Him that it all ended as it did. Let me not speak much of the sudden cloud that arose and swept away our little treasure, for God's will be done—and it was far better. Let me not dwell on the passionate weeping, the tortured parents, or the rebellious hearts that could hardly believe and trust the goodness of the Being who quenched the sunbeam of their lives. Though it be with a choking voice, again I say it was far better. Yes, better that this little lock and those childish relics should call up to us now an image undefiled than that we should have lived to weep tears of agony over her fall into the downward path—that broad road with so terrible an ending!

But, you will say, why might not so sweet a child have lived to be a blessing and an honour to all who loved her so dearly? Truly, reader, she might, and God alone knows what the future might have held for her. But we have now a glorious certainty in the place of a dim uncertainty, and to those who are left behind that angel form is a link which binds our souls to the Unseen, and a constant softener of all that might else be harsh and worldly. Shall we, then, languish for the ray of light that sped away so rapidly? No; let us rather think of it as adding another beauty to that home of the blessed in whose choir she is now a sweet spirit. Lay back the golden tress, gently replace our darling's relics; she is not dead, but gone before, and in good time we shall see her slight figure again. Meantime let us treasure her memory, and strengthen the chain 'twixt this world and that, so that the light of the celestial city may reveal her to us when we have trod the weary life-path over and are nearing its gates. Our little sunbeam has a safe Guardian; we may be at rest. No sorrow or sadness can light on her now—"of such is the kingdom of heaven."



THE OLD BEGGAR MAN.

I SEE an old man sitting there,
His withered limbs are almost bare,
And very hoary is his hair.

Old man, why are you sitting so?
For very cold the wind doth blow.
Why don't you to your cottage go?

Ah! master, in the world so wide
I have no home wherein to hide,
No comfortable fireside.

When I, like you, was young and gay,
I'll tell you what I used to say—
That I would nothing do but play.

And so, instead of being taught
Some useful business, as I ought,
To play about was all I sought.

And now that I am old and grey
I wander on my lonely way,
And beg my bread from day to day.

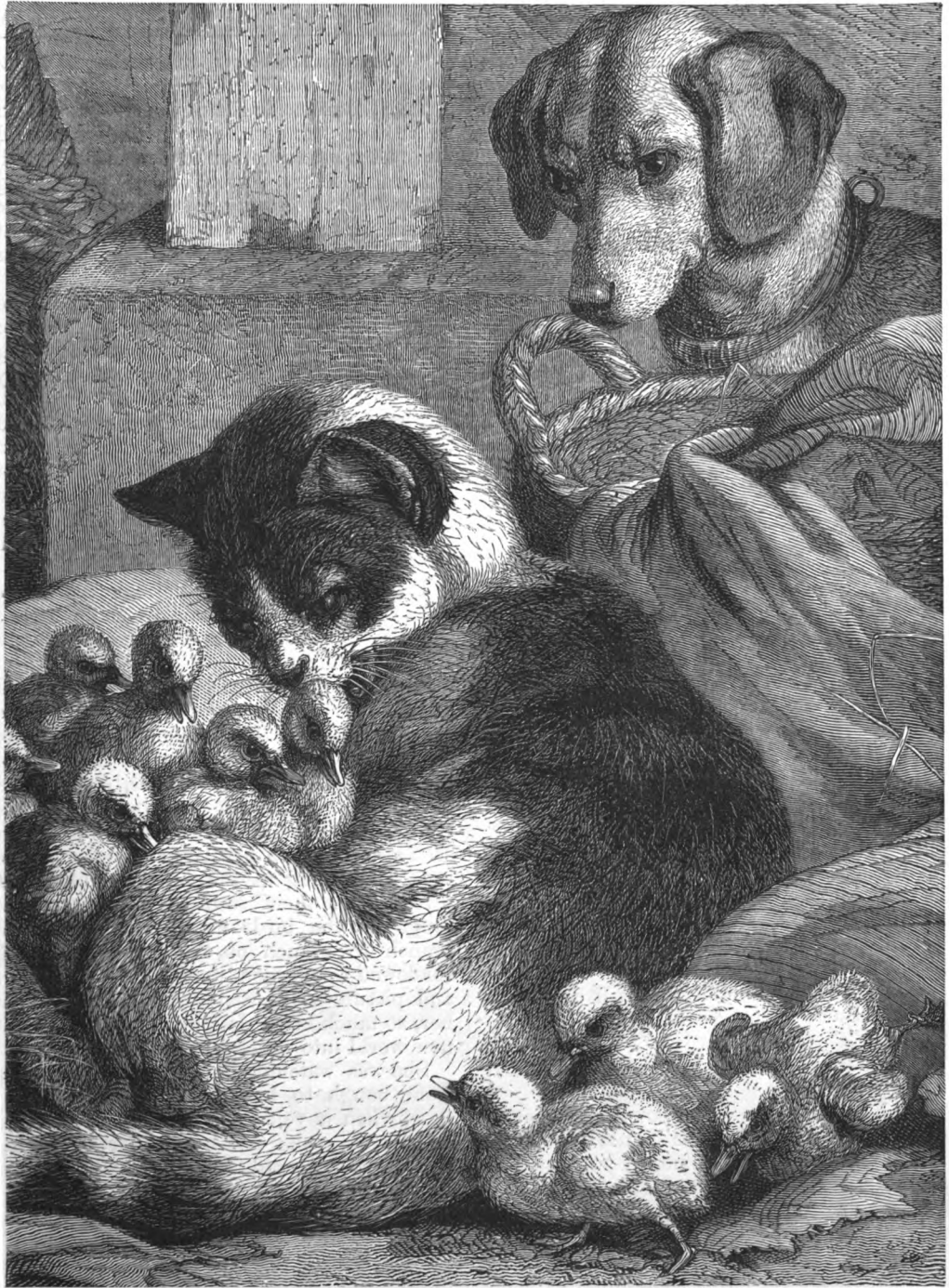
But oft I shake my hoary head,
And many a bitter tear I shed,
To think the useless life I've led.

A STRANGE CAT FAMILY.



WILL tell you a very curious story about a puss, and it is not a make-believe story, but a true one, giving an account of something that really happened. This is it:—Not very long ago, in a farmhouse in Germany, a

cat had six kittens, and as the farmer's wife thought there were cats enough about the place already, five of the little blind things were drowned, and only the sixth was left alive. Poor puss was in great distress, wandering about the house and farmyard and looking for her kittens. Now there was a brood of little tiny ducklings, just out of the shell, who ran about the farmyard crying "Cheep, cheep, cheep!" and looking for their mother—a poor duck who had been run over by accident and killed. Now when puss saw these little motherless ducklings she took a great fancy to them. She took them up gently in her mouth and put them into the basket where she had nursed her poor little kittens. The ducklings seemed quite to take to their strange nurse, and huddled round about her for warmth. When they ran out, as they sometimes did, towards the pond, puss went with them, and would stand on the bank, looking rather anxious, while they swam about and enjoyed themselves; but when she mewed to them they would come at her call, and though they roamed about during the day they always came back to the basket to sleep at night. So you see what kindness and affection are to be found even in a poor dumb animal—how even a cat likes to have something that she can love and that will love her; and when you think of this I am sure it will make you more loving towards your brothers and sisters and friends and companions.



PUSSY AND HER ADOPTED CHILDREN.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

OR

STORIES OF CHILDREN'S TROUBLES AND
CHILDREN'S JOYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."

VI.—POOR PEGGY, OR EARLY TRIALS.

PART II.



THIS hospital had been, under God's blessing, the means of doing much good. Many a poor man, whose heart had ached at seeing his child fading away in his

poor squalid home, had been made glad by having the little sufferer received into this haven of rest, where the children were loved and watched with tender care.

Obediently Peggy lay back on her pillow, and though the tears still fell—tears of dread and sorrow at the thought of going back to the mother whom she feared, and the dirty cupboard where she had slept—the soft, humming voice of the nurse soothed her at last, and she fell into a sweet refreshing sleep.

When the doctor went his usual round he found her thus sleeping.

"She is better—much; she will do now, I think. But she has been crying. Was she in pain?"

Then the nurse told him what she had said.

"Ah! poor little girl, like a good many of them, they find happier homes here than in the places they *call* home. I suppose it is the old story—the woman drinks?"

"She looked like it, I must confess, sir," said the nurse. "Her tears over the child seemed——"

"To be the effects of something stronger than emotion, eh?" interrupted the doctor.

"I am afraid so, sir, and the poor child, you see, speaks of her ill-usage."

"Ah! it is too frightful to think of the sin which even changes the mother's nature, and makes her brutal to her own flesh and blood. Go on as before, Sister; we can't be doing better." And bowing courteously to her, he passed through the ward, smiling kindly at the little inmates of the beds, to visit his other patients.

Many kind ladies were interested in the hospital, and came continually to see the little invalids. Amongst them was a young fair girl, very handsome, but with a strangely sad expression on her face, who very much attracted Peggy's attention. She was kind and gentle in her speech when she did speak, which was seldom, but she never laughed or smiled. She brought toys and fruits and pictures always for the children, and presented them gravely and sadly, though with great tenderness and compassion.

Peggy was daily gaining strength, and was able to sit up in a little low chair, with a small table beside her, and other convalescent children came to play with and talk to her; and one day the doctor desired that Sister Alice (that was her nurse's name) should take her out in the garden. Peggy never forgot that garden. Years after the scent of the sweet flowers—white lilies, stocks, and mignonette—recalled it to her memory. She who in her wretched life had never before seen a flower, with her large wondering sad eyes, sat gazing at the beautiful blossoms, revelling in their scent, rejoicing in the songs of the birds as they hopped from branch to branch of the big trees which shadowed the garden, unmindful of the toys and picture-books Sister Alice had brought her, so much more delightful to her was this new world into which she had entered.

She was watching a little linnet hopping from bough to bough, uttering its pretty note, when a voice behind her startled her, and, turning, she saw beside her the young lady with the sad face she had so often noticed.

"Are you happy, little girl, out here?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, lady, I never seed such things afore," said Peggy. "There wasn't no flowers nor no birds in our street."

"Poor child! no; but you have a kind mother perhaps, and that would make any home bright."

"No, that I haint neither," said poor little Peggy, beginning to cry. "She serves me shameful, and knocks me about, and won't give me nothing to eat. Why, Draper's was better than home—and yet Sister says I must go o' Monday!" And the tears broke forth afresh.

"Well, do not cry, child, because that will make you feel ill again."

"I'd rather be ill and stay here."

"Oh! you must not say that, Peggy. Health is such a great blessing that we must always be so thankful for it; little happiness can be enjoyed in this world without it. But be a brave, wise little girl, and try to remember that God will take care of you wherever you are, and where He orders you to be is best and wisest."

Peggy looked up wonderingly into the sad face bending down to her as she said the last words, for they were strange words to her. She had heard that Name, it is true, but it conveyed no meaning of care and love to her, so she answered with a little vague—"Eh?"



"You say your prayers, don't you?" asked the lady.

"They reads 'em out of a book here—leastways they calls them prayers," replied Peggy.

"But you, child—yourself—do you not say 'Our Father?'"

"Yes, that's some of the words what they says," answered the child.

The young lady covered her face for a second with her white jewelled fingers, and moaned, "Oh, this is too much for me!" And then, turning to Peggy, who had resumed her contemplation of the birds and flowers, she said—

"My poor little girl! I am so sorry for you! You must be taught better. Good-bye. I shall come again before you leave." And she moved gently away, going in search of Sister Alice before she left the hospital, with whom she talked long and earnestly.

In a very elegant room, which opened into a conservatory filled with beautiful flowers, a young lady that same evening sat talking to a singularly intelligent elderly man in the garb of a clergyman.

We have seen her before. She is the lady who had shown such an interest in Peggy.

"My dear Eleanor, it is quite natural that you should be distressed at this," said the clergyman, "but unhappily this lamentable ignorance in the midst of this large town, and in this civilised country, is nothing new to us, and instead of wondering why there is so much sin and crime, we need only wonder why there is not more. Poor children! Amongst the wretched, half-clothed, ill-fed little beings who run about our streets, there are few who hear God's holy name, save in jest or anger. Brought up in the midst of vice, ignorance, and impiety, what wonder our gaols are full, our convict-ships heavily laden? Still, my child, to save one brand from the burning is a great work, and if you can take this poor child in whom you are so interested, and bring her up, you have my consent most assuredly."

"Thanks, dear uncle. My own sad and unloved childhood excites in me such pity for those who can by experience sympathise with me."

"Yes, yes, poor girl! but you will use *your* trial as He who sent it intends we should all use those we have to bear—by giving help and sympathy to others."

"And I have done so little, uncle, for myself or others. Teach me—help me," said the girl.

"Willingly, my dear Eleanor, help you, but your own heart is teaching you. To-morrow," he said, rising, "I will seek this woman, and persuade her to let poor little Peggy come to you. And," he continued, drawing her to him and kissing her fondly, "the trials which God has sent you you can bless Him for, for they have led you to Him to do His work. Motherless, fatherless, you turn to Him, and, expending the wealth He has given you for His poor, you will be happy in spite of all. Good-bye. I will come to you to-morrow after I have seen about your little protégée."

A smile—a bright smile—broke over Eleanor's face as her uncle left the room. At last she felt there was something worth living for, and, going at once to her maid to bid her make preparations for Peggy's arrival on the morrow, she busied herself in seeing them carried out, and so passed the evening, awaking the following morning with a light, bright feeling at her heart she could scarcely ever remember before.

Eleanor Leslie's father had died when she was very young, leaving a very handsome property entirely to his wife, and under her control. She was an indolent, self-indulgent, passionate woman, and so the life of the one little girl she owned was a very sad one. Scolded incessantly, permitted never to mix with other children, or laugh loud, or jump, or run, her strained, unnatural life told on her health and spirits. Love, tenderness, and sympathy were never exercised in her home, and would have never blossomed in her young heart to live, but that nature had mercifully endowed her with a capacity for loving, so that when the mother was taken from her, leaving her to the guardianship of her uncle, Eleanor soon learned to love him, and to respect him as well, and to benefit by his good counsel. He it was who suggested her visits to the Child's Hospital, to rouse her from an inertness and sadness which were so unnatural to her age. He wished her to see other phases of life, and to find how much trouble there was which she might alleviate. But he gave her no orders or advice, nor did he let her know exactly his object; he merely

said it was an interesting sight, and would be an object for a walk or drive.

His expectations were therefore more than fulfilled by Eleanor's interest in this child.

How Peggy came with eager joy and lived in the grand house, clothed in new clothing by her kind friend—how at her knees she night and morning learned to praise and bless God for giving her this new and happy life—can perhaps be imagined by our readers; and what a pleasure, greater than she had ever known, it was to Eleanor to see the rapid improvement of her little charge! After a year or two Miss Leslie married, and Peggy went with her and became under-nurse to the little ones as they arrived, and finally reached the dignity of upper-nurse.

Oftentimes she told the story of the little girl of eight years old who dragged about the heavy baby and snatched him from under the cab-wheels at peril of her own life. She never said it was herself, only a little girl she knew, but its moral was to teach early usefulness and content with a brighter and better life than *she* had ever known; and it had its effect on her little hearers, who tried hard to be good, and useful, and to be grateful for

their own bright lives, often reminding one another of "nurse's little friend."





THE FIDDLING CAT.

The Fiddling Cat.



Marching time.

And ending time.

A cat came a fid - dling out of a barn, A

mf *f*

This musical score is for the song 'A Cat Came A-fiddling Out of a Barn'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand part with a treble clef and a left-hand part with a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f* (forte).

cat came a fid-dling out of a barn, She had a pair of bagpipes she

bore beneath her arm, She had a pair of bagpipes she bore beneath her arm, And

THE FIDDLELING CAT.

she did play a fiddle diddle dee, The mouse hath wedded the

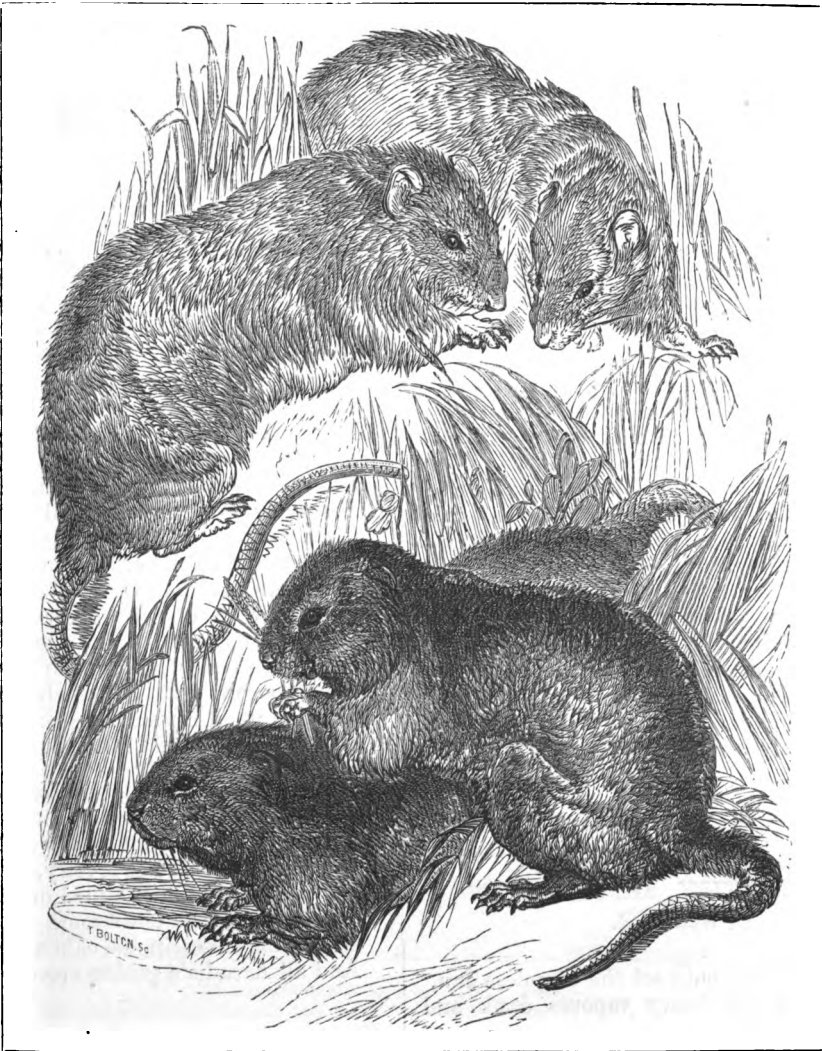
The first system of the musical score for 'The Fiddleling Cat'. It features a vocal line on a single treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase for 'she did play a fiddle diddle dee', followed by 'The mouse hath wedded the'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

hum-ble bum-ble bee; The cat she could sing nothing but a

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'hum-ble bum-ble bee;' and 'The cat she could sing nothing but a'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns, including some triplet-like figures in the bass line.

fiddle diddle diddle dee, The mouse he has married the humble bumble bee.

The third and final system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with 'fiddle diddle diddle dee, The mouse he has married the humble bumble bee.' The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a descending line in the left hand.



STORIES ABOUT RATS.

THE rat is eaten with much relish by the Chinese, and there is a very large kind in the East Indies to which the Hindoos are very partial. These are so large that they have been known to weigh upwards of three pounds.

The following are instances of the sagacity of the rat :—

During a dreadful storm, when the river

Tyne had flooded the country all around, a number of people were assembled, watching the huge masses of hay swept along in its rapid course. At length a swan hove in sight, struggling sometimes for land, and at others sailing in its stately manner along with the torrent. As it drew near a black spot was observed in its snowy plumage, which the spectators were astonished to find was a living

U

rat ; and it is probable that it had been borne from its dwelling in some hayrick, and, seeing the swan, had hastened to it for a refuge. On the bird arriving on land the rat leaped off its back and scampered away, but a man killed it with a blow of his staff.

A gentleman was in the habit of placing the food for his dogs in a long trough, as they were fed in the kennels. One day, after feeding them, he looked into a kennel through a hole in the door, and was somewhat astonished to see a number of rats in the trough quietly and fearlessly partaking of bread and milk with the dogs, who seemed to pay no attention to them. The rats were at once doomed to destruction ; so the next day the trough was placed in such a position that a gun pointed through the hole would rake it from one end to the other. At the usual hour the food was placed, the dogs being kept out. The rats, however, would not take the bait. The heads of several sagacious old ones were seen peering out from their holes, as if "they smelled a rat ;" they had their suspicions, and would not leave their retreats.

Having waited for half an hour, the dogs were let in, and in a few minutes dogs and rats were feeding peacefully together. The little creatures seemed to be aware that they were safe only when the dogs were present.

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD IN WINTER.



WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and
dun ;

When the tired ploughman, dry and
warm,

Hears, half asleep, the rising storm,
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane ;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal, and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes in vain
The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;
Till dark above, and white below,

Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid.
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempests blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale ;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain :
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail ;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy face, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirk's loud revelry,
His native hill notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye ;
His crook, his scrip, his oaken reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed ?





THE DEDICATION OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

"FEED MY LAMBS," OR THE YOUNG OF THE FLOCK.

TEACHINGS FOR CHILDREN FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE.

VII.—SOLOMON.

WE do not know very much concerning the early life of Solomon—"The Peaceful One"—the greatest king of Israel (after David) that ever lived. To this day, as we know, the term "a Solomon" is applied to people who are wiser than ordinary, and if we refer to the first chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles

we find how Solomon became possessed of his almost superhuman wisdom. He asked God to bless him with "wisdom and knowledge," and wisdom and knowledge was graciously granted to him by God.

But Solomon in all his glory did not pray to God for holiness of life, and from the Bible we perceive how that, notwithstanding

all his worldly wisdom, he fell into sin and great folly, and found out that "all is vanity." But there is no doubt that the reign of Solomon was the most peaceful, glorious, and prosperous period of the Jewish history.

Solomon, the son of David, was brought up by Nathan the prophet, and when Absalom rebelled against his father the young man accompanied David. He was subsequently crowned when he seems to have been only about fifteen years old. He reigned forty years, so he was not sixty when he died.

One of the first acts of Solomon was his "judgment" about the two poor women and the child, which, perhaps, most of my little readers may remember. Although the story is so well known we may repeat it here.

There were two women, and each one had a little baby at the same time; but one mother did not take care of the little child God had sent her, and it died. The careless mother who had lost her child did not like the other woman to have a pretty baby to nurse when she herself had none, so she took away the live baby and gave the dead child to the other woman. But of course the poor mother did not like to have her baby taken from her, so she went up to the king's palace and asked him what she was to do.

Then the king asked the careless mother what she had to say, and she said that the live baby was her own child, and the dead baby belonged to the woman who had complained. So all the king's attendants were puzzled, and no one knew what to say. Then King Solomon said, "Bring a sword and cut the living child in half, and give one half to one woman and the other half to the other."

Now perhaps we shall think, as no doubt the king's attendants thought, that this was a very curious way to decide such a very hard question. But the result showed how wise Solomon was. As soon as the pretending mother heard what the king said she was quite contented, for as the baby was not really hers she did not care. But the real mother begged so hard that the child might not be killed, saying that she would rather give it away to the other woman than see it hurt, that the king at once said she should have the child, for she loved it.

Now was not that a very wise and kind judgment of Solomon?

But the most important act of Solomon's life was the building of the temple. Until David came to the throne of Israel the tabernacle was the central place of worship, but, according to the instructions of David, Solomon set about building the temple on Mount Moriah. This was the place where Abraham had been directed to offer up Isaac, and where David had erected the altar on the ground he had bought from Araunah the Jebusite.

The temple occupied seven years in building, but everything had been prepared beforehand. We are told that no sound of hammers or saws was heard all the time the temple was being constructed. It is thought that part of the inclosing walls of this temple still remain. (This was not the same temple which was in existence when our Lord Jesus Christ was on earth, for that was built by Herod.) Solomon also built a magnificent palace for himself close by.

His reign was particularly remarkable for the treaties and friendships he made with other nations, and the means he took to make his kingdom and people wealthy and powerful by foreign alliances. And yet these very things proved to be the cause of his backsliding and sin. Here was the grandest and the wisest king that ever sat upon a throne, with everything he could possibly want, yet with all his wisdom he wanted purity of mind and morals—in fact, holiness, without which his gold was as dross, and he himself was lost.

He married heathen wives, and thus he broke down the barrier and turned away from God, and he began to worship idols to please his wives, close to that very beautiful temple which he had erected to the glory of God, who had done so much for him.

What was the consequence? Just what every thinking and right-minded child will expect to hear. He was punished. Yes, and he punished his son too. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and Solomon was no exception to the law. The prophet Ahijah came to Solomon and told him that ten tribes of his people should be ruled by Jeroboam, and Solomon's son should only have the remainder. The people became discontented, and disturbances arose. Then Solomon's health declined. He got worse and worse, and before he had nearly reached

the "threescore years and ten" which he might reasonably have supposed he would attain, he died (ere he was sixty years old), and his once prosperous kingdom was divided into two.

The lessons we may draw from this sketch

character. He knew what he ought to do, but, alas! like many of us, he was not strong enough to do it. He was particularly favoured by God—was in actual communication with God in visions and revelations—and yet, knowing this, seeing this, feeling this, he



THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

of the life of Solomon are many, but we will confine our remarks to the most obvious, and those best adapted to our young readers, who, we hope, will try to remember them.

In King Solomon we have a monarch specially endowed by God with great wisdom, and yet, notwithstanding it all, he loses God's favour. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Solomon had two very opposite sides to his

went after other gods "made with hands." Even towards our own parents (to compare small things with great) do not we at times behave like Solomon? Our kind fathers and mothers do all they can for us—clothe us, feed us, give us all the pleasure they can—and yet we children frequently disobey them, and do things which, if we would only think a moment, we should know they would disapprove, and so on. Even if our parents

do not find us out God will, and will punish us unless we repent and ask Him for pardon. Solomon was perhaps induced by the Holy Spirit to confess his sins, for he writes in the Proverbs, ch. xxvii., v. 13, "Whoso confesseth *and forsaketh* his sins shall have mercy." We see by his example how, as long as he served the Lord, he prospered, but as soon as he fell away from God he fell away also in earthly prosperity. But we must not argue that to prosper in this world we must serve God. We must not go to God with only that idea in our heads, for if we do we shall sin. In that case we should only be *pretending* to love God, for our own advantage, and He knows our hearts, so we should bring upon us the severest punishment. We know how that our Saviour spoke of the lilies of the field as being more wonderfully arrayed even than "Solomon in all his glory," and in that very reference there is a promise that if we trust in God we shall be protected by His mighty power. Though we may not be very rich in worldly wisdom, nor yet very wealthy in this world, still, if we do not turn away after strange gods of silver and gold, earthly fame or glory, and thus forget God and His promises, we shall enter into rest. In the Book of Kings we read that the word of the Lord came unto Solomon—"Concerning this house thou art building. If thou wilt walk in my statutes, and execute my judgments, and keep all my commandments, to walk in them, *then* I will perform my word with thee which I spake unto David thy father." "So Solomon built the house and finished it," thereby accepting the conditions; but he broke the contract. If people promise to do anything they should *do their best* to carry out their promise. Solomon, unfortunately, did not try hard enough when he had got all he could enjoy. He forgot God, but God was obliged to be true and strict, and trouble came upon the king. God "rent his kingdom from him" and gave it "to his servant," and that servant was Jeroboam, "who made Israel to sin!" So we see by Solomon's sin how he made a whole people to transgress. Let us be very careful to set a good example, for we know not whom we may entice to evil, and where the evil may stop.

Let us, therefore, "fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."



THE FISH AND THE FLY.

"**F**EAR mother," said a little fish,
 "Pray is not that a fly?
 I'm very hungry, and I wish
 You'd let me go and try."

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
 And started from her nook,
 "That horrid fly is put to hide
 The sharpness of the hook."

Now, as I've heard, this little trout
 Was young and foolish too,
 And so he thought he'd venture out
 To see if it were true.

And round about the hook he played
 With many a longing look,
 And—"Dear me!" to himself he said,
 "I'm sure that's not a *hook*."

"I can but give one little pluck—
 Let's see, and so I will."
 So on he went, and, lo! it stuck
 Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,
 With hollow voice he cried,
 "Dear mother, had I minded you,
 I need not now have died."



MR., MRS., AND MASTER GORILLA AND THEIR ARTIST FRIENDS.

HOW MR. AND MRS. GORILLA WERE PAINTED;

AND HOW THEY LIKED IT.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla and child
Dwelt in the forest thick, leafy, and wild.

She was his "wifey" and he was her "hub,"
She had a palm-branch and he had a club.



THE PORTRAIT IS EXHIBITED WHEN FINISHED.

Travellers two came one day marching down,
Artists in colours—Jim Green and Jack
Brown.

“Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla and son,
Say will you have now your portraits begun?”

“We have been travelling here from afar
To see what fine first-rate gorillas you are.

“Put down your club, there’s no reason to
strike;
I’ll paint your portrait, sir—warranted like.”

Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla and child
Looked at the artists and chuckled and
smiled.

“Well, you may try if you please, sir,” they
said.

“If it’s not like, then look out for your head.”

“Stop!” said Jim Green. “Tell me ere I
begin—

What will you pay me? I look for my *tin*.”

“Stay!” said Jack Brown—and he tried not
to laugh—

“Tell me now, shall it be full length or half?”

“Just get to work,” said Gorilla and Co.,
“Else you shall soon lie full length, you must
know.”

Down to his easel sat gallant Jack Brown,
Down sat Jim Green, and Gorillas sat down.

“Just keep your countenance—pray, sir, don’t
move.

Oh, what a gem, sir, this portrait will prove!”

“Master Gorilla, sit still,” now said Jack.

“How can I paint you if you turn your
back?”

“Mrs. Gorilla, keep still for awhile;
I should be sorry to lose that fair smile.

“Now come and look, friends; the portrait
is done.

There, don’t you think it’s a masterly one?”



THE ARTISTS ARE TO BE PAID FOR THEIR TROUBLE.

"What!" cried Gorilla—"what's this, sir, I see?"

You mean to tell me that *fright's* meant for me?

"Quick, Dame Gorilla—don't let him escape! Why, he has made me look just like an ape!"

"Now let us beat them and bang them with speed.

What, do they call that a portrait indeed!"

Therefore these artists, as fast as they could, Made their escape to the depths of the wood.

HOW LITTLE WALTER WAS LOST.



LITTLE
Walter
was al-
most

always a good boy. If his mother told him to do anything, he did it at once, and did not make her tell him the same thing two or three times over. When his nurse came to fetch him to bed at night he did not cry and pout, but said "Good-night," and went upstairs directly. If they told him not to touch anything he took his hands away from it; and I never heard him

answer any one rudely. But though little Walter did all this, he would sometimes forget what was told him. And it was through this he came to be lost in the wood. How should you like to lose your way in the wood, as little Walter did? Not at all, I am sure. I will tell you how it happened.

One fine day in summer little Walter's mamma said to him, "Walter, I am going out, and shall not be home until tea-time. You may play in the garden with your hoop, or your ball, or any of your playthings. But do not go out of the garden, and if nurse calls you, come to her at once; and especially you must not play with the goose-boy on the common, for he is rude and mischievous." Then Walter's mamma kissed her little boy, and went out.

Walter was very glad to have all the afternoon for play. He ran out into the garden, and amused himself for more than an hour

by bowling his hoop along the gravel walks. Then he watched the bees flying from flower to flower, and going back to the hives laden with sweets; and the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang, and the flowers smelt sweet, and little Walter felt very happy.

But, as little Walter sat looking at the flowers, a painted butterfly came into the garden. It was of a beautiful yellow colour, and flew gaily from flower to flower. Little Walter was not content with watching it at a distance, but wanted to catch it. This was wrong, for he could not catch the butterfly without hurting it very much. But Walter never thought of that. He only wished to have the bright insect for his own; and seizing his cap he ran after it as fast as he could.

The butterfly was not to be caught easily. Two or three times, when it had settled on a flower, and Walter made sure of it, it flew away just as he came up, and at length it passed over the hedge at the end of the garden, flew across the high road, and entered a shady wood which lay on the other side. Walter was so eager for the butterfly that he forgot what his mamma had told him. He climbed over the garden gate, and followed the butterfly into the wood as fast as his legs would carry him.

At last Walter managed to knock the butterfly down with his hat. But in doing so he crushed the poor insect, and he felt very sorry when he saw it lying dead on the ground. Now that the butterfly was gone Walter began to think of getting home again. But this was not an easy matter. The foolish little boy had not thought of the way he was taking when he ran after the butterfly. And now he was in the wood all alone, tired and lost. There were trees before him, trees behind, and trees on each side of him. Oh, how sorry little Walter was that he had not thought of what his mamma told him! Night now came on, and poor, tired, hungry Walter sat down at the foot of a large tree, and cried as if his heart would break. How he wished he was once more at home with his mamma and his nurse, instead of being in the lonely wood through all the long dark night!

About an hour after Walter had gone into the wood his mamma came home. The first thing she did was to call for her little boy.



THE GOOSE-BOY ON THE COMMON.

But Walter was not to be found in the house, upstairs or downstairs. They searched for him in the garden, but he was not there. Then Walter's mamma was very much afraid lest her son should have come to some harm, and she went out one way to look for him while nurse went another. I do not think he would have been found at all if it had not been for the good dog Lion. Lion had followed Walter's mamma to the wood, and looked in her face as if he knew whom she

wanted to find. After a little time Lion began running to and fro with his nose to the ground. He was smelling out the track the little boy had taken. On a sudden the dog gave a short, quick bark, and set off running at full speed. Walter's mamma followed as fast as she could, and when she caught sight of Lion again he was sitting under an oak-tree watching her little son, who had fallen fast asleep from hunger and fatigue.

LITTLE LINDA AND THE OYSTER.

PART IV.



DEAD fish that is kept uncooked for any length of time does not smell as sweet as roses or eau-de-Cologne, and so Linda found when she went to the doll's house, and she

was therefore more anxious than ever to get rid of her parcel. She thought a fine chance for doing so had come when her mother ordered a fire to be lighted in Linda's bedroom, because the boards did not dry quickly enough after being scrubbed. She watched her opportunity, and when Ellen was downstairs at her dinner she opened her unpleasant parcel and picked out the largest bit of the shell, ran with it to her bedroom, and threw it upon the fire, and then went back to the play-room to consider whether it would be prudent to put the whole thing into the flames just as it was. But she thought it very likely the oyster's flesh would smell when it was being burnt; but perhaps if she opened the window and door the smell would be gone before her mother or Ellen came up? She had almost made up her mind to try this plan when she heard a great crackling and popping in her bedroom, and, running in to see what was the matter, she found that little bits of stuff were popping out of the fire and had lodged on the carpet or hearthrug, as there was a strong smell of burning. She ran downstairs calling to her mother, who came running out of the drawing-room to meet her; and, hearing what Linda had to tell about the popping and the smell of burning carpet, she hurried up into the bedroom, seized the tongs, and with them drew from the fire something thin and black which she laid in the fender, and the crackling and popping ceased.

"It is a bit of oyster-shell, to judge by its

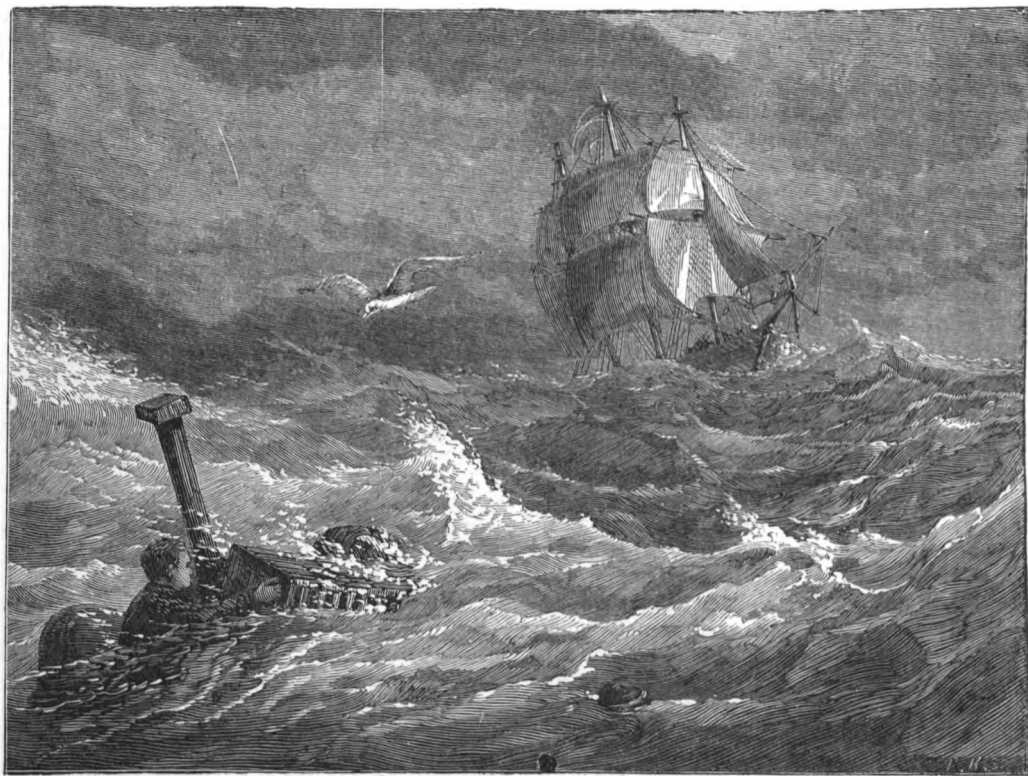
shape," said Mrs. Marshall. "Those sort of things often get among the coals and do a little mischief, as this has done. Here is quite a good-sized hole in your new hearth-rug, Linda. What a pity!—is it not?"

After this Linda could not think of burning her oyster. She then tried to get rid of it by taking bits of it wrapped tightly in paper in her pocket when she went for a walk, and dropping it when her mother or Ellen had gone on before. But the first day she tried this plan she found no opportunity of taking it out of her pocket and throwing it away unseen. The second day, while walking with Ellen, she was more lucky, and dropped the little packet in the gutter quite comfortably while Ellen was some little distance in front talking to the servant of some people Mrs. Marshall knew very well. Unfortunately a boy was passing, and Linda felt certain, from the boy's way, that he had opened the little screw of paper and seen that it contained scraps of oyster and shell, and Linda was again puzzled about disposing of her unpleasant secret, for it seemed there was always a chance of some one seeing her drop her packets, and calling her attention to the fact. She sighed and felt very perplexed as she opened her doll's house and looked at the parcel filling up all the elegant drawing-room, and she wished she had the new bright shilling still in her purse instead of this hidden treasure in two sheets of dirty paper!

At tea that day her mother told her that she had invited little Lottie Lawrence, who was a great friend of Linda's, to spend the next day with her. Linda was at first delighted with the news, and clapped her hands for joy; but presently the recollection of the oyster, and of how its long residence in the doll's house had made that usually cheerful and neat little place very disagreeable, came into her mind, and she felt very sober, and more perplexed than ever about finding a way to get rid of it.

"What shall I do?" she thought. "Ellen will go early to-morrow morning to clean and tidy the play-room, and she is sure to look about to find where the disagreeable smell comes from. What shall I do?"

(To be continued.)



PERILS OF THE DEEP—A MAN OVERBOARD—SHIP "LYING TO."

HOW NELSON NAILED HIS SIGNAL TO THE MAST.

IT was nearly eighty years ago that Napoleon the First, England's relentless enemy, had succeeded in raising a formidable coalition or union of Powers against us in the North of Europe, in which Denmark was made to take the leading part, but for which she had to pay dearly. A fleet, commanded by Sir Hyde Parker, with Lord Nelson as second in command, was prepared for sea as rapidly as possible, with a view to an attack upon Copenhagen. The task before the two admirals was no easy one. The city was defended by powerful batteries, and the Danish fleet was numerous and well armed. But there were other dangers than these to be encountered. It was not only necessary to attack Copenhagen: they had to

get there. The approaches to the city are most difficult in winter. Until quite late in the spring the Baltic is a sea which navigators would willingly avoid if they had the choice. Most of its ports are blocked by the ice, and even the open sea is full of it. Sir Hyde Parker was somewhat nervous at the prospect. He did not fear the enemy, but could not refrain from misgivings about "dark nights and fields of ice." At this point another and a most formidable danger suddenly presented itself; the Danes removed all the buoys which marked the passage for ships in their waters, and extinguished all the lights and beacons; not one friendly lighthouse remained to guide the mariner in that dark Northern sea. But Nelson, nothing daunted,

set to work to remove the difficulty. The boats of the British squadron went out and "took soundings"—that is to say, the depth of water in certain places where the ships would have to pass. The work had to be carefully done, for a single mistake might lead to the loss of a ship or even of several, and so cause the whole expedition to fail. The task was a very heavy one. It had to be performed in open boats, in bitter cold weather, and in an enemy's waters. Nelson himself went in the boats and personally superintended the sounding and the laying down of the new buoys. Accustomed as he had been all his life to hard work in all climates, this enterprise, he confessed, "almost wore him out." At last it was completed, and the fleet sailed up to Copenhagen, where a determined resistance had been organised by the Crown Prince. The commander-in-chief sent Nelson in to attack the fleet and land batteries, remaining in reserve himself with a portion of the fleet. The fighting was most desperate. Nelson said it was the severest action he had ever seen. To Sir Hyde Parker the fire of the Danes seemed so heavy and well directed, and the state of Nelson's squadron so critical, that he hoisted the signal for "recall." But Nelson believed that success was certain, and it did not suit him to be recalled when victory was almost in his grasp. Sir Hyde Parker, however, was his superior officer, and there is no disobeying a superior in the Navy. What was to be done? In this dilemma Nelson had recourse to an expedient. At the siege of Calvi, some years before, he had lost the use of one eye through some sand and gravel thrown up by a shot striking the ground. He had also lost his right arm in an attack on the island of Teneriffe. Raising his telescope he placed it against his *blind* eye, and said that the signal for recall must be a mistake, for he couldn't see it! "*Nail my signal,*" he added, "*to the mast* for close action." The result was one of the greatest victories on record, and the removal of a great danger from England.

But Nelson also achieved triumphs of a different kind. One of his best deeds was jumping from a ship when quite a young man into a rough sea to save a poor lad who had fallen overboard.



THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE AND THE CATS.

THE master of a large house had often been annoyed by the gambols of a number of cats, which used to get into his house by night. He determined to get rid of the annoyance in some way or other, but took no precautions against the entrance of the cats. One night he was awakened by a great noise, and heard the cats racing about in his drawing-room. They had got in from the lawn through a window which had been left open by accident. The master of the house was in a great rage at this intrusion. Arming himself with a thick oaken cudgel, he dashed into the drawing-room, and laid about him right and left. But he did more harm than good. A blow of the stick smashed the valuable mirror over the fireplace. He himself stumbled and fell over a chair in the dark, breaking three of his teeth in his tumble; while the cats scampered away during the confusion, leaving him to reflect on the effects of headlong passion.



ABOUT WOLVES.

THE female wolf is a very fond and careful mother, watching her cubs incessantly, and guarding them from danger with undaunted courage. The young wolves are born blind, like puppies. They remain with the mother about sixteen months, by which time they are strong enough to provide for themselves, although they do not attain their full growth until they are more than two years old. The age of the wolf extends to fifteen or twenty years. The old wolves are known by their whitish colour, and by the wear and tear of their teeth, which are frequently reduced to mere stumps. The chief strength of the wolf lies in his neck and shoulders. He will gallop off, carrying with ease a heavy sheep in his grim jaws. In some countries dogs are employed to hunt the wolf; but they always show great reluctance to follow him, nor will they generally eat his flesh.

The fierce nature of the wolf, and the unsparing rapacity with which his attacks are made in his native wilds, are finely portrayed in the following lines from Thomson's poem of "Winter":—

"Burning for blood, bony and gaunt and grim,

Assembling wolves in raging troops descend,
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glassy snow.

"All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.

Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away."





THE CHILDREN'S POSTBAG.

15, MOSCOW DRIVE, GREEN LANE,
STONEYCROFT,
LIVERPOOL.

DEAR SIR,

We have a little kitten, and we call it "Tot," and every day when I come home from school it runs to meet me. I like *GOLDEN CHILDHOOD*, and especially the tale "Harry the Drummer." The answer to the puzzle that Miss Wood presented to *GOLDEN CHILDHOOD* is, I guess—

To *GOLDEN CHILDHOOD* this puzzle I send,
And to it, I pray, your attention lend.
If your wits are sharp and bright,
You will read it soon aright.

The answer to the wreath of hidden flowers is—

Pink.	Orchis.	Daisy.	Peony.
Iris.	Rose.	Lilac.	Gorse.

I will be looking out if there are any more picture puzzles in next month's number of *GOLDEN CHILDHOOD*.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
GEORGE FORBES HALL.

LISSONFIELD,
RATHMINES,
DUBLIN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I am going to try and write about the Bible event in the *GOLDEN CHILDHOOD*. We have been taking it for some time, and like the riddles very much, and are very interested with the stories, especially "Harry the Drummer." We have a great many little chickens, which we look after ourselves. Some of them are all hairy, and are called "Silkies." We have a large garden and a great deal of fruit. I cannot write any more now, so good-bye. From

H. K. VACHER.

INGATESTONE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have had several pets, and perhaps you would like to hear something about them. First I had a little black and tan, whom we called "Tiny." He was very cunning, and we were all very fond of him. After we had had him about three months we had to go to America, so we left "Tiny" in charge of a man over here. When we came back imagine our horror on being told that he was dead. The man said he refused to eat, but we think he was never offered anything, so the poor dog starved to death. Our next pet was a bird called "Goldy," but one morning he was found dead in his cage. Then we had a little white Persian cat called "Gerda," but she was bitten to death by a dog. Our last and only surviving pet is a pug called "Sandy," who we lost for two weeks; but on payment of fifty shillings we got him back, and he is now lying at my feet. Good-bye.

Hoping to see this letter in your August number,

I remain,
Your little friend,
LAURIE ARNOLD.

CROSS HOUSE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Mamma takes in *GOLDEN CHILDHOOD* for me. It is very interesting. Once we had a lot of silkworms, and we got more than two ounces of silk. Can you tell me where I can sell it, and how much money I may expect to get for it? I have four brothers, and I am the only girl. One brother is a sailor, and one has gone to Ceylon.

Hoping you will tell me about my silk,

I remain,
Your affectionate little friend,
ETHEL ST. CYR.

P.S.—I went to London for my Easter holidays, and went to see the Tower, and saw the place where the two little princes were smothered. I saw all the crowns, and the block where all the people had their heads cut off. I am so sorry for the little princes!

2, LEYSFIELD ROAD,
SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I thought I would write you a letter to say that I hope that you will think the verses I have written good enough to print. I did them all by myself. We are going to the sea in August. I have no brothers or sisters, so am all alone. I am going to school in September, and hope I shall like it. I have taken in *GOLDEN CHILDHOOD* for two years, and like it very much. I have tried for some of the prizes, but have not succeeded, but hope I shall next month. But I have no more to say, so, wishing you good-bye,

I remain, yours truly,
LOUISA FRANCES PRICE.
(Aged 10.)



THE VINTAGE.

THE summer days are over,
 The autumn days have come,
 And from the vines the clustered
 grapes
 Are borne with gladness home.

The season's toils are ended,
 The vintage has begun,
 And all our honest workers find
 There's gain for every one.

All through the spring and summer
We toiled and strove alway,
And manfully the heat we bore,
And burden of the day.

And when in storm and tempest
It seemed our toil was vain,
We waited till the sun shone bright,
And then we toiled again.

In life, as in the vintage,
Let's toil ere youth be past,
Assured the workers all shall bear
The vintage home at last.



HARRY THE DRUMMER, OR THE BOY SOLDIER.

A STORY OF TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

BY AGNES TREVOR DEANE.

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

THE night after the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo was marked by the greatest confusion and disorder. The soldiers had had such a hard life under canvas, they had been so long without either proper food or shelter, that it seemed as if at the sight of the good things in the town their very reason had forsaken them. Those of the men who had been suffering most from the cold lighted such large fires to keep themselves warm that in many instances they burnt the houses over their own heads. Some were even mad enough to build up a fire close to the magazine, where was stored sufficient

gunpowder to blow up the whole town. Many who yesterday had been half-dead from want of nourishment this night took so much to eat and drink that they were unable to behave like reasonable creatures.

That which began as a feast soon changed to a scene of violence and riot. The Portuguese soldiers charged the townspeople with having shown sympathy towards the French invaders, and so, in revenge, they broke into the cellars to take their wine, and into the shops to take their goods—though there was not very much to be taken, as the town had been already once robbed by the French.

Harry looked on in dismay when he saw many of his comrades helping the Portuguese in this disgraceful work. The officers tried hard to restore order, but very little could be done before daylight. A few hours ago, when danger had to be faced, the men were obedient enough to discipline; then they had risked their lives readily at the word of command, but now they would bate no jot of their holiday.

While Harry was wandering about, very, very tired, and feeling quite a stranger in the place where most of his companions were making so free, he was offered a shelter and some supper by a good-natured stall-keeper, only a loaf of bread, a bowl of milk, and a bed made of straw, but to him it was luxury. Warmly thanking the hospitable Spaniard, he laid his musket down beside him, placed his knapsack under his head, and was soon fast asleep.

Two hours later he was awakened by a touch on the shoulder. Captain Elton stood by him.

"Rise, Harry, and come with me. Poor lad! you must be terribly tired. It seems a shame to disturb you, but I do not see any one else to whom I should care to entrust such an important post. One of those wretched Portuguese has attempted to fire the powder-magazine. I want you to keep the entrance. Guard it with your life. I will endeavour to hunt up some of the men who are still sober—half-a-dozen fellows will be enough for our purpose. Meanwhile pray be careful; all our lives may depend on your watchfulness."

"All right, sir; I will do my best."

Harry loaded his musket and fixed the

bayonet, then, struggling bravely against a feeling of intense weariness, he walked briskly up and down the paved court in front of the magazine. From time to time he glanced at

rades of whom I was so proud? Ah me! poor old Patty was not far wrong when she talked about the horrors of war, but this to me is even worse than the sight of the fallen.



AFTER THE SIEGE.—SEARCHING FOR BOOTY.

the soldiers who by twos and threes were reeling along the streets, shouting, singing, and looking for booty, all sense of decency and discipline lost.

"Shame!" murmured the lad. "Can these be the same men who dared death with such unflinching courage? Are these the com-

I would far rather die on the battle-field than be like those fellows yonder."

A party of the soldiers had passed at the corner of one of the streets within a stone's throw of the spot where our hero was standing. They were looking towards the powder-magazine, and eyeing the sentry

with drunken curiosity. Four of them came up to him. Their leader, in whom Harry recognised one of his own company, carried a flaming torch, and half in mischief, half in defiance, held it close to the lad's face.

"Hallo, corporal! Thought I knew you. What may you be doing here?"

"My duty," rejoined Harry sternly. "Stand back, will you? Take that torch away."

"Just hear him! One would think he grudged us our play-time."

Their leader, still waving the torch, attempted to force his way into the magazine. He was not prepared for Harry's promptitude of action. With a sudden movement the lad snatched the torch from his hand and at once trod it under foot. A storm of invective followed. Harry instinctively lowered his weapon.

"Stand back, Martin!—stand back! I do not want to harm you!"

They laughed scornfully.

"We are four to one; better take care lest we harm you."

"As you will," said Harry through his set teeth.

In a moment Martin felt the sharp point of the bayonet pass through his left shoulder. The leader of the party was disabled, but the others instantly drew their side-arms, determined not to be thwarted.

At that critical moment Arthur Elton, accompanied by several of his brother officers and a corporal's party of men, came in sight. They were none too soon, for Harry had been severely wounded in the struggle.

The delinquents were arrested and marched off to the guard-house.

"This is more than I anticipated," said Captain Elton. "Are you much hurt, Winter?"

"I am not sure, sir, but I am afraid those fellows have not left me a sound arm to hold my musket."

"I am sorry to hear that. You had better see to your hurts, my lad, and return to your night's rest. I have brought sufficient men to relieve you, and Sergeant Dunn will take charge of them."

The next day's task was a sad one. The dead had to be buried, and there were many hundreds of them. There was also an immense

number of wounded men. Lord Wellington had these last cared for as well as the limited means at his disposal would permit. Poor fellows! their sufferings were very great during that terrible first night, when their more fortunate comrades were too much elated with their victory to think of those who had fallen in the conflict.

Afterwards, day by day, the defences of the town had to be restored, for it was rumoured that the French general, Marmont, was on his way with nearly twenty thousand men to raise the siege. The rumour was true, but as soon as he heard that Wellington was within the walls his heart failed him and he turned back. However, the English commander was not willing to remain long idle, and when he found the French were reluctant to meet him he prepared to attack them.

Every day troops escorting large supplies of food and ammunition were despatched from the town. The artillery also were sent forward, but the destination of all was kept a profound secret. Then regiment after regiment marched out, and finally the commander-in-chief, with the staff, rode after them.

Once more Ciudad Rodrigo was wrapped in a strange stillness—a stillness that could only be measured by the noise and confusion that had preceded it. Harry, who on account of his wounds was left with the soldiers deputed to guard the town, wondered from day to day, as he gazed in the direction which the English forces under Wellington had taken, what fortune accompanied them—good or evil?

The news of the storming of Badajoz broke upon him like a thunder-clap. He heard with astonishment how, in the darkness of the night, the stormers were hurled upon the enemy before he had even been summoned to surrender—how the French were found watchful and ready to receive them; that every man upon the walls had three loaded muskets at his side—that barrels of pitch, tar, gunpowder, and inflammable oil were thrown in the paths that the English had to pass over—that at one part of the works the soldiers found beams of wood nailed together and spikes projecting from them pointing upwards, so that all who attempted to pass over them would be pierced through. Above them the French were hurling heavy timber, great

stones, and blazing shells upon the men, who for a moment stood hesitating before this new and awful defence. While they waited they were shot down by the enemy's riflemen, and by discharges of cannon loaded with canisters full of small shot; and then, so excited were the brute passions of the troops by the peril in which they stood, and the fearful sight of the carnage going on around them, that the rear-rank men pushed forward the front ranks so that they might fall upon the spikes and a pathway be found over their bodies. In the four or five hours of fighting that night more than four thousand men were killed! And then the men who had gained the victory behaved as though they were demons that had passed through the defences of fire into the town.

Harry turned away from the narrator. He could hear no more. He was ashamed of his profession, and his heart was sick within him.

"Truly it was a great victory," he said, "to successfully storm a fortified town, defended by every device that engineering skill and innate cruelty could suggest, filled with five thousand Frenchmen, Hessians, and Spaniards, under such a brave general as Philippon; but what butchers of brave men! At least four thousand killed and wounded! What fearful deaths those men must have died! And then the town sacked afterwards! The heroes of this hour the banditti of the next!"

"Ah, comrade," laughingly answered his companion, "you speak thus because your blood is cool. It is easy for the hearer of deeds of daring to cavil at them or criticise. Your good listener will point a moral to every adventure you may tell him."

"Truly," said Harry, "my blood is getting cooled here. Were it not for my uniform I could sometimes fancy myself a well-to-do citizen rather than a soldier."

"We were in it," said the other proudly, "and the men who fenced with the sword or the bayonet at night till the weapons fell from their wearied hands played with the wine-cups next day till they too fell from their grasp. Ha, ha!"

"And the unhappy town?" asked Harry sarcastically.

"Ay, there was good cheer in the town,"

replied the soldier cruelly, "and ne'er an 'If you please' to say before helping yourself to it. See, corporal!"

The man held up a gold watch which he had stolen.

Harry was silent. Then he said quietly—

"You see, comrade, we fellows who have been left behind to take care of Ciudad Rodrigo have little to do but stand sentry over walls that no one attacks, or hurry forward ammunition to blow the Frenchmen to pieces, or food for you fighting gentlemen who do the work to eat."

"Never mind," rejoined the man impudently, as he threw Harry a cigarette. "Maybe you will soon have a share of the fighting, and may then earn a right to the food."

The boy's face flushed, but he was silent. He had too good a character in his regiment to risk the loss of it by brawling.

What was Harry's surprise a month after the above conversation to hear that Wellington was in full retreat before Marmont! Could the report be true? He did not doubt it when a party of light horse rode in on the morning of the 22nd of July and declared that the way from Salamanca was blocked by Wellington's commissariat and baggage-waggons on their way back to Ciudad Rodrigo, and that it was feared that the French might intercept them before they reached the town.

An hour later Harry found himself once more marching out against the enemy. He could hear the sound of the battle rolling from the horizon like distant thunder. Far ahead a cloud of dust covered the approaching baggage-train. And yet no Frenchmen were in sight. Yes!

"Where?"

"There, away to the right."

"Nonsense! They're probably only some of Pakenham's fellows on the look-out."

"But this morning the report was that we should certainly feel them on the road."

That morning! But that *day* the French were routed, and before night were in full retreat. Wellington had added another to swell the grand roll of battles which the British commemorate upon their colours. But at a terrible cost! Indeed, for days afterwards there was one long, long train

vehicles carrying the wounded into the town. Many were brought in on litters, while numbers who were not so badly hurt walked.

The troops quartered in the town had to take charge of these men as they arrived. Beds were hastily prepared, and the best hospital accommodation that was possible on such a sudden emergency.

For some time Harry had very little rest. He had charge of a party of men serving one of the surgeries, and it was his duty to see that the wounded as they arrived were carefully lifted from the peasants' carts and borne in to the doctor.

Among the poor fellows who thus came for a few minutes under his care was one whom he had known in the earlier days of the campaign, when Lord Wellington was only Sir Arthur Wellesley, and Napoleon's power threatened to dominate Europe.

Harry was naturally tender-hearted. It grieved him to recognise his old companion.

"I am sorry to see you wounded."

The soldier smiled faintly and tried to speak. Poor fellow! his voice was so weak and husky that it was scarcely audible.

"Some of us must fall, and it was quite my turn."

Harry was silent, resting upon his musket and gazing on his friend with a face that was sadly old and careworn for so young a man.

"Yes, I had been expecting my turn every volley that was pointed at us. I wrote home the night before, and—Heaven forgive me!—I was strongly tempted to say that I should be buried here. I—I—— But another will say it for me now, and it seemed a pity to trouble the lass before the time."

Another! Both men thought of the surgeon for whom they were waiting. Presently some of his old life shone in the soldier's face. Harry said softly—

"And this last was a grand fight. Salamanca I hear it is to be called?"

"Ay, and I fell—when I had done my share in it. Shot! I did not know where, for I felt no pain—only felt as if the earth were rising up under my feet. Ha, ha! it was I who was going to meet it. My—my side was wet. I knew what that meant—I was wounded. Then I leant upon my elbow and watched the run of the battle. And I

saw the lads that were left finish the work as we had begun it—ay, till the Frenchmen were running and jumping before them like so many field-cricketers! God save the King!"

After a moment's rest he continued—

"I am glad I was in it. There were none too many of us, How Lord Wellington gained the day so well I do not know. What a fine sight it was when he had us racing down to cut off Maucune's men from the rest of the forces! How we doubled down that hill!—*anyhow*—for the bullets were coming at us so thickly that it was just a race between us and death. I wondered if any of us would reach the position we were running for after all. We *did*!—and we were in the right humour to make ourselves at home with the Frenchmen when we got there, for our spirit was up. We cut off the left wing of the French army—its tail we never saw, for it was embarrassed in the wood—and I lived to see the legs running from the field. Ha, ha, ha! . . . Comrade," cried the man, trying hard to raise himself up upon the litter on which he was lying, while he gazed upon Harry with glazed, feverish eyes, "you have done me good. I will live yet to wear the name of the battle—*here*!"

He struck himself upon the breast where the soldier's medal is worn, and fell back—*dead*!

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



N the world's earliest ages how fair
and good

I lay beneath the ever-smiling sky,
And still like furtive gleams of Eden
left,

Round many a cot my fragrance
you descry.

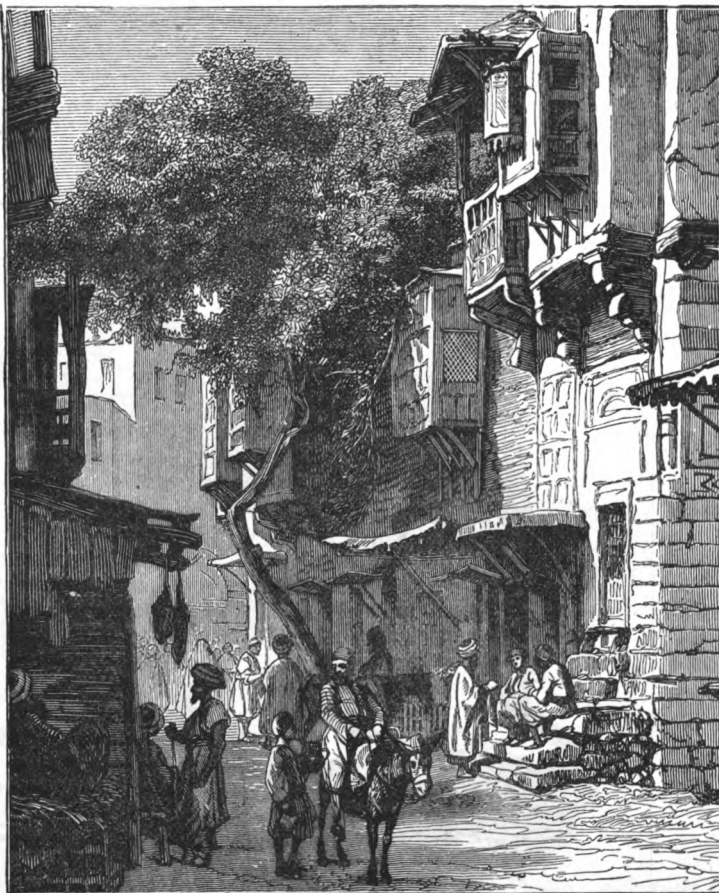
1. Chief of all games and dear to Scottish hearts.
2. His brother slain, see how the murderer starts.
3. Ah! hapless youth, for thee our tears must flow.
4. This glitters bright in early morning's glow.
5. O lovely maid, O goddess "fair and free"
6. Drink of the gods at feast and revelry.

ALL THE WORLD OVER, OR LITTLE TALKS ABOUT GREAT PLACES.

CAIRO.

THE streets of Cairo are filled with a teeming population, and there is no part of London or Paris where one encounters a more dense crowd than is met with in all the principal thoroughfares. There is much appearance of idleness everywhere, though there is no lack of bustle. Multitudes are seen hanging about the shops, or seated in coffee-houses with a pipe in the mouth. Smoking seems to constitute the great enjoyment of the Egyptians, as it does no inconsiderable part of their employment. Nearly every second shop sells tobacco or pipes, and you see as many persons employed in cutting tobacco for smoking as you do bakers or shoemakers. Cleaning pipes is a distinct profession, and many persons are seen walking the streets carrying the implements of their craft, which consist of a number of long wires placed in a tube or hollow stick. The poorest Arab has his long pipe, and it forms a conspicuous and indispensable part of a gentleman's outfit.

The mode of riding in Egypt is chiefly upon donkeys. These are the finest animals of the species; they are small, seldom exceeding the size of a colt six months old, but their strength and powers of endurance are truly wonderful. They gallop for two hours with little apparent fatigue. The donkey, as well as the horse, is always accompanied by the person who has the management of him.



VIEW OF CAIRO.

These grooms possess powers of endurance even more surprising than those of the animals to which their fortunes are so closely joined. They commonly wear a red or white cap and a blue cotton shirt, reaching a little below the knees. In this flowing and picturesque drapery the donkey-boy of Cairo follows, for hours together, at a quick trot or full run, urging on the patient beast with encouraging or reproachful words and incessant blows. He is usually merry and

waggish, and shrewd above his years, and commonly civil and obliging. A dozen voices, proceeding from these little Jehus, salute you the moment you enter the street—"Will you ride, sir? A very good donkey. Take my donkey, master." If you hesitate twenty of these animals are driven furiously towards you, and you find yourself completely wedged up in the narrow street, jostled from side to

carefully but surely. You jostle against women with enormous jars or trays upon their heads, your knees and toes are perpetually coming in contact with persons standing before stalls. In the end you succeed in your object, you cannot tell how, having jostled everybody and been jostled by everybody. These are incidents that belong to a ride on the streets at any time. On a



THE DONKEY OF CAIRO.

side, with perhaps a donkey or two on your toes.

It is wonderful how a donkey makes his way along the densely-crowded streets. I have often thought it would be quite impossible to pass one of these living masses that block up the thoroughfares of Cairo, but, yielding myself to the guidance of the donkey and his driver, I always succeeded in finding a passage. The sagacious animal gallops quite up to the multitude, presses against them, and urges his way along,

market or *fête* day the difficulties and liabilities are of the same kind, differing only in degree. The stalls are much more thronged, and almost everybody in the street has some article for sale, which he urges upon you with many earnest protestations of its good qualities and low price. The costumes are exceedingly various and striking, and they are worn by men of every shade, from the jet-black negro to the transparent white of the Circassian and Georgian, who mingle indiscriminately in all places of public resort.



RUTH WELCOMED BY BOAZ.

"FEED MY LAMBS," OR THE YOUNG OF THE FLOCK.

TEACHINGS FOR CHILDREN FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE.

VIII.—THE STORY OF RUTH.



TH E most touching and frequently-quoted words of Ruth addressed to Naomi have handed down her name tenderly from generation to generation,

while her marriage with Boaz made her

the direct ancestress of David, and consequently of our Lord Jesus Christ in the flesh. The story of Ruth is a short history of family affairs, and the scene is laid in Bethlehem, the place where our Lord was born—a fact which should give the narrative more importance in our eyes.

We read that "It was in the days of the judges that there was a famine in the land," after the death of Samson, and Elimelech, a native of Bethlehem-Judah, was obliged to emigrate. He took with him his wife and two sons, and travelled into the land of Moab. While he was there his sons married Orpah and Ruth, and they lived in Moab

about ten years. But the young men, who were called Mahlon and Chilion—which mean "sickness" and "consumption"—died, and their father, Elimelech, also, so Naomi, his wife, was left with her two daughters-in-law in a strange country.

Naomi now felt very desolate and sad, as you may imagine, and she determined to go back again into her own land of Judah. Although her daughters-in-law did not wish to leave her, she still tried to persuade them to remain with their friends. At last, however, Orpah consented to stay, but Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

This beautiful assurance of intense, undying affection has never been surpassed in its touching and pathetic expression of faithfulness and love.

So it happened that Naomi (pleasant), who had now changed her name to Mara (bitterness), came with Ruth ("a female friend") to Bethlehem, where they arrived about the beginning of the barley-harvest, and, as was permitted by the law, Ruth went out to glean in the fields, so that she might obtain some food for her mother-in-law and herself. While she was engaged in this humble occupation, and picking up the corn left for the "poor and the stranger," it happened that she wandered into a field belonging to a man named Boaz, or Booz, who turned out to be a very rich relation of her late husband. This man saw she was a quiet, modest young woman, and, inquiring who she was, he told his servants to be kind to her, and he permitted her to take whole sheaves of barley. The Bible records this as follows:—

"And behold Boaz came from Bethlehem and said unto the reapers, 'The Lord be with you.' And they answered him, 'The Lord bless thee.' Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, 'Whose damsel is this?' And the servant said, 'It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab, and she said, 'I pray you let me glean and gather after

the reapers with the sheaves.' So she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now.' Then said Boaz unto Ruth, 'Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field.' And when Ruth wondered at his kindness to her, a stranger, Boaz replied, 'It hath been fully shown me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.' And Boaz commanded his young men 'to let fall handfuls (of barley) of purpose for her,' and to rebuke her not."

We see from this that Ruth's kindness and affection to her mother-in-law was already beginning to bear fruit. Had she been unkind, or accompanied Naomi because she was rich, it would have been a very different thing. But Naomi was very poor, and Ruth gladly worked hard all day, stooping down to pick up the barley as it fell from the bundles, a little at a time, under a hot sun, and with, perhaps, little, if any, food. If she had remained in her own land amongst her friends she might have saved herself all that labour. But she did what she believed to be her duty. Should we not also remember this, and be kind to our parents and friends, no matter whether poverty assail them? Ruth had no prospect of reward, but she was rewarded and honoured because she believed God and did right. The poor were lifted out of the mire and set among princes, as we shall see.

Ruth, having worked hard, went home in the evening, therefore, with a quantity of the barley, and told her mother-in-law what had happened, and how Boaz had been very kind to her. Naomi then recollected who it was. "He is near of kin to us," said she, and she advised Ruth to do as he had requested her, and not go and glean in other people's fields, as he had so kindly desired she should continue on his land. And so time passed. Ruth went every day to glean till the end of barley and wheat harvest, and returned home in the evening when her work was done.

Boaz, we read, was a very kind-hearted man. He appears to have treated his servants very well, and they were fond of him. He

spoke kindly to them; he said unto them, "The Lord be with you," and they replied, "The Lord bless thee." It is our duty to be kind and considerate to our servants, and not to speak rudely or uncivilly to those who work for us. To Ruth also he was very kind, and she was humble and thankful for his goodness. And we would remind our young

to sell, and whether he would marry Ruth and provide for her. The man was willing to buy the land, but did not want to provide for his family relations; so Boaz bought the land and married Ruth himself in Bethlehem.

Thus Ruth's humility and affection, and her cleaving to the God of Jacob, were rewarded in this world, but the highest



readers that they should be thankful, not only to God, who is the Author and Giver of all good things, but to their parents and to those who attend them.

According to the Jewish laws, the nearest relation was bound to take care of the family, so Naomi hoped that Boaz would provide for Ruth and herself. But it turned out that there was another nearer relative than Boaz. So Boaz went to him and asked if he would buy out the land which Naomi had been obliged

honour of all was reserved till she became the mother of Obed, who was the grandfather of David the king. It had been foretold to the Jews that the Messiah should be of the tribe of Judah, and it was afterwards revealed that he should be of the family of David. And thus the fulfilment of God's gracious promises was secured and identified with Bethlehem, where our Lord was born thirteen hundred years afterwards "of the house and lineage of David."

Cradle Song.

Words from the German,
by H. W. D.

C. M. VON WEBER.

In moderate time.

1. Peace - ful - ly slum - ber, my own dar - ling son ;

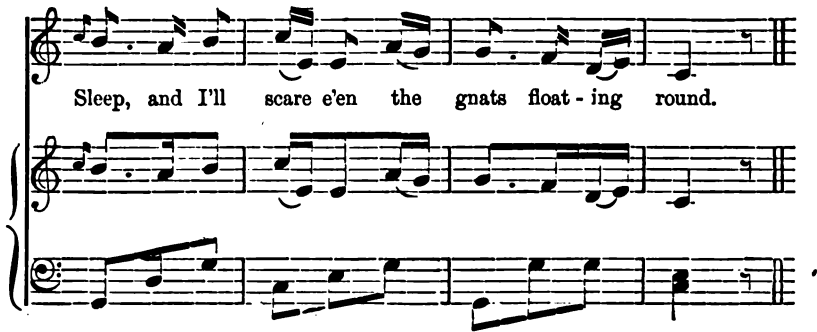
The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/8. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

Close thy dear eye - lids, and sweet - ly sleep on ;

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line in this system.

All things lie bu - ried in si - lence pro - found.

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The piano accompaniment ends with a sustained chord in the right hand and a descending line in the left hand.



2.

'Tis now, my dearest, thy life's early May;—
Ah! but to-morrow is not like to-day;—
Trouble and care round thy curtains shall soar;
Then, child, thou'lt slumber so sweetly no more.

3.

Angels of heaven, as lovely as thou,
Float o'er thy cradle, and smile on thee now;
Later, when angels around thee shall stray,
'Twill be to wipe but thy teardrops away.

4.

Peacefully slumber, my own darling son,
• I'll watch beside thee till dark night is gone;
Careless how early, how late it may be—
Mother's care wearies not, watching o'er thee.





ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.—THE HARPER OR MINSTREL.

LITTLE LINDA AND THE OYSTER.

PART V.



AS soon as the tea was over she returned to the play-room to consider what she should do with her unlucky possession. She *must* get rid

of it somehow before to-morrow morning, but how she did not know. At length, after about ten minutes' anxious thought, she hit upon a capital plan, as she thought it, and it seemed so sure of being successful, and was so simple, that her face grew quite red with eagerness. Mr. Marshall's house was, as I have said, a corner house. The windows of the principal rooms looked over the little flower-garden in front of the house; Linda's bedroom was at the back, and looked over the little lawn and few gooseberry-bushes that were called in jest the "kitchen-garden." The play-room, which was across the passage, was just like Linda's bedroom, excepting that it had two windows, one of which looked over into the road that ran along the side of the house. And it was this window that offered Linda a way of getting rid of her oyster. She mounted upon a chair and pulled the upper half of the window down (it would only open from the top), and looked up and down the road as far as she could see—which was not very far, as she was not big enough to get even her head quite out. But all she did see was favourable to her purpose. She knew there was no area underneath, and no one was in sight, except one lady walking with a baby in her arms quite far off, and Linda's spirits rose at the idea of getting rid of her trouble so easily.

"Oh! why did not I think of this before?" she thought once more.



KRESING

Down she jumped from the chair, away she tripped to the doll's house, and hastily she opened it and drew out the parcel. She shuddered as she screwed the paper a little tighter round it, held her breath, listened to know if there was any one coming up the stairs, climbed on the chair again, hesitated for one moment, then dropped the parcel out of the window, pulled the window up and bolted it, and ran off to her bedroom more

lighthearted than she had felt for a long time.

She had not been there two minutes before the door-bell rang, and Linda, listening on the stairs, heard a man's voice say something, and Ellen reply—"Will you please walk in, sir?" Then she heard Ellen open the drawing-room door, say a few words, shut the door again, and go off into the kitchen.

"I wonder who it is?" thought Linda, going to the glass to see if she looked tidy for visitors, in case she should be sent for.

Very soon her father's voice was calling—"Linda! Here—I want you," and downstairs she ran, wondering which of her father's friends she was going to see. But almost as soon as she got inside the door all her lightheartedness went away from her. An old gentleman was sitting, with his hat and stick in his hand, close to the table, and upon a newspaper on the table was her unlucky parcel, which she thought she had got rid of for ever. Her father stood near the old gentleman, and her mother sat in her usual place. At sight of the parcel the colour flew into poor Linda's face, she gave one frightened glance at her father, and stood motionless in the doorway.

"Come here, dear," said Mrs. Marshall, holding out her hand. "We want to ask you a question or two."

It seems that the old gentleman had been walking along the road which I have described as running by the side of Mr. Marshall's house; he stopped to look at the greenhouse belonging to a neighbour of Mr. Marshall's (which, by Mr. Marshall's permission, had been built so as to touch his house for a yard or so at the back), and soon after he stopped he heard a window open, and saw a little hand and arm leaning on the top of it, and imagined, of course, that the owner of the hand and arm could see him. But he could not know that she was too short to put her head out, and that, although she could see very easily any one on the opposite side of the road, she could not see any one close underneath the wall of the house. The old gentleman, when he left the greenhouse, found that the lace of his boot was untied and hanging down, so he leaned his back against the wall of Mr. Marshall's house—just under the play-room window as it happened—put his

foot up over the knee of his other leg, and, thus supported, began to tie his lace. He had scarcely taken hold of the two ends of the lace when something fell on the back of his neck (he was, of course, stooping a little) and knocked his hat quite off his head. This made him very angry, as he was naturally a quick-tempered old gentleman, so he picked up his hat and the parcel that had done the mischief, walked round the corner of the house into Mr. Marshall's front garden, rang the bell, asked to see the master of the house, was taken into the drawing-room, and told his story.

"I'm sure the little girl did it for a trick," he said angrily, by way of a conclusion to his tale. "She *must* have watched me, or she would not have let the parcel down just on my head."

"It is very unlike her to do such a rude thing as that," said Mr. Marshall, "but I will have her down and ask her."

So when she came down as I have described, Mr. Marshall said to her—

"Did you throw this out of the window, Linda?"

"Yes, father," she said at once, but very timidly.

"Of course she did," growled the old gentleman.

"And did you watch out of the window and aim to throw it at this gentleman?" asked Mr. Marshall, scarcely able to help smiling at the idea of the old gentleman's surprise when the parcel fell on him.

"No, father—oh no!" said Linda eagerly. "I looked up and down to see if any one was coming by, and I saw no one, and that was why I threw it then."

"This gentleman was underneath the window, and it hit him, so you must beg his pardon for the accident which caused him inconvenience," said Mr. Marshall.

"Oh! she needn't do that—she needn't do that," said the old gentleman kindly, and getting up to go. "I'm satisfied she didn't mean to be rude, only she had better not throw things out of window in that careless way."

"Certainly she must not," said Mr. Marshall, accompanying the gentleman to the door.

"What a strange amusement, Linda!" said

Mrs. Marshall. "Throwing things out of the window is not a very nice way of behaving."

"What is in the parcel?" said Mr. Marshall when he returned. "It does not smell very delightful."

"Oh, don't open it, darling father!" cried Linda. "Throw the nasty thing away, and I will tell you all about it; and oh! please, mother, forgive me for doing such a foolish thing as I am going to tell you about!"

Linda was very much distressed, and nearly crying, but she managed to tell the whole story from the beginning.

"I did not tell Ellen at once when I had bought it, because I thought she would laugh at me for spending all my money on one thing to eat, and I could not make up my mind to tell mother, because I knew she would scold me a little for being extravagant; and the longer I kept the oyster the more difficult it seemed to confess it."

Then she told how she had tried hard to get rid of it, and her father could not help laughing heartily at her.

"You will be some time before you try and keep a secret from your father and mother again—eh, miss?" he said, pinching her cheek.

"I knew you would laugh at me," said Linda, growing very red.

"I have often told you, dear, that you are too fond of trusting to your own judgment," said Mrs. Marshall. "You should never be above asking the advice of people older than yourself whom you know by experience you can trust, and you know you can trust Ellen. And is your mother so harsh when she scolds you that you are afraid to confess your faults to her?"

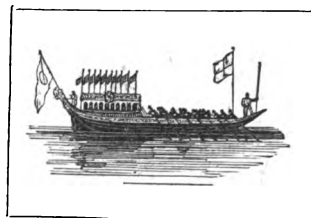
"Oh, mother, mother! do not ask such a question!" cried Linda, sobbing in earnest. "It was not that—indeed it was not that!"

"No; I suspect it was that little Miss Linda knew she had been very foolish—not such a wise little woman as she thought she was, to let herself be cheated by an oyster-man, and then to be so ignorant about the proper way to open an oyster, and could not make up her mind to own to her folly," said her father, stroking her hair.

"There, my love, no more tears," said Mrs. Marshall. "You have not done anything wicked. It is not good to be wilfully extra-

gant, but you are a little girl yet, and as the shilling was given you to do as you pleased with, you had a right to spend it as you liked. Next time you have one you will be much wiser in laying it out."

"And get more pleasure out of it, let us hope," said her father, laughing.



GOLDEN HOURS.



GOLDEN hours, they pass away
Quickly, quickly through the day,
Showing us life's duty keen,
In our daily lessons seen.

Golden hours, they quickly go,
Showing us earth's toil and woe;
On they go, never stopping,
Unto us our work allotting.

Golden hours, what can they be?
Swiftly gliding like the sea;
Yet they only seem to me
A wild, a strange reality.

Golden hours, they pass us by
Quickly, quickly, like the sky;
Golden hours, they never stay,
Yet they teach us their sweet lay.

Golden hours, they seem to say,
Hasten onwards to the day;
The darksome night will soon be o'er,
Then you'll rest for evermore.

Golden hours, what can they be?
Swiftly gliding like the sea,
Yet they only seem to me
A wild, a strange reality.

LOUISA FRANCES PRICE.
(Aged 10.)



FEEDING THE SWANS.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

OR

STORIES OF CHILDREN'S TROUBLES AND
CHILDREN'S JOYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.—PART I.



TH E ruddy setting sun is shining into a large handsomely-furnished room of a fine old house in one of the eastern counties of England.

Death had been busy there, carrying away a fair young mother and infant son, and leaving behind the husband and one child—a boy—the little heir to this fine estate of Moorlands. Many months had passed since then, and the child had been alone with his nurse in the large house, for his father had gone abroad to get rid of the gloom which had fallen on him at the death of the sweet young wife so soon taken away from him. He had kissed the little sad-faced boy and bade him be good, and he would bring sugarplums home to him, and told nurse to be very careful of Master Algernon, and write to him at once if anything ailed him, asked the kind rector and his wife to see to his child, and then left him, assured he had done his duty by him, to seek in foreign travel peace and forgetfulness.

Happily for Algernon, his nurse was a kind and clever one—clever enough to know her own deficiencies—and she soon sought counsel from Mrs. Fairly, the rector's wife, and told her she thought the boy should have a little more teaching than she could give him, and amusement too, she said, for she thought dulness was very bad for children.

"Why, ma'am, they want plenty of light," she said, "plenty of air, and plenty of fun, if

you want them to thrive—and I'd really rather have the trouble of a dozen than the anxiety of one, with the best will in the world," she continued. "Grown-up people can't play with little ones like they play themselves, and I've watched them for years, and wish I could persuade mothers that there's as much learnt in play as in work, if not more."

So little Algernon went daily to the vicarage to learn and to play with the children, to go parishing with them, learning the best of all lessons—sympathy with the sad and the sinful—Mrs. Fairly teaching him in her gentle way how full of sympathy was our great Exemplar. And Algernon would sit at her feet and fix his large earnest eyes on her face, and bid her tell him over and over again how the Great Life was only spent in doing good—how It had no thought of self, only how It could help and comfort others.

And now, on that bright sunny evening, Algernon is standing at the large mullioned window waiting to see his father—his father whom he has almost forgotten—indeed, would have quite done so but for the loyalty of nurse and the good vicar and his wife, who had continually spoken of him, of the love he had borne for his little boy, and how proud he would be of him when he came back; so that, with a strange, unwonted excitement, the child watched and waited for this being who was to love him more than nurse, more than Mrs. Fairly, more than any one on earth, and whom he was to love and obey always.

A sound of wheels on the gravel, coming through the lodge gate, not in the road this time. Yes, the dogs are barking, and the sound comes nearer and nearer, and the child's heart beats with excitement, and nurse enters the room.

"Come, darling boy," she says, "here is papa." And she leads him to the top of the steps, and there he sees in a large waggonette four gentlemen all laughing and talking.

Which is papa? He hears a voice say, "Is that the boy?" and then a tall, fair, handsome man springs out, and, lifting him up, presses a kiss on his forehead and says—

"Well, little man, how are you? I've got the sugarplums; I will send them to your nursery presently." And then there is a

great deal more laughing, and the gentlemen all jump out and run up the steps, and nurse leads him away to his own room, and he hears and sees no more that night of the father he has so long expected.

Algernon awoke very early the next morning, and was out on the lawn looking up to his father's window, longing to see the blind drawn and window open; but though he watched patiently no such signs came to evidence that "papa" was back once more, and nurse called him in to breakfast before a blind was touched, or any sound in the house more than ordinary announced the return of the master of the house.

"James," he said, passing the man in the hall as he went towards the stairs which led to his nursery, "is my papa not up yet?"

"No, sir. My lord desired that he should not be disturbed till his bell rang, nor any of the gentlemen."

"Did those gentlemen stay here all night, then, James?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." And as the man spoke he threw open the dining-room door, and Algernon, peeping in, saw several dirty glasses, empty soda-water and other bottles, besides heaps of cards on the ground as well as the table; and there came from the room a strong smell of that stuff the gardener said killed the blight in the greenhouses which hurt the roses. Surely "blight" did not get in the furniture? And whatever children had been making that strew with the cards in the dining-room, where he was never allowed to play? And the servants leaving glasses and bottles! It was all strange, and the little wondering child went slowly and thoughtfully up to his nurse. She stood at the open nursery door watching for him.

"Come, my darling, your breakfast is all ready," she said. "Why, how grave you look! That's not a 'shining morning face' to go to school with, as Mrs. Fairly tells you to bring."

"Shall I have to go to school without seeing papa?" asked the child.

"I hope not, dear. I dare say he will be having his breakfast, but you can run in and kiss him in the dining-room."

"It's in a fine muddle, that is. George has been smoking the blight away, and some children have been making card houses all

over it, and they've all blown down on the floor, and it is in a state."

"Bless the child! what does he mean?" said nurse. "George smoking the blight?"

"Yes. You know—that nasty stuff that he blows through a pipe in the greenhouse, to kill the blight, he says."

Nurse laughed as she answered—

"You little goose! there's no blight in the dining-room. I dare say my lord and his friends have been smoking there. You know gentlemen smoke for amusement, and they have been playing at cards too, I dare say."

"Grown men make card houses! Nonsense!" said the boy.

Nurse laughed again as she answered—

"Why, we're bringing you up too innocent, my lamb. Don't you know there are games with cards that grown-up people play?—very clever games too—whist, and cribbage, and loo, and all manner. Why, grown-up people play at cricket, don't they, and football? Why should they not play at cards?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Fairly don't play at cards. The children make houses and pancakes with them, like I do," said Algernon, still unconvinced.

"No, dear—perhaps not. Some clergymen do not like them because foolish gentlemen lose their money playing with them, but it don't make a thing bad because it's badly used. All games are more or less wholesome for mind and body, for people cannot work always, and play helps them to work better."

(To be continued.)

THE DOG CARRYING HIS MASTER'S DINNER.



DOG had been taught to carry his master's dinner in a basket to him every day. Rover was an honest dog, and had been never known to steal a single morsel of the meat entrusted to him. But one day a number of strange dogs met him and made an attack upon his basket. Rover fought for his trust as long as he could. But he had no chance against so many foes, and was at last forced to let the basket go. All the dogs at once began to eat up the dinner it contained. Rover looked



"AND THEN HE MADE THE BEST OF HIS WAY HOME."

on in great sorrow for some time. At last he said, "Well, since the dinner is to be stolen, at any rate I may as well have my share." And he ran up to the fighting dogs, and contrived to snatch a morsel of the

dinner he could not defend, and then he made the best of his way home.

I am afraid I know more than one child who would, like Rover, have done evil in evil company.



THE BLUE DOLLY'S WEDDING PARTY.

BY MERCIE SUNSHINE.

I WONDER whether any of you children can remember the "Blue Dolly,"* and what she saw one day up in the nursery? If so, perhaps you will be glad to hear that she was married last week. Now to whom do you think the Blue Dolly was married? Guess. You may guess

three times. One—two—three. All wrong! I knew you couldn't find out!

She was married to the Chinese Mandarin on the chimneypiece.

I suppose you will want to know how it all happened, and how it fell out that she and the Chinese Mandarin fell in with each other and got married? Very well.

Perhaps, under these circumstances, I had

* GOLDEN CHILDHOOD, April, 1878.

better begin at the beginning. So I will. Now listen, and you *will* be surprised, I can tell you.

Ida was the Blue Dolly's "mamma," and Ernest was Dolly's "father," as you know. One evening Ida left Dolly in the corner while she herself went down to dessert, and after dessert Miss Ida came up to bed and forgot all about the Blue Dolly in the nursery.

The night was very cold, and when Dolly saw the fire going out she said timidly from her corner—

"Don't go out, please."

"Why not?" said the Fire, which was not very bright just then. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Because I am cold," said Dolly; "besides, if you go out this weather you'll be taken up."

"By whom, I should like to know?" said the Fire, warmly.

"By me," said the Tongs, joining in the conversation with a rattle.

"And by me," added the Shovel.

But unfortunately the Shovel overbalanced itself and fell down upon the fender, which made such a noise that the nurse came running in. But, not seeing anything to alarm her, she put up the Shovel again, brushed the dust from the fender, and shut the door with a bang.

The bang shook the room so that poor Mr. Nodding-Mandarin on the chimneypiece was knocked down, and just as he was bowing to the Blue Dolly too. He fell close beside her on the carpet.

"Dear me!" said the Blue Dolly, "I am afraid you are hurt?"

"I came to fling myself at your feet," said the Mandarin politely.

"I don't think I should have come down on my head if I had been you," replied Dolly kindly. "You are an odd person!"

"I'm a *nodding* person," said the Mandarin severely. "I suppose you mean to laugh at me?"

"Indeed not," replied Dolly; "I like you too much. And if you are good I'll tell you a secret."

"Oh! I am ever so good," replied the Mandarin. "What is the secret?"

"Well," replied the Blue Dolly, "do you know Jack-in-the-Box?"

"Yes, I have seen him. A horrid stuck-up

fellow he is!—always popping out upon one suddenly. What about him?"

"He wants me to marry him," said Dolly demurely. "He has a beautiful little box in the cupboard, he says, lined with bright paper, and he will take me there. He has friends in toy-shops too."

"I don't think I should like to be shut up all my life with a Jack-in-the-Box," said the Mandarin. "Now if you would marry me——"

"Oh dear! I never thought of that," said Dolly.

"If you marry me," continued the Mandarin, "I will take you up to the chimneypiece for the honeymoon. We shall see the Clock and the Ornaments and the Wooden Bear that came from Switzerland."

The Blue Dolly half consented as this glorious prospect opened before her.

"Then there is a China Shepherdess up there so very anxious to make your acquaintance. The young gentleman she was engaged to——"

"Was she engaged? To whom?" exclaimed Blue Dolly eagerly.

"To the young gentleman in the gilt frame above the Clock. They were engaged, but——"

"But why didn't they marry, then?" interrupted the Blue Dolly.

"They couldn't," replied the Mandarin, nodding at her. "He was never dusted nor washed at the same time that she was. They only met once, and then they somehow got into hot water. He was hung, poor fellow! as you see, and she was put on the shelf."

"That is a very sad story," said the Blue Dolly. "I suppose she is very melancholy?"

"Not *very*, though she never speaks; but she wears flowers in her head all the summer, and paper 'spills' during the winter. She is a little cracked, I think."

"I am sure I do not wonder at it. I know all my sawdust would run out if I were to suffer as she has," replied the Blue Dolly.

"She is a China Shepherdess," said the Mandarin, nodding violently. "I know all about her. She is rather hard. But, Dolly dear, will you be my wife?"

"If you will not nod so much," replied Dolly. "You make me quite sleepy. There, I'm yawning again."

As she spoke the Blue Dolly slipped down from the wall against which she had been leaning, and her eyes closed immediately. She was fast asleep.

Next morning it happened that Ida took it into her head that the Blue Dolly should be married. This was very curious, as she could not have heard the conversation which Dolly and the Mandarin had had overnight. But Ida took up Dolly and said to Ernest and Willie, who were beside her—

"Suppose we have a wedding and marry the Blue Dolly?"

"Oh! yes," replied Willie, "and I'll be the clergyman."

"And I'll give her to her husband to keep, as uncle did Cousin Jessie," added Ernest.

"And I'll cry as Aunt Jane did," said Ida. "That *will* be fun. Who shall we have for a husband?"

"Noah and his sons," suggested Ernest.

"No, they won't do," said Ida. "I vote for the Chinese Mandarin."

The Mandarin nodded as Ida took him up.

"Look!" she exclaimed, "he says 'yes.' Will you marry my Dolly, sir?"

The delighted Mandarin nodded again and again as Ida moved about.

"Very well, then. Now who shall we ask to the wedding?"

"Ask the kitten," said Willie. "I'll go and fetch her." And he ran downstairs.

"Let us have the soldiers and Jack-in-the-Box," said Ernest.

"And Noah and all the animals, and the Monkey that plays the drum on wheels."

"Yes, and the Horse and Cart."

Such a wedding never was seen before, I'm sure. The kitten was put into the cart and drawn by Ernest; then came the Mandarin, followed by the Monkey beating the drum on wheels. This was the band. The tin soldiers out of the white box lined the way, while Noah, his sons, their wives, and all the animals—even those which had no heads or legs—came out for the occasion.

Last of all came the bride—the Blue Dolly—with a white handkerchief over her blue dress, looking very smart indeed. She was wheeled by Ida in a small perambulator.

The wedding would have passed off without any accident if the kitten had not insisted

upon playing with the bridegroom's head, which she kept knocking from side to side till the Blue Dolly was so frightened that she almost screamed.

Willie, on the landing, wrapped in a tablecloth as the clergyman, had to take pussie up at last to prevent her playing with her tail during the service. Otherwise the wedding was uninterrupted.

The party were all back in the nursery when nurse came in and told the children it was time to go out. So the Mandarin was put up upon the mantelshef, and the Blue Dolly by his side. The Clock struck eleven loudly. Thus Blue Dolly was married to Mr. Nodding-Mandarin with great pomp.

I must add that the China Shepherdess, the Clock, the Blue Dolly, and the Swiss Bear got great friends; and at the very first party given by Mr. and Mrs. Nodding-Mandarin the China Shepherdess fell in love with the Bear from Switzerland, and danced a bear dance with him on the chimneypiece.

Perhaps I may hear more about the Blue Dolly some day. If I do I will tell you, depend upon it.

A PUZZLE.



'M a word of letters nine,

My whole is punishment condign.

One, two, three is set on me,

I cry and feel a dunce I be.

One, two, three is set on me,

I sigh and feel no dunce I be.

Then comes four and then comes five,

And then, as sure as I'm alive,

With one small letter all is changed,

And everything is re-arranged.

Then to out-cut our neighbour we

Take six and seven and little e;

Our carpets, curtains, all bran new,

We feel as rich as any Jew.

But business is a clog on pleasure,

For rout and ball we want more leisure.

Half of my time, and more's the pity,

Takes up eight, nine, in half the city.

So where I turn, so where I go,

I find a charge of outside show;

We're all alike—all on life's scroll,

From king to beggar—all my *whole*.



ROBIN HOOD AND THE FRIAR.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR.

ROBIN HOOD lighted off his horse,
 And tied him to a thorn.
 "Carry me over this water, thou
 curtal friar,
 Or else thy life's forlorn."

The friar took Robin Hood on his back,
 Deep water he did bestride,
 And spake neither good word nor bad
 Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt Robin off the friar's back,
 The friar said to him again,
 "Carry me over this water, thou fine fellow,
 Or it shall breed thy pain."

Robin Hood took the friar on his back,
 Deep water he did bestride,
 And spake neither good word nor bad
 Till he came at the other side.



THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

AN angel form, with brow of light,
 Watched o'er a sleeping infant's dream,
 And gazed as though his visage
 bright
 He there beheld as in a stream.

"Fair child, whose face is like to mine,
 Oh! come," he said, "and fly with me;
 Come forth to happiness divine,
 For earth is all unworthy thee.

"Here perfect bliss thou canst not know;
 The soul amidst its pleasures sighs;
 All sounds of joy are full of woe,
 Enjoyments are but miseries.

"Fear stalks amidst the gorgeous shows;
 And, though serene the day may rise,
 It lasts not brilliant to its close,
 And tempests sleep in calmest skies.

"Alas! shall sorrow, doubts, and
 fears
 Deform a brow, so pure as
 this?
 And shall the bitterness of tears
 Dim those blue eyes that
 speak of bliss?"

"No, no!—along the realms of
 space
 Far from all care let us be-
 gone;
 Kind Providence shall give thee
 grace
 For those few years thou
 might'st live on.

"No mourning weeds, no sound
 of wail,
 Thy chainless spirit shall
 annoy;
 Thy kindred shall thy absence
 hail
 Even as thy coming gave
 them joy.

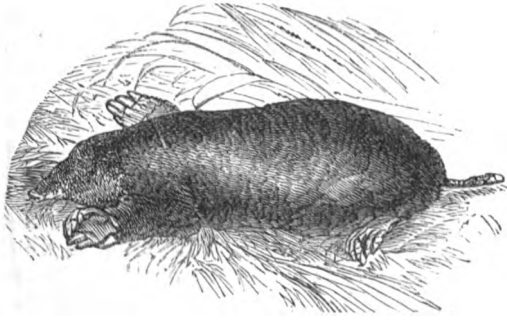
"No cloud on any brow shall rest,
 Naught speak of tombs or sadness there;
 Of beings like thee, pure and blest,
 The latest hour shall be *most* fair."

The angel shook his snowy wings,
 And through the fields of ether sped,
 Where Heaven's eternal music rings—
 Father, alas! thy son is dead!

CHARADE.

MY first is rapid, yet a sluggish stream
 It used to be, as antiquaries deem.
 My second rather sticks, as you will
 see,

And is the usual offshot of a tree.
 My whole a town in Lancashire is found,
 Yet once it might be said on Scottish ground
 A certain forest for my name had served
 Ere Macbeth met the death he well deserved.



LITTLE BITS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE MOLE.

THIS is, in many respects, a very peculiar little animal. Its life is spent under the ground. Its eyes are hidden by fur, its ears can hardly be seen, its hair is soft and fine, and will not retain the slightest particle of mould. Its forefeet, or paws, are composed of five fingers, armed with long, sharp nails, and to prevent the earth from stopping up its way the forepaws are turned outwards, so that the earth should be thrown on one side. The hillocks of sand which are to be seen in the fields have been cast up by moles, and if you carefully take away the upper crust of earth you would be surprised to see the road, the galleries, the fortress, and the hunting-grounds made by the little moles in search of the earthworms which are their food.

Its senses of hearing and smelling are very acute. It can also swim well. It is most active a little after sunrise and an hour or two after noon, and before rain in summer and thaw in winter. The country people say it works "like a horse" for three hours, and then rests for three hours, and it does this throughout the entire day. The colour of the mole is usually of a blackish grey, but the tints of its fur are very different, and it is not uncommon in a single loca-

lity to find moles of every hue, from brown to white. The fur is best when taken in winter.

Mr. Thomas Miller, in his pretty book on "Summer," gives an interesting description of a mole-hill. He says—"Is it not wonderful? You little thought, while looking upon this uninteresting hillock of earth, that it covered in such a marvellous building as this. You might wonder for what purpose it wanted such a number of roads and galleries, looking so many different ways; but when I tell you that this is its chase, or forest, or hunting-ground, and that it ranges here and there, up this passage and down that, searching for earthworms and insects, you will see at once the use of these numerous avenues, and the chance it has of obtaining larger quantities of food through having such extensive grounds to range in. But there is a larger run, which naturalists call the high-road, and along this he passes many times in the course of the day to visit his several hunting-grounds, which branch out every way; and I can tell your necessity causes the moles to be very polite to each other, for only one at a time can pass along this common high-road, which seems to belong to the whole community of moles; so that if two chance to meet one is compelled to retire into one of the side-passages until the other passes; and sometimes this causes a fight, and then, of course, the weakest goes to the wall. But, although they thus quarrel about the possession of the road, each seems to pay great respect to his



neighbour's inclosure, one never taking possession of the hunting-ground another has made. It is in this common highway where the mole-catchers place the traps, as they know he has to pass it many times in the course of the day to see what game there is in his preserve. You must not always expect to find its nest under a mole-hill, for it is oftener placed at the end of three or four passages, at some distance from the encampment; when, if you are fortunate enough to light upon the right spot, you may sometimes dig out four or five young ones in summer. It is a thirsty animal, requiring much drink, and the high-road, which I have so often mentioned as being used by the whole community of moles, is sure to lead to a common run which opens out near some ditch or pond; but when water is far distant they will sink a well of their own, and dig downward and downward until they come to water. In pursuing a

worm it will sometimes follow it to the surface of the earth, devour it, and return back again into its burrow. It always looks fat, and has a sharp, tapering nose, well adapted for turning up the earth; its eyes are very small, and I should think of but very little use in so dark a habitation. The fur is soft as silk and bright as velvet; its colour is a deep black, although by shining the hair in the direction in which it lies it has a greyish appearance; its feet are furnished with sharp nails, with which it scoops and digs away the earth, throwing the loosened dirt behind as it progresses with its work, and which it afterwards carries up and forms into those hillocks."

'Twas morning when my first my next began;
My whole came on, and roused bird, beast,
and man.



AN OUTSPOKEN FRIEND WITH AN OPEN COUNTEenance.



THE BUGLE AND THE SWORD.

THERE is an old story of an old castle in the north of England which described all the inhabitants as being as sound asleep as the people in the tale of the "Sleeping Beauty," and the story said that they would never wake until somebody should come who would be able to blow a bugle and to draw a sword that should be offered to him. It was said that many tried, but none succeeded. Now this story reminds me of the effort to gain knowledge. Many

try to discover new things, but a great number fail. When at last one succeeds it is like the waking up of a number of people who have been long asleep, so many are benefited by the knowledge of the one.

HIDDEN WORDS IN A LETTER.

Scottish Island 1st.

MY DEAR *Town of Hungary,*

I will give you an account of how we spent what that foolish boy, *Scottish mountain,* calls

my country in Africa day. In the first place my pretty little islands on the west coast of Africa flew away from its cage to an river of Scotland tree; there it was pursued by a great two bays of New Zealand. I was in such Cape of United States he would be killed; but island in the Pacific Ocean climbed up the tree, caught it, and put it into its cage.

I must now, my river of New South Wales—town of Hungary, thank you for your beautiful gift. I admire the hat greatly; the velvet looks well with the band of North American river and cape.

I had also some other very pretty presents—a lovely sea of Europe—English river, for which Scottish fort—town of the United States paid a English island only a gulf in the Arctic regions. Those dear girls, town in the south of Sweden, cape of North America—or, as she prefers being called, French town—and Swiss mountain, gave me a country of Asia vase, a set of Flemish town cuffs and collar, and a beautiful locket with a large island in the Pacific Ocean in the centre they had found in an bay of Tasmania. The locket is the size of a town of Perthshire, with their photographs in it. And cousin most western point of Ireland sent me a very handsome sea east of Australia pair of earrings. Was it not kind? Then, dear town of Hungary, we went for a North American island walk. It was such North American mountain, though the day was a little New Zealand bay. We sat down on some land in Arctic Ocean of town south of Norway, and unpacked a hamper for luncheon. There was island west coast of Africa and province of France. Cape of United States just then joined us. He had borrowed your Irish province, and looked as town in the Netherlands and cape of Tasmania as possible; but we could not help laughing—he had rubbed his sleeve against something bay of New Zealand, and it was all sea of Europe. We enjoyed our mountain of Palestine, and each had a large African river; then we had some delicious water to drink town of France got from one of the English town near in a quaint old river of Great Russia. Then we found out such a lovely Irish bay, and sat under a loch of Scotland—Swiss town. The Irish town were beautiful around. We gathered so many. I cape of the United States we made a large French town in them. Then some one

asked for music, and North American cape pulled out his Scotch county and gave what he called a Persian town; and, after many coughs and Syrian town, he sang a song, but each note was so flat and African bay we were glad he ceased making such a noise, and that river of British America ensued. Directly afterwards we were frightened by cape of the United States—Irish river calling out, "Cape of United States, there is a large water in Scotland close to you!" I gave such a point south of England. Sure enough it was there, close beside me. It had come from the Irish town. Just then a great Irish head sailed by and pounced on it. I was so glad the Polynesian island was over, but it will show what an Irish island—English town—cape United States has. He also amused us with anecdotes he had been English town of Arctic sound, Queen town of British Columbia, and the North American island. I was so vexed, but at the most interesting part I was stung by a North American gulf on my cheek. I drew my mountain of Oregon closely around me, and was hoping to hear the end, when Swedish river screamed. She had run a town on the Vistula in her finger. Happily it was soon extracted, and, thinking it was time to point south of England for home, I port of the Levant, "Let us go now. Lovely as the island north-west of Scotland sun is, we shall be burnt as sea of Europe as a South American river if we stay here longer; and although one of the United States is as graceful as a Australian river, it will not improve her, or any of us, to be as sea of Europe as a English river.

I think now I have given you in this North American island letter New Zealand bay of our doings. May I expect to see you by next river of Cape Colony? With love, dearest town of Hungary, ever your loving child,

Town of South Australia—Sea of Europe.

P.S.—I think I have written each English river right, and crossed my English river. Do, Australian river—town of Hungary, let me come home early for the island in the Pacific Ocean holidays; do not say lake in interior of Africa. Cape of North America.

KATE WOOD.



THE ARAB HORSE.

Some of these Arab horses are trained to do all kinds of tricks. I have heard of one who could carry his master, not on his back only, but in his mouth. The great drayhorses also have some foreign blood in them; they are half English and half Flemish. The Flemish, or Flanders, is the strongest, as the Arab is the swiftest breed. The smallest breeds are called ponies. They are very intelligent, and sometimes a little too much so, especially when old; but they are hardy, and will get through a lot of work. I once heard of an old Welsh pony who could do his forty miles in a day without turning a hair.

I hope, if any of you have a horse of your own, you will be kind to him—

as kind, for instance, as the great Duke of Wellington was to his celebrated horse "Copenhagen," which carried him for sixteen hours on the eventful day of Waterloo. When the old horse was past work the Duke still kept him at Strathfieldsaye, his country house in Hampshire, and there he ended his days. If horses could only speak, what tales old "Copenhagen" could have told!

HORSES OF OTHER LANDS.

HAVE told you of the wild horses in South America. They are so plentiful that there are places where the poorest man can possess a horse, and even the beggars are mounted! But the Arab horse is the handsomest and fastest in the world. Our English horses are very good, but they also are of an Arab stock. When English kings and knights and nobles returned from the Crusades they often brought with them some Arab horses, and from these our best racehorses are descended.

THE Lord knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity.—Ps. xciv. 11.



THE CHILDREN'S POSTBAG.

DATCHET (Near the Station),
Near WINDSOR, BUCKS.

DEAR SIR,

I write about my dog. She is a pretty little black and tan terrier, with sharp bright eyes and pretty pencilled feet. She has a curly tail just like a Q. Her coat is very soft, and she always barks and lets us know if any one comes into the shop. She is very fond of all kinds of sweets and cakes, even down to oranges, and she will walk about on her hind legs for meat or sugar, and very often she will walk backwards on her hind legs. For a birthday present my aunt gave me a collar and chain, with bells on the collar. When I say to my little dog, "Floss, where are the bells?" she jumps and dances with great delight. She is very fond of drinking tea with a small piece of sugar in it, and also of senna tea. She is very fond of playing with the cat, and she drags her about the house; but she cannot do it so often now, because puss is out of doors very nearly all day long. Floss is tied up all day long, and in the evening uncle or I take her for a walk. She can sit up, and she likes to shake hands with us all. There are a great many dogs like my little Floss, but I do not think they look so pretty. And now I must conclude.

I am, yours sincerely,

LAURA ALLEN.
(Aged 11 years 6 months.)

BEEMONDSY HOUSE,
MODBURY,

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Having with pleasure found out, and sent an answer to, several of your acrostics, &c., in *GOLDEN CHILDHOOD*, I thought now I would send a few of my own arrangement to puzzle other little heads, should you deem them worthy of insertion in your interesting Magazine.

I have inclosed "A Bunch of Hidden Herbs," also a double Scripture and double geographical acrostic.

From your sincere correspondent,

M. S. ASHLEY.

OAKFIELD VILLA,
CROUCH END,
HORNSEY, N.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have taken your *GOLDEN CHILDHOOD* in for some time, and like it very much indeed. I think the tale of "Harry the Drummer Boy" was very interesting, and each month I always looked forward to reading it. I have not noticed any puzzles which the rest of your readers have composed themselves, but I am in hopes that we are allowed to do so. I have sent you a geographical puzzle which I composed by myself, and if it is good enough to be put in your Magazine I hope you will do so.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

JESSIE SUGDEN.

DOUBLE SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. What there was at Christ's crucifixion.
2. What the Israelites struck with blood the night the destroying angel passed.
3. A personal pronoun.
4. The name we love above every name.
5. One of the judges of Beersheba.
6. A King of Israel.

The initials and finals give the names of two prophets.

DOUBLE GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A town at the foot of the Apennines.
2. An island in the Baltic Sea.
3. One of the counties of England famed for its lakes.
4. A city on the banks of the Tiber.
5. One of the British territories.
6. A group of hills in England.

The initials and finals give the names of two oceans.

A BUNCH OF HIDDEN HERBS.

1. My journey is at an end. I versify now an account of my travels.
2. If thy melons are good I will buy one.
3. I met him in the garden.
4. I burnt my thumb as I lighted the lamp.
5. As we were crossing the fen Nellie tore her dress.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

One day James one of the *Hebrides* thought he would go out for a town in the *Isle of Wight*, and bring his friend a cape in *Labrador*—a mountain in *North America* and his sister a mountain in *Switzerland* back to his home. They then went home again and called for James's sister a lake in *Africa*. They then searched in a wood for an *English island*. When they were tired of being thus occupied they thought of going home, as the *an island of Scotland* was red with the sun, which was just beginning to a town south of *France*. When they got home James's mother had prepared for them an excellent supper of a valley of *Palestine* beef, after which they all went to their a county of *England* to dream of the happy day. James's mother proposed a hot a town in *Somersetshire*, to which he readily agreed.



A WINTER VISITOR—MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

HARRY THE DRUMMER, OR THE BOY SOLDIER.

A STORY OF TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

BY AGNES TREVOR DEANE.

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.



TWAS
t h e
n i g h t
b e f o r e
the 18th of June,
1815.

Three years
had passed since
the events re-
corded in the
last chapter.
Young Winter,

now a bronzed and stalwart soldier, was standing at the door of a tent talking to one of his comrades.

"Hark! Did you hear that?"

"Yes; it was distant thunder. We shall have a storm presently. See, the rain is already pouring down. No chance of a night's rest now. I have no fancy to be soaked through canvas—eh, Winter?"

"Nor I, Arnold. We may as well watch till daybreak."

"Ay—who knows?—it may be our last night on earth."

"That is true enough."

"Do you know that to-morrow will be Sunday?"

"I had not thought of it. I have scarcely thought of anything the last two days. The fight of Quatre Bras has put everything out of my head."

"Have you heard any news of Major Elton?"

"Not since he was carried to the rear."

"If he live you will have saved his life a second time. I have often heard the old sergeant tell the story of the wolf-hound of Vimiero. That was the first time. The second was better still. By George, Winter, it was a plucky thing to do—to carry him off as you did in the very face of the enemy! How the fellows cheered!"

"Who would not do as much for a wounded man?—to say nothing of Major

Elton being one of the bravest and best officers in the army. See, the storm is clearing; we shall have a fine day yet."

"And a hard fight. It cannot be otherwise when two such leaders meet."

"I have heard it said that Lord Wellington has often wished to measure himself against Napoleon," observed Harry thoughtfully. "Grand soldier as he is, he had a narrow escape yesterday."

"How so? I did not hear of it."

"While he was trying to rally the Brunswick Hussars the main body of the French cavalry bore down upon him at full speed along the Charleroi Road. Wellington gave them one eagle glance, called to the 92nd Highlanders to lie down in the ditch where they were stationed, and forced his horse to jump right over their heads. Old 'Copenhagen,' the Duke's charger, rose gallantly to the spur, but I can tell you it was a touch and go. I would not give much for our chance to-morrow if we had lost our great chief."

"What happened next? Did the French cavalry follow?"

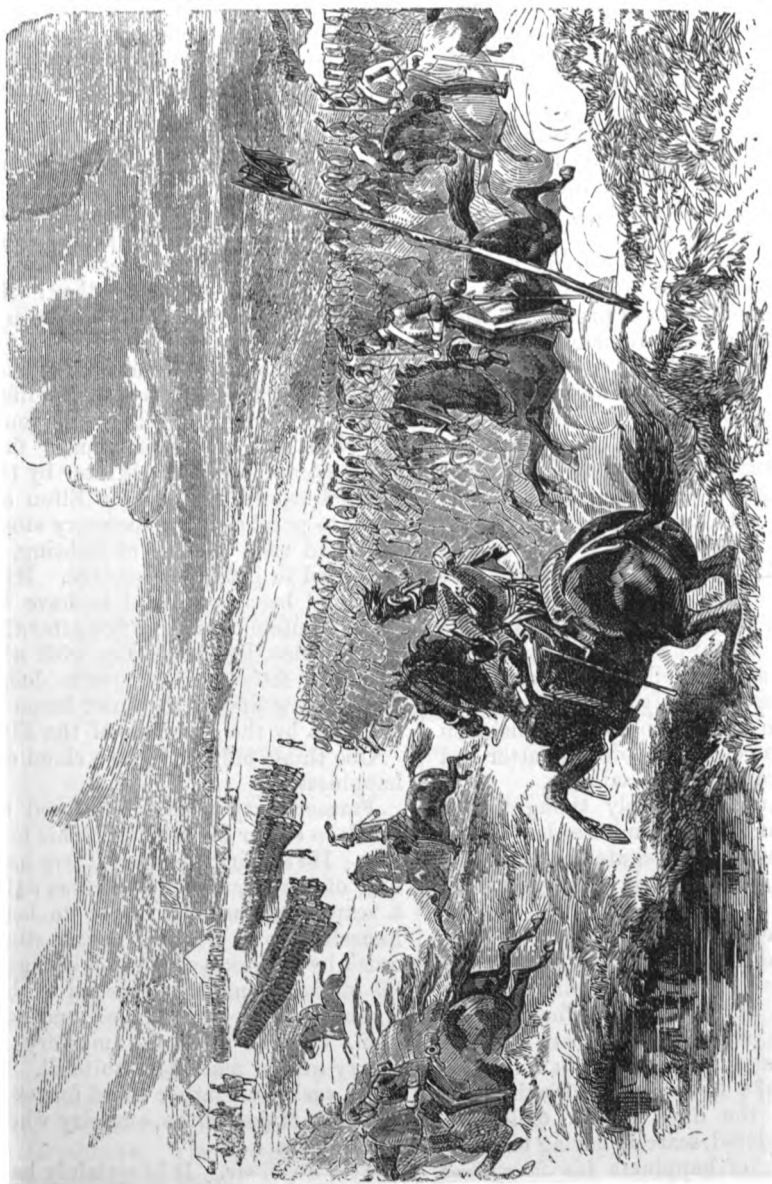
"Not they. The instant Wellington had cleared the ditch the Highlanders sprang up and discharged a volley which emptied the foremost saddles and stopped the advance of the squadrons. Most of them withdrew in good order, but some fellows galloped ahead right into a farmyard that had only one gate. Here they were cut off by the Highlanders, and perished to a man."

The British soldiers rose from their wet couch and stood to their arms an hour before dawn, and the battalions who had not taken up the positions assigned to them the previous night proceeded to do so in a quiet, orderly manner. On the other hand, the French army formed its columns to the sound of trumpet and drum, and at eight o'clock the troops were formed for a grand parade.

About ten a heavy gun was fired in the French centre. It was the signal for the attack. The quick rattle of musketry was immediately heard in the direction of the French left, and shortly afterwards the guns opened on both sides.

It has been said that no one sees less of a battle than those who are engaged in it.

The desperate attacks on Hougoumont,



WATERLOO.—CHARGE OF BRITISH CAVALRY.

which continued with more or less violence from eleven in the morning till nearly eight at night, the fierce charges of the British cavalry, the advance and defeat of the French Imperial Guard, the final triumphant descent of the slope by the whole of the British forces when Wellington raised himself in his stirrups and waved his hat as a signal for a general advance—all this, seen by the spectators from the Mont St. Jean, only left on Harry's mind a confused impression of horror, and blood, and carnage, and awful, indescribable suffering.

But one incident demands especial notice.

About seven o'clock in the evening young Winter, with ten or twelve of his companions, got separated from their regiment, and lost themselves in the confusion.

Crouching in a ditch, they waited to let a party of the French go by. Harry, who had acquired some knowledge of the language from the conversation of the French captives, heard them questioning with each other what they should do with two or three men whom they had taken prisoners.

"Better make short work of them," said one.

Harry could not hear the reply, but his resolution was taken. Making a sign to his companions to silently follow his example, he grasped his musket firmly, and with a shout of defiance the little band of Englishmen rushed upon the enemy before the latter had time to distinguish their assailants.

The Frenchmen probably thought that they had fallen into an ambuscade. At all events, they started, hesitated, and finally broke and fled, leaving their prisoners behind them.

One of the liberated soldiers, a tall, bronzed, bearded man, whose right arm hung powerless at his side, specially attracted the attention of our hero. The features seemed to be strangely familiar. Where, and under what circumstances, had he seen that face before? As in a dream, his thoughts went back to the days of his childhood. Startled, bewildered, scarcely daring to speak, lest the vision of happiness his fancy had conjured up should dissolve into thin air, Harry stood motionless, gazing on the rescued prisoner with eager curiosity.

"Thank you, my brave lad. To your

prompt action I owe my life. Tell me your name; I shall like to remember it."

"Winter—Sergeant Winter," replied Harry with pardonable pride, still keeping his eyes fixed on the face of the questioner.

"Winter!—did you say Winter? Can it be possible? Your other name, boy—your Christian name?"

"Harry."

"My son!—my dear son!" cried John Winter—for it was indeed he.

Harry sprang forward and grasped his father's uninjured hand, while tears of thankfulness glistened in his eyes.

"My father!—oh, my father! To think that I should be the one to save you!"

* * * * *

Mr. Elton was not unmindful of the gallant lad who had twice saved the life of his favourite nephew. When the long, cruel war was over a pretty country farmhouse was presented to John Winter by the kind-hearted squire, and Major Elton advanced £200 to purchase the necessary stock. Our hero had seen enough of fighting, and was very glad to get his discharge. His father, who had been compelled to have his right arm amputated a day or two after the Battle of Waterloo, left the army with a pension, and both father and son were delighted to begin a new life in the quiet home provided for them by the gratitude of the Eltons.

One thing only brought a cloud over their happiness.

Farmer Grey positively refused to see or speak to either his nephew or his brother-in-law. He still insisted that Harry had robbed him of his money—that he was a thief and a scapegrace, with a father no better than himself. John Winter, though stung to the quick by the cruel accusation brought against his idolised son, had no means of disproving it, and, being a high-minded and honourable man, brooded over the mystery until, as Harry said, it made him quite ill.

"I wish your father could forget all about it," said Major Elton one day when calling at the farm.

"So do I, sir. It is certainly hard to be accused of a crime, but I know, and God knows, that I never took that money. My uncle has always hated me too much to believe in my innocence, and I am sadly

afraid the real thief will never be discovered."

But in this Harry was wrong.

Three years after the above conversation, one summer afternoon while he was standing at the door of the farmhouse, an old man in the dress of a labourer came up to him.

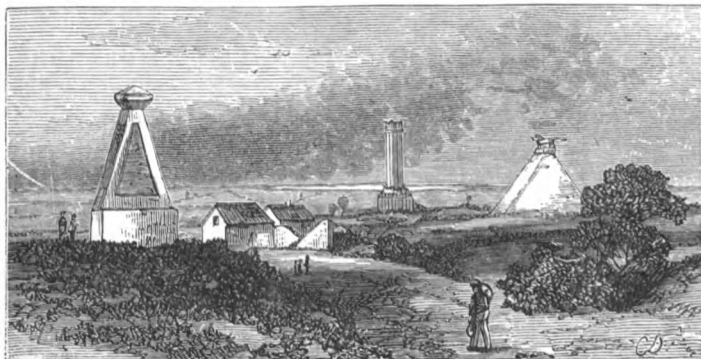
"May I speak to you, sir? I will not detain you long."

"Certainly," rejoined young Winter kindly.

"What can I do for you?"

"I once did you a great injury, and I want to make amends."

By a strange fate, next morning the boy crossed my path. I began to talk to him. I wanted to make him a thief like myself. Well—I need not tell you any more; you know the rest. I went on from bad to worse. At last I had a severe illness; I thought I was going to die, and it made me afraid. I vowed to myself that if God allowed me to live I would give up stealing and try to live an honest and industrious life. I *did* recover, and got work as undergardener at the big house yonder. There, more than once, I heard your name. The



MONUMENTS ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

"My good man," said Harry, laughing, "you must be dreaming. I do not remember that I ever set eyes on you before."

"I wish you had not, sir; I should be a happier man than I am now."

"Well, tell me. I have not much time to listen, but I promise to forgive you beforehand."

"Will you?" cried the old man eagerly. "Ah! then, indeed, I shall be able to speak more freely. Seven or eight years ago I was passing a farmhouse. The kitchen window was open, and a bag of money was lying on the table. I saw a boy asleep in a corner. I took out the money, and threw the little canvas bag beneath his chair. That night I slept under a haystack in the neighbourhood.

very place seemed to remind me of the injury I had done you. Year after year I got no rest, and—and here I am. Anyhow, I have made a clean breast of it, though maybe it is the gaol you will be sending me to."

"Not if you will engage to repeat that story word for word as you have told it now," said John Winter, who, unperceived by Harry, had listened to the conversation; "nor would Squire Elton punish you after this voluntary confession."

Harry turned to re-enter the house. He could not trust himself to speak.

"Guiltless before the world at last!" he thought—"at last!"

THE END.



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.—A PAGEANT OR SHOW OF NOAH'S ARK IN LONDON.



ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

"FEED MY LAMBS," OR THE YOUNG OF THE FLOCK.

TEACHINGS FOR CHILDREN FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE.

IX.—ELIJAH THE TISHBITE.



teenth chapter of the First Book of Kings as "Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, came to Ahab and said, 'There shall not be rain nor dew these years, but ac-

THIS most remarkable man comes suddenly before us without any account of his parentage or youthful days. He starts into notice in the commencement

cording to my word.'" We know nothing about Elijah previously. He came from a wild, uncultivated region—a desert country; like his great successor, John the Baptist, his clothing was of skins. There was then no one like him evidently, for when the messengers of Ahaziah were asked who had met them they described a hairy man "girt with a girdle of leather." And Ahaziah said, "It is Elijah the Tishbite."

Of all the prophets he was the most stern and destructive in his actions. We have no books written by Elijah. He was a bold and fearless teacher—a prophet indeed—one of the greatest "Heroes of Hebrew History," and one of whom we know the least. From place to place he roamed, now quickly appearing, now disappearing as suddenly, always



ELIJAH CALLING UPON THE LORD.

the forerunner of some wondrous prediction, or act of Divine vengeance, or perhaps of tender mercy; always doing something wonderful. Let us rapidly review his remarkable life, and gather from it a lesson for our own.

Ahab was king when Elijah came into his presence and foretold the impending drought. Sudden and swift was his prediction, sudden his departure. There is no record of any reply. Elijah left the presence of the monarch, and, according to the word of the Lord, hid himself in the brook, or water-

course, of the Cherith, a small river not now identified. There ravens came morning and evening to bring him food, while he drank of the Cherith water. So he depended, as we ought to depend, upon God for our *daily* bread, and this came to Elijah in the most unlikely way—viz., by ravens, which are birds of prey themselves. But at last the water in the ravine dried up, and the word of the Lord came to Elijah to arise and go to Zarephath, or Sarepta, which was situated near the sea-coast between Tyre and Sidon, and of which the remains are still to be seen.

Just outside the village he met a poor woman gathering sticks, and asked her for some water. We may imagine the woman's surprise at such a request. There had been no rain for months, and yet here comes a man to ask for what no one could give! She replied sadly, "I have no water; I have only a little meal and a little oil. That is all we have to eat. After that my son and I must lie down and die of hunger." But here, though Elijah was in the midst of the wicked Queen Jezebel's country, he was yet to be preserved.

This poor woman must have been very trusting and good-natured. Though she knew not God—for she was a worshipper

of Baal—she believed Elijah, and brought him food first. And the handful of meal and the small flask of oil never grew less all the time the famine lasted. But what a trial came upon her—what a trial for her faith! The "man of God" lodging with her, whose life she may have fancied she had saved, brings trouble upon her, and not a blessing. Her only child died. But Elijah took the child and prayed to the Lord, and the child revived. Then the woman believed in God, and "that the word of the Lord in the prophet's mouth was truth."

At length the three years and six months' drought came to an end, and the Lord directed Elijah to go and show himself unto

find water, or to compel its distribution if kept. It was then that Obadiah, the governor of the king's house, met the prophet. This



ELIJAH SLAYING THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

Ahab. This was (apparently) almost sentence of death, for Ahab was most desirous to kill Elijah. Yet the brave prophet never hesitated. We read that at this period the famine was terrible, so much so that the king and his prime minister went themselves to

meeting resulted in the momentous interview between Ahab and Elijah, and the king did as the man of God commanded him—"Ahab sent and gathered the prophets (of Baal) unto Mount Carmel."

Now came the great test. "If the Lord

be God, follow Him, but if Baal, follow him," "and the God that answereth by fire let him be God." In the latter portion of the eighteenth chapter of the First Book of Kings my young readers will find the narrative of that scene, unparalleled in the history of Israel. With four hundred and fifty against one, the king and queen his declared enemies, and all the people to support them, Elijah might have quailed; but he was firm in the strength of the Lord his God. The fire from heaven sealed the doom of the idolatrous priests. They were all taken and slain by Elijah himself, and then this stern executioner, turning to the frightened king, said, "Get thee up, eat and drink, for there is a sound of an abundance of rain"—a sound in the East which cannot be mistaken.

The storm came up quickly, and amid the tempest and rushing torrents of rain so long pent up the undaunted Elijah ran in front of the king's chariot (as a running footman) to the gates of Jezreel—a distance of sixteen miles—into the very grasp of the infuriated Queen Jezebel, whose prophets he had killed, and whose religion he had proved a sham. Verily the hand of the Lord was upon Elijah.

As may be imagined, Jezebel was now more than ever determined to kill Elijah, so he fled for his life and went into the wilderness. There, worn out by anxiety, terror, and very likely hunger, he prayed that he might die. What use had it been that he had fought for God at Carmel? But sleep fell upon the worn-out frame, and as he slept a messenger from God came and brought him food. He ate and slept, and then, after another meal, he journeyed for forty days and forty nights without food to Horeb, the Mount of God, which is Sinai, where Moses had received the ten commandments. For forty years the children of Israel had wandered in the wilderness; Elijah goes through his probation in forty days. "And he came to a cave and lodged there." There God manifested to him His awful power. Mighty winds, awful earthquakes, and scorching fire all ushered in the Lord Jehovah. After the fire came a "still small voice." This is how God spoke to Elijah, and He still speaks to us by the still small voice of conscience.

When Elijah heard it he got up and

prepared to listen. Do *we* do so too? When God speaks to us for our good, kindly and gently, do we listen to Him, and go and stand up to hear more? My dear little readers, remember this. Never neglect the gentle warnings of conscience. It is the voice of God. He may arouse your wandering attention first in various ways—by adversity or sickness, or even by thunder and lightning—and after all the storm has passed and all the trouble is over He will address you in a "still small voice," and persuade you to be good. Would you not think it unkind if *you* begged some one to do something for you if they would not? Or if they asked you to do something for your own good, would it not be silly (at least) to refuse? Then why refuse God and drive Him away by being unkind and thankless?

Elijah listened and was encouraged. So then, feeling quite comforted, he went back to finish his course—to anoint Hazael and Jehu Kings of Syria and Israel respectively, and to appoint Elisha his own successor. Then he seems to have disappeared for a time until the murder of Naboth caused him to denounce Ahab. Again he suddenly appeared to Ahaziah, and when that king sought his capture, after his prophecy of death, Elijah destroyed his soldiers by fire from heaven. This was his last terrible judgment against the worshippers of Baal.

His time of departure was at hand. To Jordan he and his faithful Elisha travelled, and, smiting the waters, they passed the river dry shod. Under the shade of Pisgah the companions talked, and suddenly there appeared a chariot and horses of fire, a furious storm arose, and Elijah was wafted up to heaven. "Then Elisha took up the mantle of Elijah and went back."

Thus departed the greatest prophet of Israel, not again to be seen of men till, in company with Moses, he was found worthy to appear in our Saviour's transfiguration on the summit of a "high mountain."

Elijah (or Elias) was continually expected to reappear, and John the Baptist was supposed to be the great prophet. Like to Enoch, he was taken up to heaven, and like Moses he witnessed to our Lord. His life furnishes us with many grand lessons of faith and zeal for God's service in the

midst of persecution. He was carried away from earth eight hundred and ninety-six years before Christ. As the Israelites passed over Jordan to an earthly Canaan, so Elijah

crossed the river to his heavenly Canaan; and so Christ, if we serve Him, will divide the waters of death for us, that we may pass over and enter into our rest.



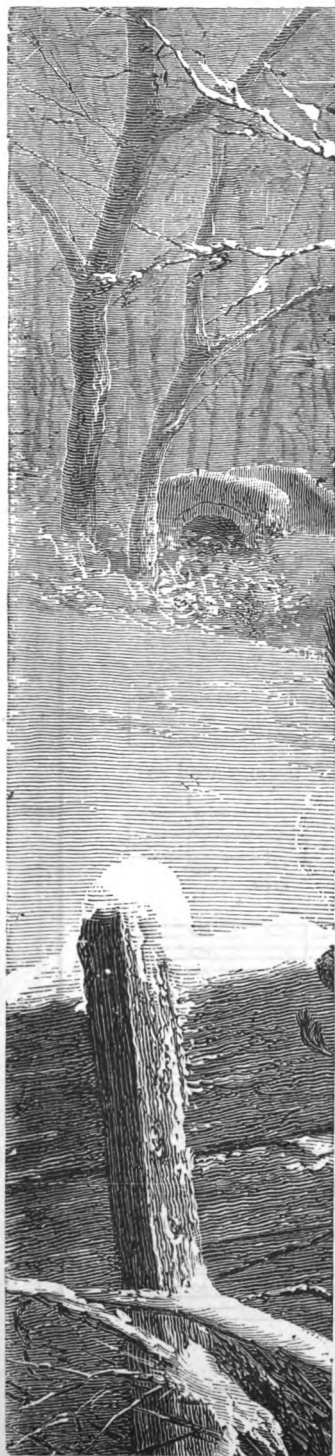
WOLSEY'S HALL.

WOLSEY'S HALL IN HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

THIS great hall was built by Cardinal Wolsey, the great courtier of Henry VIII. It forms part of Hampton Court Palace, about fifteen miles from London. It is one of the few old buildings of the time of Henry VIII. that we have left.



Once more, the rapid fleeting year
Has brought old Christmas to the
door;
Come, let us treat him with such cheer
As folks were wont in days of yore.



WINTER THE SEASON FOR THE EXERCISE OF CHARITY.



IS good, we know, that old
Winter should come,
Roving awhile from his Lap-
land home;
'Tis fitting that we should
hear the sound
Of his reindeer sledge on the
slippery ground.

For his wide and glittering
cloak of snow
Protects the seeds of life
below;

Beneath his mantle are nurtured and born
The roots of the flowers—the germs of the corn.

The whistling tone of his pure strong breath
Rides purging the vapours of pestilent death:
I love him, I say, and avow it again,
For God's wisdom and might show well in his
train.

But the naked—the poor! I know they quail
With crouching limbs from the biting gale:
They pine and starve by the fireless hearth,
And weep as they gaze on the frost-bound earth.

Stand nobly forth, ye rich of the land,
With kindly heart and bounteous hand;
Remember 'tis now their season of need,
And a prayer for help is a call you must heed.

ELIZA COOK.



A Christmas Carol for Children.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MARTIN LUTHER.

Translated by H. W. D.

In moderately slow time.

1. From hea-ven high I

p *f* *p*

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part includes dynamic markings of *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *p* (piano) with corresponding crescendos and decrescendos.

wing my flight, To bring glad ti-dings of de-light; Of ti-dings good so

cres.

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal melody continues in the upper staff, with piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The piano part includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

much I'll bring, Thereof I'll speak, thereof I'll sing, Of ti-dings good so

f *dolce.*

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal melody continues in the upper staff, with piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *dolce.* (dolce).

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR CHILDREN.



2.

For unto you a child, this morn,
Is of a chosen virgin born,
A child so blest, and fair to see,
He shall your joy and comfort be:

3.

For He is Jesus Christ, our King,
Who succour to us all doth bring;
To be our Saviour He doth deign,
Of all our sins to purge the stain.

4.

Awake, my heart, and lift thine
eyes,
Behold what in yon manger lies!
Who is this beauteous babe so mild?
It is the lovely Jesus-child.

5.

All hail to Thee, Thou honoured
guest,
Who scorn'st not me, by sin opprest,
But helpest all my misery;—
How shall I thank Thee worthily?

6.

And though the world were twice as
great,
Of jewels and of gold create,—
Too poor and worthless were it all,
To be for Thee a cradle small.

7.

Oh Thou Who all things didst create,
How hast Thou ta'en such lowly state,
That in a stable dost appear,
As though Thy heavenly kingdom
'twere.

8.

Thus hath it seemed good to Thee
That Thou this truth might'st teach
to me,
That worldly honour, wealth, and gain,
To Thee are empty, poor, and vain.

9.

Then praise the Lord, on highest throne,
That sent to us His only Son,
And let us, with the angel throng,
Sing, thankful all, our Christmas Song.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,
OR
STORIES OF CHILDREN'S TROUBLES AND
CHILDREN'S JOYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

PART II.



H!" said the child in a tone which seemed to imply that nurse must of course be right, and so there was nothing more to say; but she had by no means made clear to him *why* the dining-room

was thus disordered. He ate his breakfast after this in silence, and then had his hair brushed and was got ready for school.

"I will go down with you, dear, and see if papa is downstairs."

No; his bell had not rung yet. Then Algy must go to school, and see him when he came in; so, with a sad and disappointed air, the little man went off to school.

Mrs. Fairly stood as usual with her two little girls at the gate of the parsonage looking out for him.

"Well, little man," she said cheerfully, "so you've got papa home? What does he say to his boy?"

"I haven't seen him, only a minute last night," answered Algernon with a quiver of the lip which Mrs. Fairly thought ominous.

So she turned the conversation quickly, and took him to inspect and feed some young chickens which had been just hatched; and then he went into the schoolroom with the little girls and fed their silkworms with the mulberry-leaves they had gathered—for Mrs. Fairly allowed her children no pets they did not look after themselves, and the feeding was always done at regular hours, so it could never be forgotten. She also made them learn all about them—their habits, and the

best mode of management of them—so that they were looked on as quite guides by the other children of their acquaintance, who always ran to the "little Fairlys" if anything went amiss with their "live stock."

Thus interested and occupied, Algernon passed his two hours at the parsonage quite happily, and then home across the field to dinner with a fresh hope of seeing papa.

There was loud laughter and noise in the dining-room, and clattering of plates, so he thought again with a sense of disappointment that he was not to dine with papa in the dining-room, as nurse said he should when he came home; so he did not venture to open the door, but passed on to his nursery.

The dinner was laid there as usual.

"I thought I was to dine with papa, nurse?" he said.

"So did I, my dear," said nurse with a vexed voice and manner, "but James came and told me that my lord had only just come down to *breakfast*, so I've laid your dinner here as usual."

"Do you think I may go and see him after I've had my dinner?"

"We will see, dear; I don't know." And nurse stooped down and kissed the pretty motherless boy who gazed up in her face with such a sad, wistful look.

Papa and his friends had gone out rabbit-shooting, James told the boy when he came down from his dinner to go to his afternoon school.

"And didn't he ask after me, James?"

"No, sir. My lord only said, 'Dinner at eight, James, and something very good.'"

"Oh dear!" And with a sigh the poor little boy went off to the parsonage to his lessons, and gave up all hope that day of seeing his father.

The next morning he was early awake by a clattering of horses' hoofs and noise of wheels, and, jumping out of bed, he saw the three strange gentlemen who had come with his father in the waggonette, he hoped going away, for he thought to himself—"Perhaps these gentlemen don't like little boys, and so papa wouldn't let me come down while they were here; but now he will. Poor dear papa! how glad he must be to think they've gone, and he can have his own little boy with

him, who's got no mamma!" And then the tears filled his eyes in pity for himself.

He watched the waggonette away, and then determined to dress himself and go down into the dining-room ready to receive papa. He told nurse his intention. She slept in the next room to him, so that she should be able to hear his slightest call.

With a sigh she answered him—

"Yes, dear—yes, by all means; but I am afraid papa will be late, and make you late for school."

"No, no; I'll manage."

So when Lord Aytoun opened the dining-room door he found a little pale pretty boy seated on the high-backed oak chair at the top of the table waiting for him.

"Why, Algy, boy, how came you here?"

"I thought you would be lonely, papa, so I've come to mind you."

"To mind me, eh? Well, that's awfully kind of you. Then we're to have breakfast together, are we?"

"Yes, please, papa."

"All right. Are you man enough to help yourself, and cut it up, and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh yes."

"Bravo! Then go ahead, old fellow."

O that happy breakfast! Mrs. Fairly forgave him for being late at school, as with radiant face he ran to her and said *why* he was late. It was many weeks before that pleasant meal was repeated. More men came to stay, and the late hours returned, and the little boy was again forgotten.

One day Algy was coming home from school, and some words he had heard in the morning chapter, which Mrs. Fairly always read before they commenced school, seemed to haunt him. Over and over again he said them—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained strength."

"What does it mean, and why do I keep saying it?" he said to himself.

Before long he knew. Indiscreet people began to talk before the child of his father's wild ways, of how he was wasting his property, of the bad company he kept—how wicked he was; but the child, though angry that they should say such things, loved passionately the father with the sweet tender eyes and the kind voice, and, lying awake

thinking of what was said, he determined to go himself and talk to his father, and see what his innocent words could do.

So it chanced that Lord Aytoun had come, in weary in mind and body, and flung himself into a large chair in his library before a wood fire. James had lighted it, for the evenings grew chilly now, and the daylight faded soon, so that only the ruddy glow of the logs of wood threw any light into the large room.

The door opened softly behind him.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"Only me, papa," said a bright child's voice.

"Oh! Algy, what do you want?"

"To sit on your knee and talk."

Poor brave little man! his heart was beating so that he could hear it.

"Talk, you funny boy! What about? Your talk and mine won't suit, I fear." And with a heavy sigh the young father stooped down, and, kissing the forehead of his child, lifted him up on his knee.

"May I tell you a story?"

"Oh! certainly," he answered, lying back in his chair with another weary sigh, twirling the child's glossy hair about his fingers. "What is it to be?—a fairy tale?"

"No; better—ever so much." And, with his large earnest eyes fixed on the sad, drawn, pale face of his father, the little child told the Wondrous Story so new yet so old—the story of that Great Love never matched on earth since—the Love which purchased forgiveness, rest, and joy to the sinful, the weary, and the sad.

Then little Algernon learnt why he had said so often those words, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," for his father, as he finished speaking, pressed him to his heart, and in a broken voice said—

"You have been well taught, my little darling son; you must teach papa now."

And so he did. Hand in hand the child and his father walked regularly to church, night and morning the family assembled for prayers, and though Lord Aytoun kept open house, and was as hospitable as his means so well enabled him to be, he found that recreation could be had without dissipation, and agreeable society enjoyed without the bitterness of repentance.

So even a child may sometimes be permitted

to triumph over evil; so may the little ones go forth in the strength of their truth, purity, and innocence, and defeat the schemes of the great subtle enemy, and have a triumph greater than any conqueror.

In your golden childhood, dear children, remember what you *can* do, and strive to do it, so that your old age may be lightened by golden memories.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

By ALICE MORIN.

THERE'S old Father Christmas
come again,
Come meet him, girls and
boys;
He taps with his hand at the
window-pane,
Come greet him with plenty of
noise.

Shout and sing to the old Christmas
king,
And give him a place by the fire,
For toys he brings, and lots of nice
things—
Of old Christmas we'll never tire.

It snows and it blows, and cold is
his nose,
And his beard is covered with ice,
But his heart is light and his smile
is bright,
For he brings us all something nice.

For see the pack that he has on his
back
To distribute to girls and boys,
There are swords and guns, and dolls and
drums,
And all sorts of beautiful toys.

Then on Christmas Eve he fills his sleeve
With things for the Tiny Pets,
And when little heads are asleep in their beds
Down the tall chimney he gets.

And then he spies with his bright old eyes
The stockings all hung in a row,
So he puts things in right up to the brim,
Then off and away he must go.



Such shouts and fun when the morning sun
Comes peeping through the blinds,
Such chattering here, such scampering
there.

You'd think they were out of their
minds,

They all did grieve when old Christmas took
leave,

And they wished him right good cheer;
Then he said, "Good-bye. Be good, and I'll
try
To see you again next year."



UNPLEASANT ANTICIPATIONS.

CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG ONES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE was a children's party at the rich merchant's, and all the little guests were the children of rich and distinguished people. The merchant was a scholarly man himself; he had taken a degree at his college, and when he went into business he prospered and grew very wealthy. His father had originally been a cattle-dealer, an honest and industrious man, and he had given his son a first-rate education and a good start in life. The merchant was both clever and good-hearted; but people talked much less about his heart than about his money. Very aristocratic people visited at his house—well-born people, as they are called, clever people, those who were both well-born and clever, and those who were neither. This time it was a party of children who were met together, and there was plenty of children's prattle. Children, as we all know, are very outspoken, and among the rest there was one lovely little girl who had learned from the servants to be extremely proud. Her parents were well-bred, sensible people; her father was a chamberlain, and she knew very well that that was something great.

"I am a chamberlain's daughter," she said. She might just as easily have been a chimney-sweep's daughter, only it had happened otherwise. Then she told the other children that she was "well-born," and said that if people were not "well-born" they could never come to any good. It was no use their being clever or industrious; if they were not "well-born" they were nothing.

"And those whose names end in 'sen,'" she said, "they are never worth knowing; they are of no account at all. One must just put one's arms akimbo and make these '*sens*' keep their distance." And with that she put her pretty little hands on each side of her waist and rounded her dimpled elbows. She was a pretty little girl.

But the merchant's little

daughter was very angry; her father's name was Petersen, and she knew that it ended in "sen," so she said angrily—

"My father can buy a hundred pounds' worth of bonbons and throw them all among the children. Can your father do that?"

"Yes; but my father," said the daughter of an author, "can put your father, and everybody's father, in the newspaper! My mother says that everybody is afraid of him, because he governs the newspaper."

And the little creature looked as proud as if she had been a real princess who was obliged to look proud.

But outside the door stood a poor boy looking in through the chink. He was so poor and mean that he dared not go into the room. He had been turning the spit for the cook in the kitchen, and she had allowed him to stand behind the door and look at the beautifully-dressed children who were enjoying themselves in the drawing-room. It was a great treat for him.

"If I were only one of them!" he thought to himself. He listened to their conversation, and it made him very unhappy, and no wonder. His father and mother had not a penny to spare; they could not afford to buy a newspaper, much less could they write in one. And then came the worst of all: his father's name, and consequently his own name too, ended in "sen," so that he was of



"IF I WERE ONLY ONE OF THEM!"

no account; he could never come to any good. It was very depressing. And yet he thought he was born as well as any one could be; he could not understand how it was possible to be born better.

That was what happened that night.

Years passed away and turned the children into grown-up men and women.

A splendid house stood in the town, filled with all kinds of rare and costly treasures. People came to see it from far-distant lands. To which of all the children of whom we have been speaking did it belong? Oh! that is very easy to guess. No, it is not so easy. It belonged to the poor boy who stood outside the door; he had come to some good, although his name ended in "sen." It was:



THORWALDSEN.

And the three other children, the well-born, the rich, and the clever child? Well, the one had no reason to reproach the other; they all became what Nature meant them to be. As to what they said and thought when they were little, it was mere children's prattle.

WHAT AN AVALANCHE IS.



IF any person goes from the base to the top of a high mountain, he will find the air growing colder and colder the higher he mounts. In very high mountains this cold increases so much towards the summit, that the upper portion is covered with snow, which never melts from year's end to year's end. This is

the case even with mountains situated in warm countries. In a country called Switzerland there are many mountains of this kind. The sides are steep, and are besides covered with large holes and fissures. Some of these fissures and holes are filled with snow. This increases the danger, for a traveller may put his foot on this snow, fancying there is firm ground underneath, and suddenly find himself sinking into a deep abyss. Sometimes, when the sun shines very warmly on one of these mountains, a portion of the snow is loosened from its side, and begins sliding down into the valley below. As the mass of snow descends it becomes larger and larger, as a snowball does when it is rolled along a road. By the time it reaches the valley the weight of the snow is such that it will crush any house or village against which it is hurled. These falling masses of snow are called avalanches, and many cottages and many families in Switzerland have been buried under them.



THE TENREC OF MADAGASCAR.

THE HEDGEHOG.

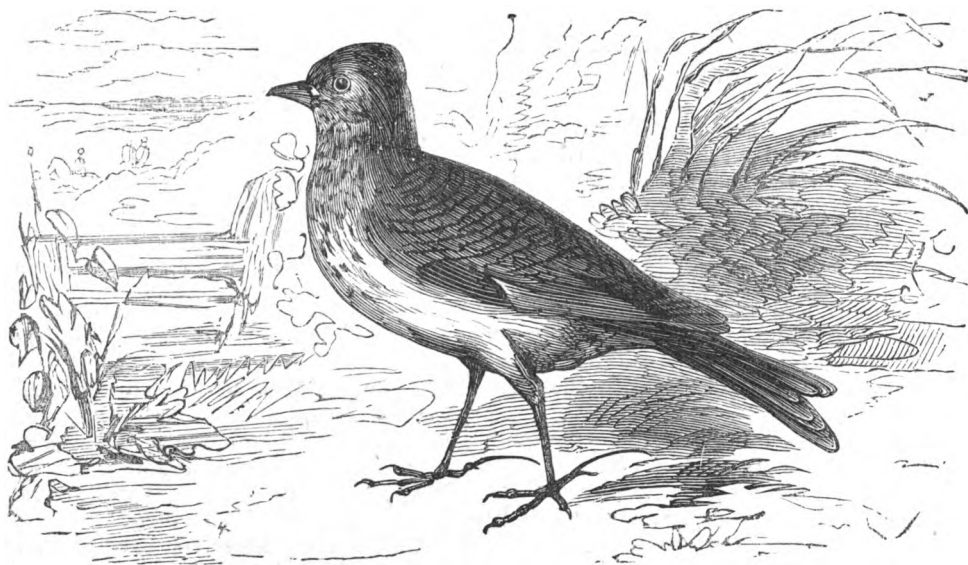
THIS little animal, which has sometimes been called the English porcupine, is chiefly remarkable for the prickly coat he wears—a true hauberk or shirt of mail, which protects him against every enemy—and for his strange power of rolling himself into a ball when attacked, and thus completely hiding his head and paws, and presenting to his enemy somewhat the appearance of a large brown prickly chestnut, with which none but the most daring would wish to meddle. This power proceeds from a peculiarly tough and strong muscle with which his back is furnished, and so pertinaciously does he maintain his position when once he has rolled himself up that hardly anything short of the application of fire will induce him to unroll himself and come out of his natural stronghold. The hedgehog is about ten inches in length, and has a long nose, not unlike the snout of a pig in shape. His legs are very short, and weak in appearance, and his eyes are small. During the day he lies asleep, but sallies out in the evening, and during the night he is

very lively, going to and fro in quest of insects, fruits, and herbs on which he feeds. During the winter he sleeps away most of his time in a bed of moss or dry leaves. He is quite harmless, though superstition has attached him, like the cat, to the service of witches. In Shakspeare's *Macbeth* the whining of the hedge-pig is mentioned by one of the witches as a signal that it is time to prepare the magic caldron.

The Rev. Gilbert White, the naturalist of Selborne, in speaking of this animal, says—“Hedgehogs abound in my gardens and fields (in Hampshire). The manner in which they eat the roots of the plantain in my grass walks is very curious. With their upper mandible, which is much

longer than their lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the tufts of leaves untouched. In this respect they are serviceable, as they destroy a very troublesome weed, but they deface the walks in some measure by digging little round holes. In June last I procured a litter of four or five young hedgehogs which appeared to be about five or six weeks old. I find they are born blind, like puppies, and could not see when they came into my hands. Their spines are quite white at this age, and they have little hanging ears, which I do not remember to be discernible in the old ones.”

The tenrec, like the hedgehog, is covered with spines. It is found in Madagascar and the neighbouring islands. It has not the power of rolling itself into a ball. It has no tail, and its muzzle is sharp. The female is very fruitful, bringing forth from twelve to eighteen at a birth. It is a favourite dish with the natives of those islands, and is generally split down the back, after being singed like a pig, and then smoked.



THE LARK.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

ALARK had built a nest in a corn-field, and laid three eggs in it, and as the summer came on the corn grew high and thick, and hid the nest and the young brood it contained from every passer-by. In due time the little larks grew larger and stronger, but they were not sufficiently fledged to leave the nest. One day the old lark had been out as usual to seek food for her young ones. When she came home the little ones were very much frightened, and began all talking together.

"Oh! mother," said they, "we must leave the nest to-morrow. The master of this field passed by with his son while you were away, and we heard him say, 'The corn is ripe; go and ask our neighbours James and William to reap it for us to-morrow.'"

"My dear children," said the old lark, "we need be in no hurry to leave our home. This man's field will not be reaped to-morrow, for he leaves to others the work he should do himself."

The next day the old lark found her children more disturbed than before.

"Mother," cried they, "there is a new danger hanging over us. The master of the field came by again to-day with his son, and said, 'James and William have not come to

reap our field. Go to our cousins in the next village, and say I shall take it very kindly of them if they will reap our wheat to-morrow.' Oh! dear mother," cried the little nestlings, "let us make haste and fly away."

"My dear children," replied the old lark, as before, "this field will not be reaped to-morrow, for the farmer depends upon his cousins in the next village to do the work he should perform himself. We can stay in our nest for another day, at least."

On the third day, when the old lark came home, the nestlings had a story of a different kind to tell her. The old man, they said, had passed by a third time, and said to his son, "Our cousins in the next village have not helped us any more than James or William has done. I am determined now to reckon only on myself and you. We will get up early to-morrow, and reap the wheatfield."

When the old lark heard this she said—

"My dearest nestlings, you must be ready to quit the nest with me at daybreak to-morrow. This man's field will not remain unreaped now he has determined to set about the work himself."

So the old lark and her young ones left their nest, and by the next evening the wheat had been reaped and was standing in sheaves in the field.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN WORDS IN A LETTER.

MY DEAR Papa,

I will give you an account of how we spent what that foolish boy, *Ben More*, calls my *Natal* day. In the first place, my pretty little *Canary* flew away from its cage to an *Almond-tree*; there it was pursued by a great *Dusky Hawke* (hawk). I was in such *Fear* he would be killed; but *Felix* climbed up the tree, caught it, and put it into its cage.

I must now, my *Darling Papa*, thank you for your beautiful gift. I admire the hat greatly; the velvet looks well with the band of *Red Sable*.

I had also some other very pretty presents—a lovely *White Dove*, for which *George Jackson* paid a *Man* only a *Penny*. Those dear girls, *Nora*, *Ann*—or, as she likes to be called, *Nancy*—and *Rosa*, gave me a *China* vase, a set of *Mechlin* cuffs and collar, and a beautiful locket with a large *Pearl* in the centre they had found in an *Oyster*. The locket is the size of a *Dollar*, with their photographs in it. And cousin *Sybil* sent me a very handsome *Coral* pair of earrings. Was it not kind? Then, dear *Papa*, we went for a *Long* walk. It was such *Fair* weather, though the day was a little *Cloudy*. We sat down on some *Banks* of *Moss* and unpacked a hamper for luncheon. There was *Madeira* and *Champagne*. *Charles* just then joined us. He had borrowed your *Ulster*, and looked as *Grave* and *Grim* as possible; but we could not help laughing—he had rubbed his sleeve against something *Chalky*, and it was all *White*. We enjoyed our *Olives*, and each had a large *Orange*. Then we had some delicious water to drink *Nancy* got from one of the *Wells* near in a quaint old *Jug*. Then we found out such a lovely *Dingle*, and sat under a *Fine Elm*. The *Ferns* were beautiful around. We gathered so many. I *Fear* we made a large *Gap* in them. Then some one asked for music, and *Henry* pulled out his *Fife* and gave what he called a “*Toon*,” and, after many coughs and *Hems*, he sang a song, but each note was so flat and *False* we were glad he ceased making such a noise, and that *Peace* ensued. Directly afterwards we

were frightened by *Charles Barrow* calling out, “*Look Out!* there is a large *Black Adder* close to you!” I gave such a *Start*. Sure enough it was there, close beside me. It had come from the *Ferns*. Just then a great *Crow* sailed by and pounced on it. I was so glad the *Danger* was over, but it will show what an *Eagle Eye* *Charles* has. He also amused us with anecdotes he had been *Reading* of *Prince Albert*, *Queen Victoria*, and the *Prince of Wales*. But I was stung by a *Mosquito* on the cheek. I drew my *Hood* closely around me, and was hoping to hear the end, when *Clara* ran a *Thorn* into her finger. Thinking it time to *Start* for home, I *Said*—“Let us go now. Lovely as the *Summer* sun is, we shall be burnt as *Black* as a *Negro* if we stay here longer; and although *Virginia* is as graceful as a *Swan*, it will not improve her to be as *Black* as a *Mole*.”

In this *Long* letter you have *Plenty* of our doings. May I expect to see you by next *Sunday*? With love, dearest *Papa*, ever your loving child,
Adelaide North.

P.S.—I think I have written each *D* (*Dee*) right, and crossed my *T*'s (*Tees*). Do, *Darling Papa*, let me come home early for *Christmas*. Do not say *No*. *Farewell*.

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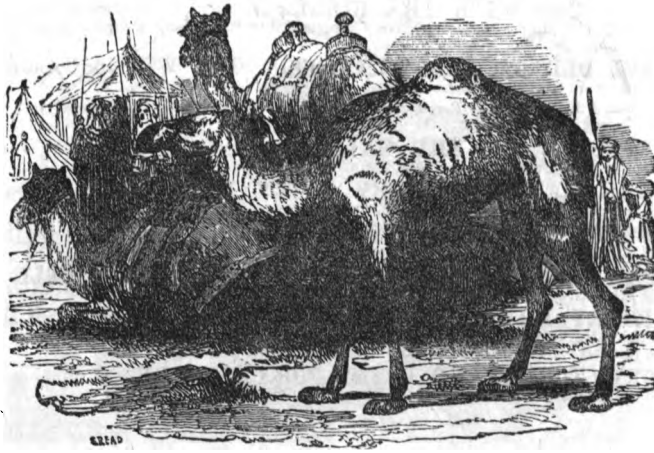
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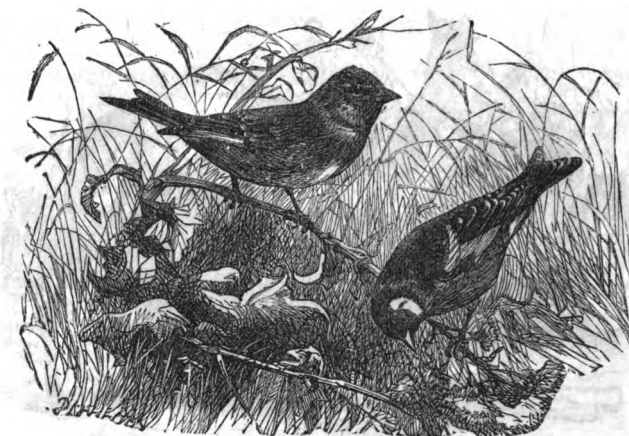
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